

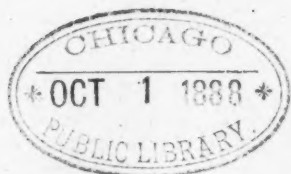
ARTHUR'S  
HOME MAGAZINE

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FIFTY-SEVENTH VOLUME.

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January—June, 1888.



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1888.

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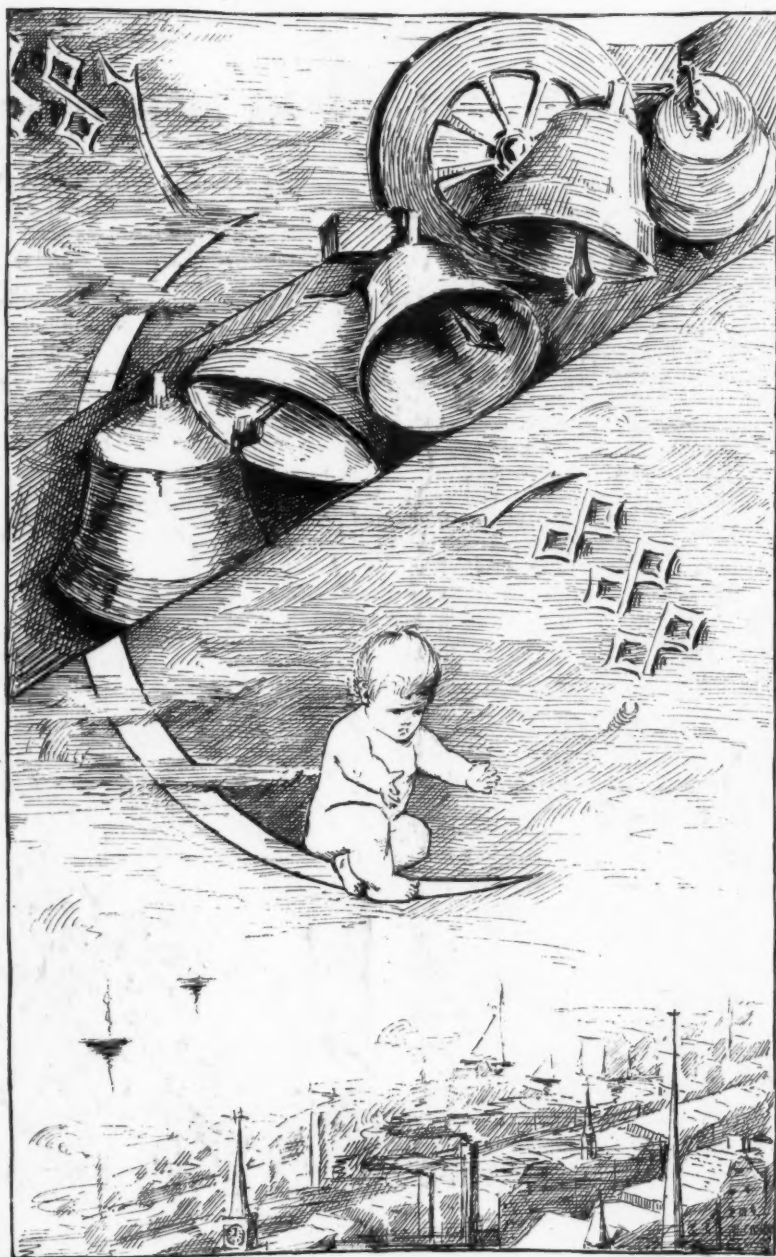
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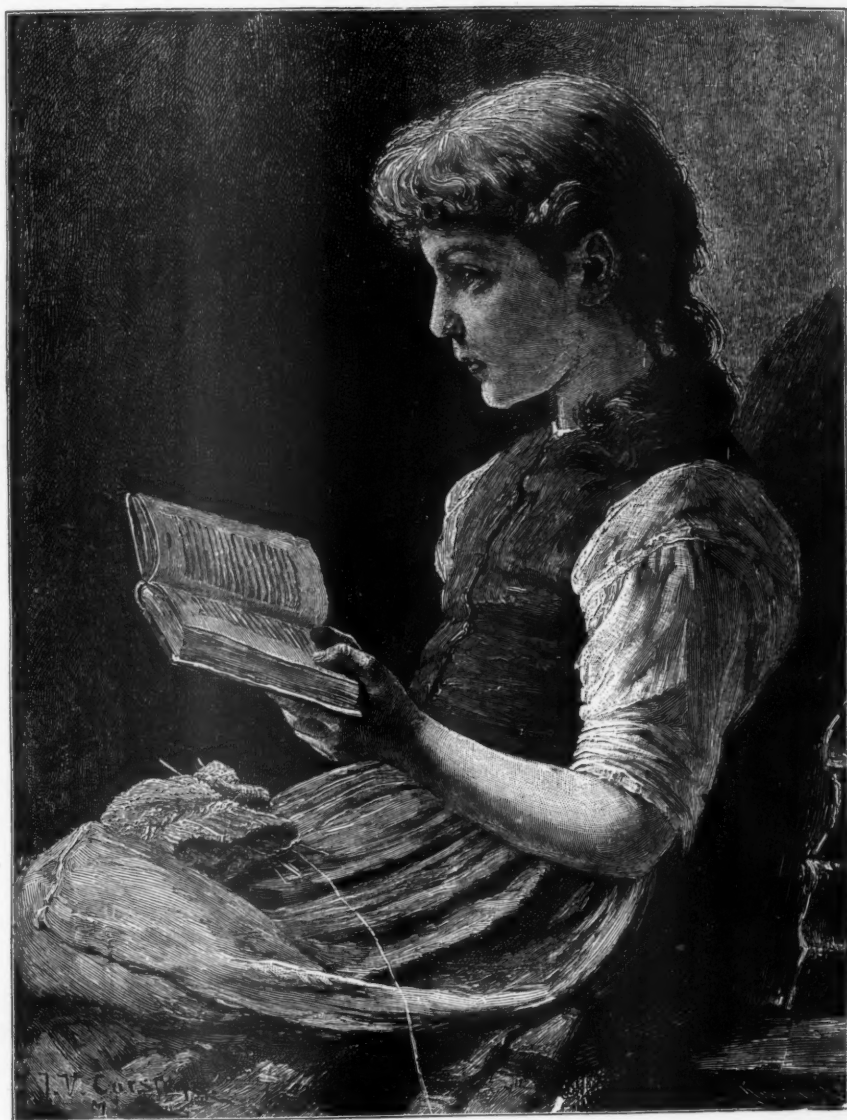










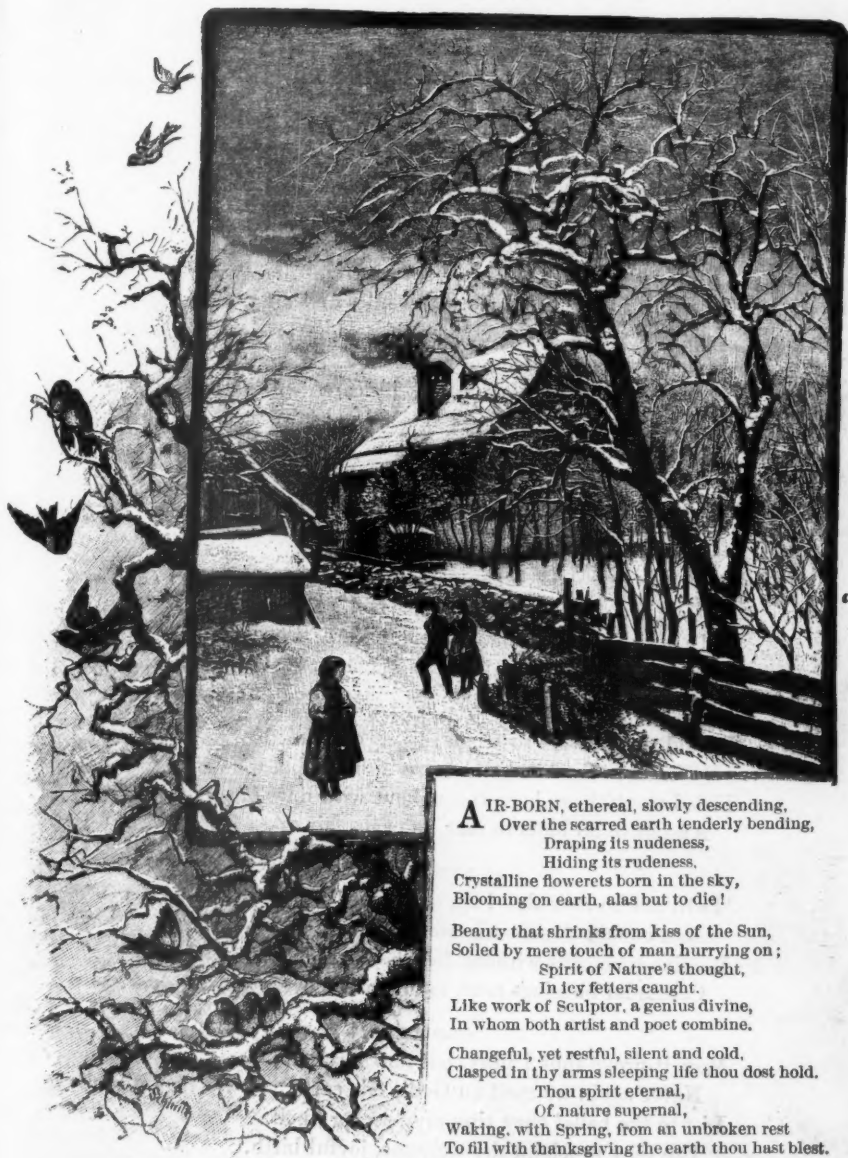


DREAMLAND.



# ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

CHICAGO  
JANUARY, 1888  
\* OCT 1 1888 \*  
PUBLISHED BY  
SNOW



**A**IR-BORN, ethereal, slowly descending,  
Over the scarred earth tenderly bending,  
Draping its nudeness,  
Hiding its rudeness,  
Crystalline flowerets born in the sky,  
Blooming on earth, alas but to die!

Beauty that shrinks from kiss of the Sun,  
Soiled by mere touch of man hurrying on;  
Spirit of Nature's thought,  
In icy fetters caught.

Like work of Sculptor, a genius divine,  
In whom both artist and poet combine.

Changeful, yet restful, silent and cold,  
Clasped in thy arms sleeping life thou dost hold.  
Thou spirit eternal,  
Of nature supernal,

Waking, with Spring, from an unbroken rest  
To fill with thanksgiving the earth thou hast blest.

FRANCES LIVINGSTONE.

## THE MEETING OF THE YEARS.

### NEW YEAR.

I COME, Old Year, to fill thy vacant place,  
For thou hast lived the brief allotted span,  
That He who metes out mortal time by years  
Grants in succession to His creature, man.  
Tell me, Old Year, while yet a little space  
We on the threshold of our boundary meet,  
Will mortals view my coming with regret?  
Or will they gladly now my advent greet?

### OLD YEAR.

With song and joy-bells will they welcome thee,  
With outstretched hand and eager, beating heart;  
Man loveth ever all things fresh and new,  
And in the future longs to bear a part.  
'Twas thus they greeted me with smiles and song,  
New vows, new hopes, new promises, new prayers,  
Alas! how soon to be forgotten, when  
Amid the rush of life and worldly cares.  
My brow was then unwrinkled, clear and fair,  
And, like thine own, mine eye was young and bright,  
My robes all spotless, and my loaded arms  
Filled with God's gifts, as thine are filled to-night.

### NEW YEAR.

And when these gifts were scattered o'er the land,  
Seed-time and harvest, blossom, bud, and fruit,  
Did not the heart of man expand with praise,  
While love and gratitude struck deeper root?

### OLD YEAR.

Would that it were so! then this record closed  
(Which to the hand who gave it, back I bear)  
Filled would have been throughout with lines of praise,  
And have no blots to mar its pages fair.

### NEW YEAR.

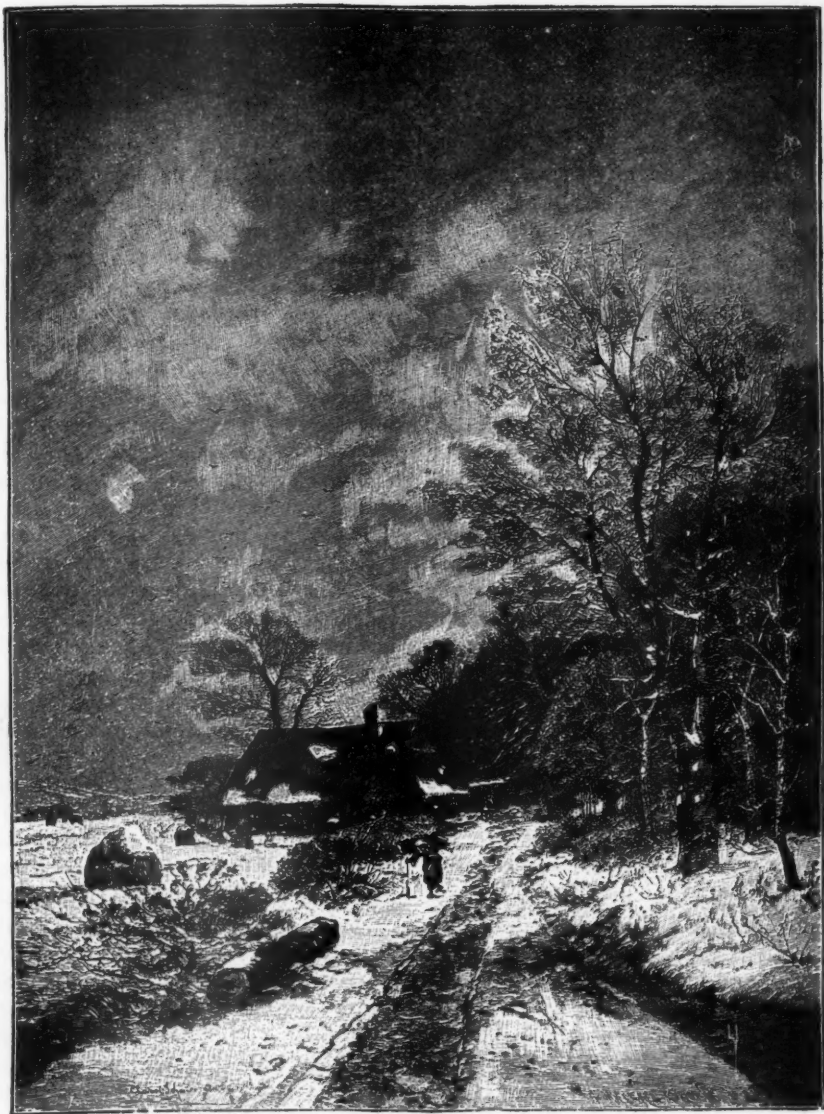
'Twill not be ever thus! ah, surely no!  
Man cannot slight such wondrous care and love,  
Receive such gifts without due thanks and praise;  
Continual blessings must to love yet move.

### OLD YEAR.

May it prove thus I pray, but now farewell;  
Never again we meet on God's fair earth.  
List to the bells! they ring my parting knell,  
Ere they proclaim thy welcome, joyful birth.

E. A. LEMPRIERE KNIGHT.





### WINTER.

A SOFT gray sky, marked, here and there,  
With tangled tracery of bare boughs,  
A little far-off fading house.  
A blurred blank mass of hills that wear  
A thickening vail of lifeless air,  
Which no wind comes to rouse.

Insipid silence everywhere ;  
The waveless waters hardly flow,  
In silence laboring flies the crow,  
Without a shadow, o'er the bare  
Deserted meadows, that prepare  
To sleep beneath the snow.

## A TERRIBLE TEN MINUTES: A STORY OF THE MIDNIGHT MAIL.

IT happened one afternoon last year, during the month of November, that I received a telegram calling for my presence in London early the next morning on an important business matter. To such a summons there was but one answer possible, so, with just a regretful thought for a card-party I should have to forego, I wired back this reply: "Mr. J. DEVON, Anderton's Hotel, London: Shall leave Burtown by the 12 to-night, and will call on you to-morrow at 8.15.—KNIGHTLY." Having dispatched my message, I finished off the day's work with all speed and then returned to my lodgings to make preparatoinis for my journey. These, as the masculine reader needs not to be told, consisted principally of cramming a soft cap, together with a few other necessities, into a carpet-bag, after which followed the discussion of a substantial meal and the delivery of an exhortation to my landlady to feed my fox-terrier, Grip, at his usual hours.

The remainder of the evening was spent in skimming over the morning's paper, wherein I found little to interest me. In disgust, I flung the thing on the floor. It alighted at a graceful angle, on whose apex appeared the heading, conspicuous as leaded type could make it: "Shocking Wife Murder in Burtown—Arrest of the Murderer." With a mental apology to the publishers of the *Chronicle* for the injustice I had done them as caterers to the public craving for horrors, I picked up the paper and proceeded to digest the "harrowing details." The gist of the news was as follows: "An abandoned ruffian, Chippy Watson by name, had, after the fashion of his class, beaten

in his wife's skull with a mallet, in consequence of some domestic disagreement. Having committed the deed, he coolly put on his coat and hat, and was proceeding to depart, when the neighbors and police, attracted by the screams of the unfortunate victim, rushed in and secured him." This was all, or nearly all, the paragraph contained, except for the usual information that "the prisoner will be brought up before the magistrate this morning and charged with causing the willful murder of his wife."

It was now past eleven—time for me to make my way down to the station; rather more than time, in fact, since that imposing structure was distant from my lodgings by fully two miles. Fortunately, my bag was light, and I shared in its pleasing characteristic of being unburdened by superfluous weight. None the less, on reaching my destination there was only one minute left me wherein to take my ticket and secure a seat. The latter operation, thanks to the slowness of the booking-clerk in handing me my change, had to be accomplished by running the gauntlet of guards and porters as the train began to move.

No sooner had I ascertained that my limbs were uninjured by the unceremonious fashion in which the railway officials had "assisted" me to my seat, than I discovered that the only other tenant of the compartment in which I was ensconced was a young lady, and one, moreover, of no small beauty. Now, I am a shy man as far as the fair sex is concerned. Among men I have self-possession enough and to spare; but in the presence of ladies that self-possession vanishes with most uncalled-for rapidity.



In the presence of ladies, yes; but here there was but one, who was bound to keep me company for a whole hour until the train should make its first stop. So it happened that, as I contemplated the charms of my *vis-à-vis* from behind the evening paper which I had found time to buy on my flight to the station, a measure of my courage returned, and in the inspiring words of Mr. Gilbert, said I to myself: "I'll take heart and make a start; faint heart never won fair lady."

"I trust you were not alarmed by my unceremonious entry?" I remarked, with some inward misgivings, but much outward assurance.

For answer a quiet stare and a slight contraction of the pretty mouth of my companion—indicating her opinion that, as a stranger and unIntroduced, I had no right to speak to her.

This to an ordinary male animal was the moment for strategic attack upon the fair one's scruples; for me it was the exact opposite—the moment for flight, had flight been possible. Ostrich-like, I buried my face behind my newspaper—there being no sand available—and in a few moments heard, to my relief, a corresponding rustle from the opposite side of the carriage as my pretty prude followed suit. The sense of defeat and disgrace fairly overwhelmed me for a while and my eyes wandered over the paper I held in my hand, seeing but understanding not what they saw. At length they lighted upon a familiar name, "Chippy Watson," and their owner recovered his senses and almost forgot his grief as he read the following lines: "The Burtown Murder—Escape of the Prisoner." After detailing the incidents of the hearing before the magistrates and the remand of the prisoner, pending the inquest, the paragraph went on as follows: "On leaving the court, Watson was conducted between four officers to the van. Just as he was stepping in, and when the policemen were endeavoring to keep back the

crowd that pressed round, the prisoner suddenly snapped his handcuffs, in some inexplicable manner, and, knocking down the constables, who threw themselves upon him, broke through the bystanders and fled down the street. The whole affair took place, as it seemed, in a second. One minute, and Watson, rigorously guarded, was quietly walking into the van in the midst of the officers; the next, and he was free, tearing down the street with the police and the populace at his heels. He was seen to dodge down a back alley, known as Shut Lane, and followed by the crowd of several hundreds. At the end of Shut Lane he disappeared round a corner, and, strange to say, has not been seen again. There can be no doubt that he will be recaptured; but his present escape and disappearance are most mysterious. We understand that the fellow possesses singular strength and agility; but, none the less, it will be a standing disgrace to our police authorities that a prisoner should thus, in broad daylight and in the midst of a crowded thoroughfare, effect his escape from the very hands of justice. A reward of one hundred pounds has been offered for his re-apprehension. Watson is about five feet nine inches in height, strongly built, and when he escaped was dressed in a gray fustian suit with a red scarf and soft hat. He may further be distinguished by a scar across his chin and by having an arrow tattooed on the back of his left hand."

This was about the extent of the information contained in the paragraph, and my readers will agree with me that the news was sufficiently exciting to occupy my thoughts to the complete exclusion of the unpleasant experience I had just passed through. As I lay back in my seat to muse upon what I had read, my thoughts began after a while to wander and my head to nod, according to their wont at midnight, and before long I fell asleep. How long I slept I cannot tell—

probably for a few minutes only—but in those few minutes I underwent a most discomforting dream. I dreamt that Chippy Watson stood over me, mallet in hand, and that my traveling companion was holding his arm to avert the threatened blow. She struggled in vain, and the mallet fell—yet with a strangely light touch—upon my arm. With a start, I awoke, and then saw the girl of my dream bending toward me with a scrap of paper in her hand. But her face, how terribly was it changed! Instead of the dainty pink flush I had last seen, there was a ghastly whiteness in her cheeks, and her eyes seemed starting from her head with terror. Holding up one finger, as if to command silence, she passed me the paper, on which were written the following words: "Some one is underneath the seat, and has just touched me."

Was it the dream which filled me with the thought that this was no idle alarm? I cannot tell; but this much I know, that in an instant there flashed across my mind with overwhelming force the thought of the escaped wife-murderer.

Returning my companion's silence-signal by a gesture of acquiescence, I wrote upon the paper: "It is probably only a dog. Shall I look under the seat?"

Her answer was short and to the point: "No; do not look. It was a hand."

Here, then, was a sufficient dilemma; but by comparison with what had passed before between my fellow-passenger and myself, it was a dilemma that I felt almost disposed to welcome. The male sex in my person was about to assume its rightful position of protector to its weaker, if would-be independent, companion. Sweet was my revenge; and yet, the revenge scarcely promised to be wholly pleasurable.

My first action was to remove any suspicion that there might be in the mind of the mysterious third occupant of our carriage through the presumably accidental action of having touched the lady's dress.

Giving vent to an audible yawn, as though I had just awakened from sleep, I remarked, in a tone of cool impertinence: "You really must excuse me for addressing you again, madam; but will you permit me to smoke, to enliven this tedious journey?" As I spoke, I accompanied my words by a meaning glance, and was favored with the reply: "Certainly, if you wish it; I cannot prevent you."

Thereupon, I produced my pipe and tobacco-pouch, and proceeded slowly to fill the former as I thought out the plan of action. On reference to my watch, I saw that the train would stop in another ten minutes. Clearly, the only thing to do was to wait till we reached Blackley, and there get assistance to find out who our unknown traveling companion might be.

The longer I pondered over the problem, the more curious for its solution did I become, and then, heedless of the warning I had received, I struck a match and intentionally dropped it. Stooping down with a muttered malediction to pick it up, I cast a searching glance underneath the opposite seat, and then my blood ran cold as the faint gleam of the taper revealed the back of a man's hand, with the mark of a tattooed arrow upon it. Chippy Watson, then, was our companion—a doomed and desperate man!

By a mighty effort, I controlled my voice sufficiently to say: "Excuse me reaching across you, madam, but that was my last match, and I could not afford to let it go out."

The girl, into whose white cheeks the color showed no trace of returning, murmured some unintelligible reply, and for a few moments we sat in silence. Again I looked at my watch. Thank Heaven! in five minutes we should be at Blackley, and the awful ride would be at an end. Scarcely had the thought formulated itself, when the girl opposite me sprang up, trembling like a leaf, and shrieked, ere I

could stop her: "Oh! the hand has touched my foot again."

The moment the words left her lips, I heard a sudden movement under the seat, and quicker than thought, a figure appeared upon the floor. In that moment I flung myself upon the ruffian and clutched his throat with the energy of despair, knowing that should he once gain his feet it was all over with me, the lighter and weaker man. Can I ever forget the horror of that five minutes' ride? The whole compartment seemed to be falling upon me. Teeth, nails, feet, all were attacking me at once; but through all I kept my grip upon the murderer's throat, and though I streamed with blood, and almost lost consciousness, still held on, while the girl's screams rang dimly through my ears. Suddenly the train stopped, the struggle ceased, and I fainted across the body of my captive.

When I recovered consciousness at length, I found myself lying upon a table in the Blackley Station waiting-room, with a sympathetic crowd around me, and, best of all, I saw a face bending tenderly over me, the face of the girl of my dream and my discomfiture. After making two or three efforts, I managed to ask: "Where is Watson?"

"Very nigh dead," replied a ruddy-faced farmer, who stood beside me. "You three-quarters strangled the life out of his ugly body; he was black in the face when they lifted you off him."

"Do you know that he is an escaped wife-murderer?" I inquired, feebly.

"Yes, we know," responded my honest friend. "The Burtown police telegraphed after the train to have it searched, because a man answering his description had been seen in the station before it left. The police have got him safe, my lad, this time, and no mistake. Why, I saw him handcuffed and his arms pinioned behind him, and he a-lying half dead the while, after the throttling as you gave him."

Do my readers want to hear the rest of my story, now that the catastrophe is told? If so, I will inform them that Watson, on breaking loose from the police, after turning the corner of Shut Lane—where it will be remembered he disappeared—contrived, by an almost incredible effort, to scale a high wall, and so gain the shelter of a railway embankment. Along this he crept until he reached the mid-town tunnel, where he had lurked all day, until, late in the evening, he crept into the station and contrived to secrete himself in a carriage of the midnight mail, with the results before mentioned.

There is one more incident in close connection with that journey to be told; it is this, that there will be a marriage early this spring. The name of the bridegroom will be Knightly; the name of the bride does not matter. She was never formally introduced to her future lord and master, and therefore it is surely unnecessary to tell the name she will soon cease to bear to a passing acquaintance like the reader.

—Selected.



### GRETEL.

**P**URSED-UP, questioning-mouth that asks,  
What more could she offer?—  
Bluest eyes of meek surprise  
That he seems to scoff her!

Creamiest milk if thou wouldst drink,  
Manikin so stately,  
12

Gretel's share she'll gladly spare,  
Looking on sedately.

Ah! my Gretel, older grown,  
Now your toy's a lover;  
Sees he more, how free you pour  
Love's cup running over?

M. C. L. R.





### BUDDING.

**T**HOU art as any blossom,  
So soft and sweet and white,  
The bee might well mistake thee,  
And hover in his flight.

I watching, with heart heavy  
And lifted hands, entreat  
God keep thee thus forever,  
So soft and white and sweet!

*Adapted from the German.*

A CHILD'S RECOLLECTION OF  
WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

I WAS a little girl of about seven years of age when I first recollect seeing Mr. Thackeray. We lived then in Paris (my birthplace), as my father was the Paris correspondent of several leading English newspapers. My mother's evening receptions were very popular; her *salon* was a rendezvous where the artistic and literary celebrities met in order to converse. Conversation was at that period almost a fine art; men and women (so I have been told, as I was far too young to judge) enjoyed *causerie*, and they knew how to talk. Among the many interesting people who gathered round my father and mother, none made such a vivid impression on my childish imagination as Thackeray. He is the central figure which stands out in bold relief from the dim surroundings. I can distinctly recall the big white head, the spectacles, the rosy face, and the sweet, sunny smile which positively illumined his countenance and made it almost beautiful. I grew even to love the broad, broken nose, and used to wonder how a boy, at any period, could have been so wildly audacious as to punch that feature. I wondered at the softness and gentleness of his voice and manner, and why so great an author should care to come among us little children in such a simple, friendly way. He had a formidable appearance, being over six feet and broad in proportion. We children were like pilgrims clustering round the knees of Brobdignag. Mr. Thackeray was our favorite giant. But evidently he was not too tall or too great to take an interest in our childish games. How often has he sat among us, inquiring tenderly about my dolls. He remembered all their

names, and had made out a genealogical tree, so that every *poupée* had a distinct history of her own.

One late afternoon, after having told us delightful stories, Mr. Thackeray remarked that he must leave us at once, he was so terribly hungry. We coaxed him to remain, and told him that we really could give him a good dinner.

"There is nothing, my dears, you can give me," he answered, with a funny little sigh; "for I could only eat the chop of a rhinoceros or a slice from an elephant."

"Yes, I tan," exclaimed my three-year-old sister. We saw her disappear into a big cupboard. She emerged a few seconds after, with a look of triumph on her fat little face, holding in her hands a wooden rhinoceros and an elephant from her Noah's ark, and putting the two animals on a plate, she handed them with great gravity to Mr. Thackeray. Never can I forget the look of delight on the great man's face; how he laughed and rubbed his hands with glee; and then, taking the child up in his arms, kissed her, remarking, "Ah! little rogue, you already know the value of a kiss!"

Then he asked for a knife and fork, smacked his lips, and pretended to devour the elephant and rhinoceros.

Another time when Mr. Thackeray called we children were in bed. I was the only one not asleep. I had been listening to his pleasant voice, talking to my father and mother in the *salon*, when our bedroom door was cautiously opened, and in marched Mr. Thackeray, my mother following him, holding a candle. There were three little iron beds all in a row; I saw him smiling at us, and then, putting his hand in his pocket, he mur-

mured, "Now for the distribution of medals!" and chuckling, he deposited on each of our pillows a bright five-franc piece, remarking, "Precious little ones! they will think the fairies have been here."

One afternoon, as I was taking a walk with my father in the Champs-Élysées, we met Mr. Thackeray, and he stopped to have a talk. Some public character was mentioned—I forgot who, but evidently some one that Thackeray disliked, for he certainly poured forth a torrent of strong, scathing words. I had never seen him before look angry or speak in a vexed manner, so I was rather frightened. Whilst talking, I noticed that Mr. Thackeray's eyes wandered toward a poor, delicate woman holding in her arms a little child; she was leaning for support against a tree, and was evidently in great destitution. Without making any remark, he walked up to the woman, inquired into her condition, and on learning her troubles slipped into her hand several small silver pieces.

Mr. Thackeray often made us little ones laugh heartily with his droll stories and ways. He one day spied my crinoline, which was on a chair in the nursery. He examined it carefully, and to my horror put his head through the aperture and walked into the drawing-room with it round his neck, looking like Michael Angelo's statue of Moses.

"I am an ogre now!" he exclaimed. "Imagine, my dears, that I have a cropped red head, blue eyes, and very big *lunettes*!" And forthwith he related to us wonderful adventures, making us laugh and cry, just as he wished.

A few years later we came to live in London; my father, through no fault of his own, lost a lucrative appointment in Paris; it was a period of much anxiety; my second sister fell dangerously ill. Mr. Thackeray's goodness and kindness to us all were beyond words. He called nearly every day at our house in Thistle Grove,

himself bringing delicacies of all sorts to tempt the appetite of my invalid sister. His cook, who was a *cordons-bleus*, had received orders to exert her culinary powers to their utmost, and she made the most exquisite dishes and jellies. I remember a note from Thackeray to my mother, with the words "A Last Appeal" written in capital letters, begging that the jellies should in the future be made with old sherry or the best Madeira. The doctor had ordered claret. One day Thackeray walked up to our house carrying a rug of very bright, pleasant, and cheerful colors under his arm, which he himself laid down on the floor of my sister's room, thinking it would tend to raise her spirits. With children he was always delightful; with older or with unsympathetic people he could be satirical, cold, and cynical. He one day remarked to an acquaintance in my hearing that he only liked "second-rate books, second-rate women, but first-rate wines."

Mr. Thackeray had talent for drawing, but he was never satisfied with any of his achievements. My father called upon him one morning, and found him fretting over a drawing of his own.

"Look!" he said. "Now G. (mentioning some clever draughtsman), by a few touches, throwing some light or shadow here and there, would make this a picture. How it is I know not, but I certainly cannot do it at all."

Thackeray sometimes looked worried, and I once heard him say that he suffered from mental depression.

"My Number (*Cornhill*) is nearly due, and I cannot make it come!" he exclaimed, tapping his forehead. "Yes, I would like to rest my head in some quiet corner; I had a nice scene this morning, but 'tis all gone, and I cannot call to mind a bit of it now!"

My father, who was full of intellect, which Thackeray fully appreciated, was a shy, dreamy, unobtrusive man, with a great deal of pride and, perhaps, over-

sensitiveness. In his time of trouble Thackeray was more than a brother to him. My mother told me that when he heard for the first time of my father's pecuniary loss he was very agitated, and turning to mother, he asked her what she was going to do.

"I mean to trust to the Ravens," she answered.

An expression of pain flitted over the great man's face, but after a few seconds of silence he put his large hand over hers, and in a husky voice said, "And so you may; the Ravens are kind friends."

At a large dinner it happened that my father's name was mentioned. Thackeray, who had been very silent, brightened up and exclaimed: "When Corkran dies, he will go straight to Heaven, and all the angels will turn out and present arms to him!"

This is but a rough, inadequate sketch, but to those who cherish his memory,

even a passing moment with such a man is worth the most precious place in one's remembrance. Thackeray was not a character to be hit off with a few broad strokes; for there lay underneath the ever-varying surface a deep fountain of tenderness, ever ready at the call of need and suffering.

His hatred of humbugs and snobs was proverbial, but he loved all that was simple and sincere.

Among guileless, happy children Thackeray was at his best—

"Whose feet are guided through the land,  
Whose jest among his friends is free,  
Who takes the children on his knee,  
And winds their curls about his hand.

"He plays with threads, he beats his chair  
For pastime, dreaming of the sky—  
His inner day can never die,  
His night of loss is always there."

HENRIETTA CORKRAN in *Temple Bar*.

#### LAURENS ALMA-TADEMA.

TO review the life-history and development of a renowned artist is both interesting and instructive, especially while he is yet in the land of the living and continues to furnish works that show his great ability. Beyond doubt, Laurens Alma-Tadema, the genial Hollander artist, Royal artist, and member of the London Academy of Arts, is one of the most renowned painters of our time.

He was born on the 8th of January, 1836, in a village named Dronriyp, near Leeuwarden, Holland, where the Tademas have been highly esteemed residents for several centuries. In the early life of Laurens his father, who was a notary, decided that he should study law and become an advocate, but the young man was disinclined to the acquirement of the dead languages, which in Holland are considered so necessary to a jurist, and he

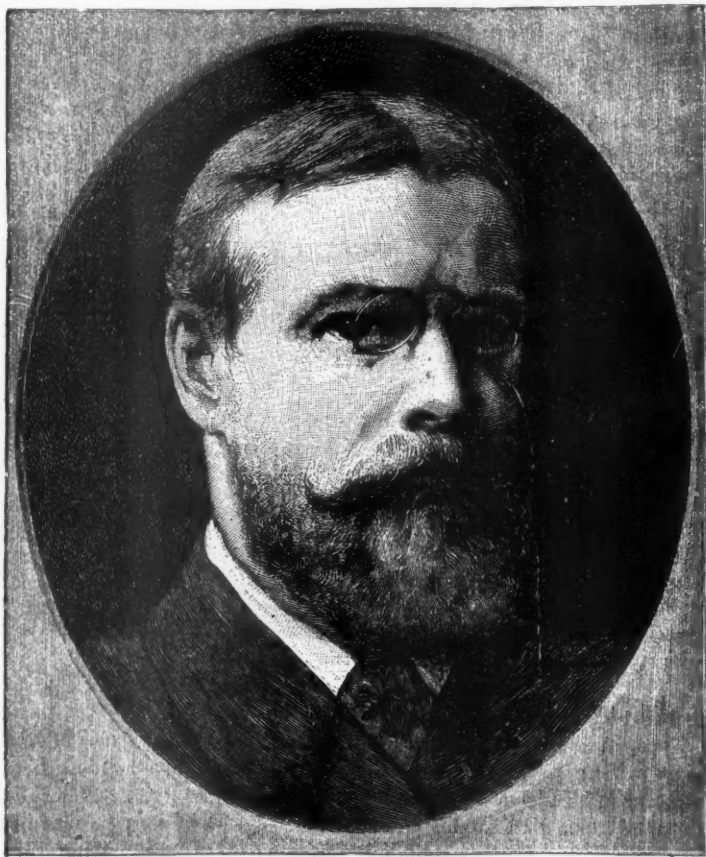
pinched all the time he could from his studies as well as all that was reasonably at his own disposition to spend it at sketching in black and white. Later on he began the use of colors, and so proficient had he become that when he had attained his seventeenth year only, a portrait of his sister that he painted was accorded the distinguished honor of exhibition at one of the public art galleries.

Shortly after this, a serious illness came upon him, and when he was again able to resume his tasks the study of the law had become so distasteful to him that he had but little difficulty in obtaining permission to enter formally into the study of painting as his life work. For some reason the schools of Holland were either disdained or unavailable, and he sought admission to a well-known academy in Antwerp, and was placed under the tut-



tion of the celebrated Wappers, an artist of great learning and ability. Once entered upon the proper academical course of instruction, the young Tadema worked with might and main. So devoted was he to his studies that his health was nearly sacrificed to his ambition. Grad-

In the autumn of 1859, Leys was at work upon some frescoes in one of the public places at Antwerp, and conspicuous service was rendered to him by Tadema, though wholly without remuneration other than a celebrity obtained through his public association with the



LAURENS ALMA-TADEMA.

ually, from the confused ideas of great attainments and worldly fame, it became clear to his mind that his proper sphere, and that in which he would be able eventually to make his mark, was as an historical painter, and with the view of placing himself to better advantage, he left the academy at Antwerp and became associated with the celebrated Leys.

older master. This pay was not, however, of the kind sought by Alma-Tadema, and he determined to start upon an independent career, inducing his sister and now widowed mother to make their home with him in Antwerp. His mother did not long survive the change of residence, but before her death had the satisfaction to see the exhibition of her son's

great abilities in a very highly esteemed picture called "The Training of Chlodwig's Children," in 1861, and the award to him of a gold medal for his work at the exhibition in Amsterdam in 1862.

In 1863 Tadema was married to a French lady, and two years afterward moved to Brussels, where he remained till the death of his wife, which occurred in 1867. He then decided upon the move, so far his final one, to England, and went to London, chiefly because his paintings had been received by the English people with great enthusiasm.

Alma-Tadema's second marriage oc-

hung, some of them dating back to the time of his earliest attempts. These served to show the successive stages of Tadema's artistic development. His acknowledged pre-eminence in the field of historic painting dates from the time of that exhibition. In this field his specialty is ancient Roman life and customs, his studies in which have caused the works representing public and domestic scenes of those noble Latin people to have a distinctive value additional to their merit as works of art only. The fidelity with which he paints not only the architecture, costumes, etc., but the ethnological traits



"DOWN THE BAY," BY ALMA-TADEMA.

curred in 1871, his charmer being Laura Theresa Epps, a woman of well-known ability as an artist.

The renown of Tadema in Holland dates only since 1880. None of his paintings before that time realized a higher price than two hundred and fifty dollars at the exhibitions, and it was for this reason alone that he sought markets for his pictures other than those to be found in his native country.

In the winter of 1882-83, Tadema made an exhibition of paintings of his own exclusively at the Grosvenor Gallery, in London. There were in all about one hundred and fifty pictures

of the old Romans, gives to his work a special and cumulative interest that is equaled probably by but few painters that have ever lived. Some of these distinctive features may be seen in the illustrations that accompany this sketch, which, short of the magnificence displayed in the colored originals, show as well as anything can the remarkable abilities of this great painter.

The picture, "Well Guarded Slumber," we may well suppose represents a scene that as nearly as possible was a matter of the ordinary every-day life with the people of the old Roman Republic. That of "Down the Bay" shows, in the fine,

strong studies of heads, some of the ethnological traits that have been referred to. The portrait that adorns the second page of this article is from a picture painted by

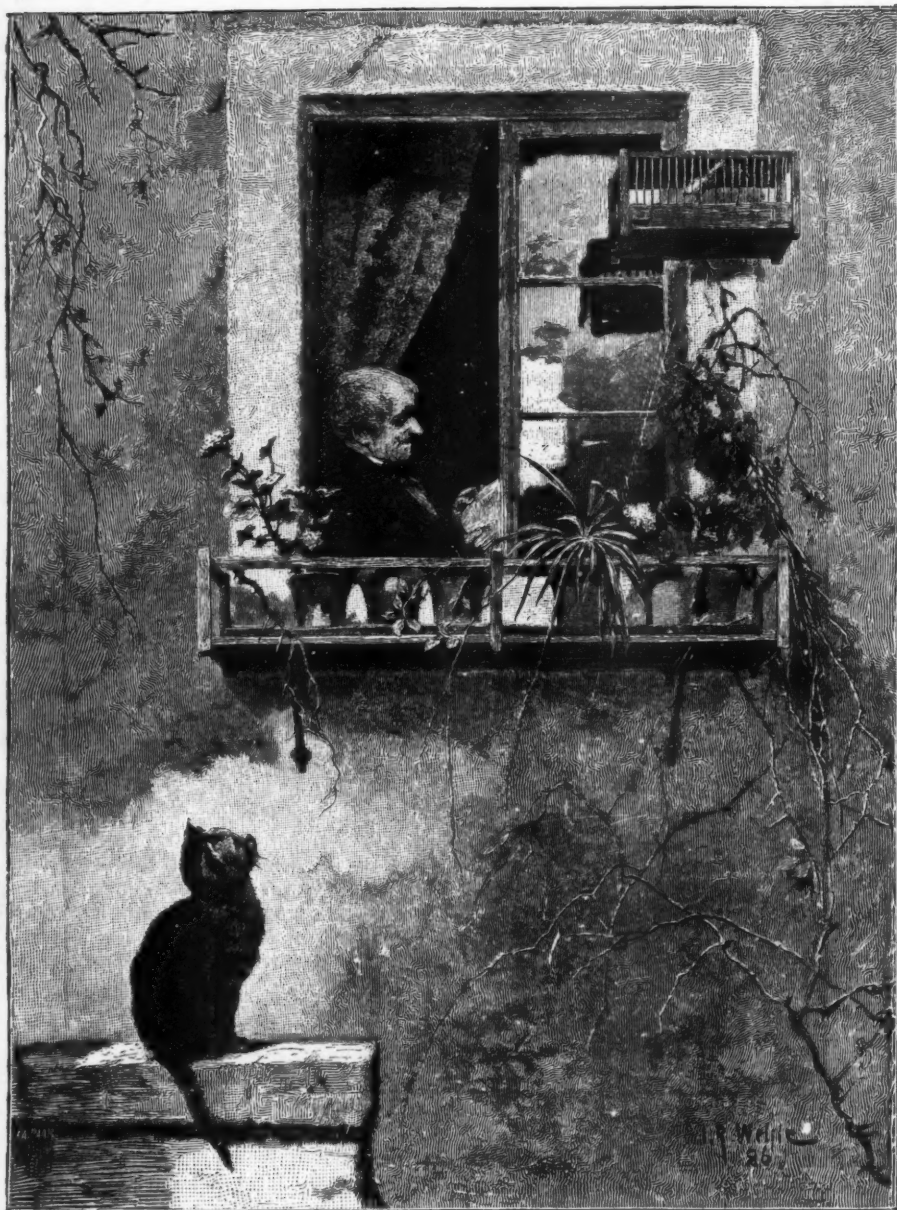
painter's own portrait would scarcely permit him to accent very strongly any weaknesses or defects in his physiognomy, but after making due allowance for such



"WELL-GUARDED SLUMBER."

Tadema himself, and is a remarkably fine portrait of a very handsome man. We can easily believe that the "personal equation" involved in the production of a

a pardonable frailty, there remains a strong, manly head, painted by a strong, manly hand. Long and successfully may the two work together.



BACHELOR BUTTON.



## BACHELOR BUTTON.

A CAT—ENA.

THAT was not his name exactly. It had grown on him as the years rolled by, leaving him in what is called (cat—achristically) “a state of single blessedness.” He was very single. No amount of marrying, perhaps, would have made him anything else, though he would have helped to carry the yoke matrimonial with the stolid submission of his kind, only setting his hoofs and hanging off sullenly and stupidly by the neck now and then when his fellow insisted on starting in what he thought the wrong direction.

The affairs of his small life had run so long and uninterruptedly without interference, that his fine sense of order would have been shocked by the confusion incident on the change necessary to convert him to a married man. Not that he did not frequently contemplate such a change, though with a strange shudder of dread. Since the death of his mother, who had possessed no will but that of her son Benjamin, his thought continually reverted to a certain future event to which all his movements bore tacit reference. He had even planted his garden with secret wonder in his mind as to whether the nameless She would prefer the butter or lazy-wife bean, Hubbard or Marblehead squash, snow-flake or peach-blow potato, but he felicitously saw Her always smiling in approval of his own choice in vegetable matters. In his view She was always the same blooming damsel who had charmed the fancy of his boyhood. He could not call her by name. He had never been familiar enough with any woman to speak her name and open the subject of marriage. Fact was, he could not see his way clear to any such ultimatum of destiny. He felt there was “a

tide in the affairs of men” that led simply and easily enough to the conjugal certainties in store for him, but he had never found himself afloat on the current. He had been a shy man, and no Delilah had taken hold of him. It was the fault of his environment. He had missed “natural selection,” as a Darwinian might say.

His tiger cat, Major, walking up and down the garden rows with Benjamin Button, would frequently turn and gaze at him with a curious, wise, prophetic look in his brazen eyes that impressed him with a superstitious sense of the animal's powers of insight or witchcraft. This singular feeling was strengthened by an odd circumstance, happening one June afternoon, as Benjamin sat in his shady east door, taking his favorite refreshment, a bowl of bread and milk.

Suddenly Major came tearing up the path in wild excitement, dropping beside the step and beginning to tug frantically at a fold of white paper tied about his neck by a bit of faded blue ribbon. A growl of disgust and a frenzied lashing of the tail testified to Major's inability to extricate himself from the imposed decoration, and with a queer, prescient thrill, his master stooped and untied the mysterious paper, cautiously unfolding it, as though it contained some impalpable powder which he feared to dissipate.

What he found there sent him inside, where he sank breathless in the cushioned arm-chair beside the window, over which hung the cage of his redbird Dick, and about which he had ranged the potted plants that were beginning to reward him in bloom for the ignorant care he had given through need of something to cherish.

The open page which he held in his slightly tremulous hand was traced in a round, careful script that ran into couplets, reading in this wise:

"Why shoud you live a lonely life?  
Oh! better far to take a wife.

"It's like some gentle, loving She  
Is reddey now your wife to Be.

"Look well about you these fine days,  
Perventure She may meet your gaze.

"In Lovers' Lane on Sunday night  
Walk out and find your heart's Delight."

Benjamin read these lines with a satisfied sense of harmony, and a broadening smile illumined his face like the radiance of the setting sun. Major, from his accustomed perch outside the window, was looking up at him with an interest divided between the mysterious paper and the chirruping of Cardinal Dick, the taste of a wild bird lately lending an attraction in that direction which made his mouth quiver with voiceless longing. The queer human practice of caging birds and hanging them beyond the reach of cats was an absurdity highly vexing to the intelligence of Major.

The luscious widow Robbins, "fair, fat and forty," sitting in the dressmaking shop of Miss Almira Jenkins just across the village street, remarked with pleasure the clear picture of Bachelor Button framed in his cottage window. She had come in, as was her habit when Miss Almira was pressed with business, to lend a helping hand, which was always willing if not highly skilled in needle craft.

"How nice he looks," said she, glancing at the bachelor between her overcasting stitches. "But I wouldn't a bit wonder if that afternoon coat of his needed a button or two. I can see from here that the edges needs binding over, poor man."

"You want to be careful to trim them edges you have in hand, Marier," said Miss Jenkins, with some severity, remarking the widow's wandering eyes.

"Oh! I know," laughed Maria, biting off a fresh thread with her new porcelain teeth; "you grudge me a look at Bachelor Button. You've had him here opp'sit you so long you feel's if he's your individual property, don't you?"

Almira sniffed contemptuously. "A property I'd be glad to dispose of," said she. "It's sickening to see the old fuss always pottering about his garden with that great cat forever at his heels. Old villain! he's a born thief."

"Which?" gasped the widow.

"That cat!" fired Almira. "There aint a day that he don't carry off something from my buttery shelves. He'll find Paris green in a dish of milk some day."

This was on Wednesday, and the bachelor's thought found food for the remainder of the week in the pleasant prophetic couplets which he had laid in the cover of the family Bible resting on the little table by the window, where he sat down frequently to look them over with renewed speculations as to origin of the remarkable production. He looked forward timidly, but with almost boyish anticipation, to the walk which he resolved to take in Lovers' Lane—a country road leading through a bit of fragrant, songful woods, much frequented by sentimental swains and sweethearts on Sunday afternoons. Unconsciously as the days passed he watched Major's return from hunting and foraging expeditions with vague expectation of another startling message. And, sure enough, on Sunday morning, that grizzled sinner, wet and bedraggled, came bouncing into Benjamin's presence with a paper tied about his neck with a stout hempen cord drawn so tightly that it seemed only to have stopped short of a purpose to hang the bearer.

Bachelor Button loosened the significant knot with some trepidation, confident that the note he was extricating held some ominous message.

It was a piece of yellow wrapping

paper, on which was written in very upright, angular characters the following shocking fact, coupled with solemn warning:

"MR. BENJAMIN BUTTON, SIR:—Your thieving cat has drug off and half eat up a chicken I had bought for my Sunday dinner, and company expected too.

"If you don't keep the brute to home he will be a dead cat soon. I've put up with his prowling round just as long as I mean to. I give you warning that if the like happens again there will be a grave to dig under your grape vine.

"ALMIRA JENKINS."

There was nothing equivocal or uncertain about that. The sharp communication went straight to the mark with the firm precision that characterized all the aims of Miss Jenkins. Bachelor Button was deeply disturbed. He felt the cut of that hempen cord on his own throat. It was highly mortifying, too, to have deprived a lady of her Sunday dinner. He felt responsible for the gross misdemeanor of Major, who sat lashing his tail, shaking his head, and looking with a malicious gleam in his brass eyes at the nearly fatal cord on his master's knee. For Major knew very well the difference between a hemp string carrying sentence of death and a blue ribbon leading bachelors to Lovers' Lanes, and with feline instinct he would have scratched out Miss Almira's eyes while he would have arched his back to the widow's caressing hand.

In a quandary, the agitated man walked down to his poultry pen and contemplated the duty of replacing the demolished fowl by one of his own cherished flock, but that was a restitution from which he shrank. His heart was tender, and he hated to shed innocent blood. And supposing that fowl deed accomplished, how was he to transport the clean-dressed body of his beloved chicken to Miss Jenkins's pantry? To carry it him-

self—that was a possibility which he could not calmly consider. To employ some of the neighboring children to convey it—that was an alternative which made him shudder, for no one stood in more mortal dread of gossiping tongues. He could never be made the butt of ridicule by sending Almira a chicken, that was clear.

This disturbance so far distracted the bachelor's thought from Sabbath worship that the morning service passed without his usual attendance; but still he could arrive at no conclusion respecting the amends he was to make for Major's brutal raid on a defenseless maiden lady. Giving up the problem in despair at last, he began to make preparations for what he considered an appointment in Lovers' Lane, where the hand of destiny might direct him in this perplexing affair. Truth to tell, he *had* half suspected Miss Almira's complicity with the blue ribbon overture, but a comparison of the sharp, angular script of her open letter with the round, puffy hand in which the soft couplets were written convinced him that Miss Jenkins never had indited the latter tender sentiments, to which his heart responded with quickened beats.

Long before the sun began to decline Benjamin had made himself fine by extra brushing of his Sunday best, in which, carefully arrayed, he was waiting uneasily for the proper hour to sally forth to meet the "gentle, loving She" forecast in rhyme. Meantime he occupied himself by repeated inspection of his appearance in the glass (with landscape at the top), and by renewed dashes upon his handkerchief and shirt front of essence of bergamot, which favorite perfume he had procured the day previous at the village drug store. Setting out at length in the direction of the wooded road, he had a feeling that everybody knew his errand and was blushing conscious that the young couples who passed him by the way were exchanging sly glances and

cracking dry jokes at the expense of the old bachelor wandering lonesomely in Lovers' Lane.

As he entered the magic wood he was confounded to see advancing with martial tread, emphasized by the stroke of her sheathed sun umbrella, the energetic Miss Jenkins, before whom the uncertain single gentleman quailed with a sense of the unexpiated sin of Major, coupled with the consciousness of his own secret expectation inspired by the doggerel,

"In Lovers' Lane on Sunday night  
Look out to see your heart's delight."

Involuntarily he halted, hemmed, colored hotly, stammeringly striving for words in which to frame the apology due, but hardly vouchsafing him a glance, Miss Almira strode past him on the opposite side of the road.

"Miss—Miss Jenkins—chick—chicken!" gasped Benjamin, striking out blindly at the matter he wanted to right.

But Miss Jenkins visibly quickened her step, elevating her chin and bringing down her umbrella with a tremendous thwack as she saw a youthful pair approaching with an exchange of meaning smiles at this curious encounter in Lovers' Lane. Miss Almira never would have been caught in a way like that on Sunday evening, it is to be presumed, had she not found it the shortest road home from the house of a cousin whose invitation she had accepted from church, probably because Major's theft had interfered with the hospitality she had planned to extend to the same party.

Indignant, but somewhat relieved withal by the old maid's rudeness, Benjamin hastened forward, overtaking presently the "Robin" (as the village youths named the widow), sauntering along with the rolling gait peculiar to her dumpling figure, and pausing, as the bachelor drew near, to cast a rapturous look upward at the flush of sunset skies through the overhanging trees.

"Oh! isn't it *delightful* this evening!"

she gushed. "I'm so glad to see you out enjoying this *beautiful* walk, Mr. Button."

"Yes," assented Benjamin, feeling strangely at ease, though very warm, while Mrs. Robbins chatted right along about the weather and the flowers and the birds, and everything "so-o lov-ely," requiring nothing of him but to nod and smile till all the crow's feet about his eyes were dancing in view.

Suddenly it came to him, like an inspiration, that Maria Robbins, being a kind of partner in dressmaking with Almira, might help him about that—fowl offense.

"Oh! say, d'ye know how much Miss Almira paid for that—chicken my cat carried off?" he blurted out, coming to the point at once through fear of failure if he dallied.

"Dear suz! are you worrying 'bout that?" purred the Robin, sympathetically. "My! but what a mad creacher Almira was, to be sure," she added, finding it easier for Benjamin if she assumed that she knew all about the matter, though she had heard nothing before. And she laughed with a jolly good humor that sent Benjamin off in a low titter, too.

"Well, now—Miss Robbins—couldn't you settle with Almira for me?" he proposed, with growing confidence, drawing out his pocket-book.

"Oh! yes," responded the smiling Robin. "But wait," she cautioned, with a restraining movement of her plump hand, as the bachelor balanced a silver dollar in his palm. "What in the *world* would these young folks *think*?" she questioned, with a little accent of horror, as another carriage passed them.

Benjamin couldn't for the life of him see *what* they would think, but he hurried the dollar in his pocket again, and forgot all about it as he walked on laughing and talking with an ease perfectly astonishing to himself.

"S'pose we just turn round and go back over this *beautiful* road again," sug-



gested the Robin, as they came out on the open square.

"Now, s'pose we do," assented Bachelor Button, with a delightful sense of having invited the lady to take this evening walk with him.

He could never have told what all the talk was about as they strolled leisurely back through the fern-scented wood—in fact, the conversation was carried on mainly by the Robin herself, but in a way that made Benjamin feel what a sociable creature he had become. In an incredibly short space of time they had arrived at the sister's house where Mrs. Maria Robbins was temporarily making her home, and the bachelor halted, in doubt whether he had found his "Heart's Delight."

"Do come in, won't you?" urged the widow, enticingly.

"I—yes, thank you. I don't think I've got time to-night," replied Benjamin, feeling that he must draw the line somewhere.

"Well, do come and see us soon," concluded Mrs. Maria, bowing and smiling, as he edged off in a dazed way, utterly unmindful of that little account with Miss Almira at last.

It occurred to him, however, after he reached home, and Major came trotting in to inquire after his accustomed lap of warm milk, which was rather late that evening.

"I'll go right back," exclaimed Benjamin, feeling for the silver dollar in his pocket and starting off bravely, before his courage should ooze, in view of a Sunday evening visit to a lady.

Mrs. Maria herself met him at the door, and with confused explanation the dollar was magically transferred from his pocket to hers, with the understanding that it should speedily make amends to Miss Almira for Major's foul depredation.

In the character of peacemaker, the widow was so doubly charming to Benjamin's sense that he lingered on the steps,

loath to tear himself away. The full moon was coming up, and gently persuaded by its witching influence, he dropped in the chair to which Mrs. Robbins beckoned him in the vine-wreathed porch, and there surprised himself again with a sociability altogether new and highly intoxicating. It was not till he noticed a banging of doors, and shutting of windows about the house, and heard the clock striking so many times he lost the count, that he began to realize how long he had stayed, and arose with a stammering good-night, to which his hostess responded with lingering assurance that there was no hurry, and the moon was "so lov-el-y—"

Benjamin walked away dizzily. He had actually—in local phrase—been "keepin' company."

The bachelor's dreams were strangely haunted by dumplings that night. He was inordinately fond of dumplings. But, curiously, when he attempted to taste the particularly fine, light ones of his dream, the widow's shining eyes and smiling mouth popped out in them, and he woke with a nervous start.

Whether it was reaction from these unusual and giddy experiences that caused the tragedy of the succeeding morning cannot be affirmed; but certainly an unwonted carelessness on Benjamin's part resulted in a temptation to poor Major which his low moral nature could not resist. As he was taking his morning doze beneath the cottage window, he was suddenly stirred by a flutter of wings, and with brazen eyes growing black as ebony, he leaped like a flash of lightning at a scarlet gleam falling on the grass.

There was a plaintive chirp, piercing the ear of Benjamin walking dreamily along his row of bee-hives in contemplation of his waxing sweets; and, with a swift pang of recollection that he had omitted to close the door of the cage when he gave Dick his bath, he bounded

toward the house and clutched Major by the throat just as that wretched transgressor crushed his tiger teeth through the neck of the beautiful captive. Gasping, the brutal mouth released its hold on the coveted morsel of song so greedily seized, and, like a criminal, Major slunk away to secret haunts, awed by this unexpected attack on his nine lives.

With a wail of distress Benjamin picked up the bird, which writhed on his hand in the agonies of death.

Mrs. Robbins, just entering Almira's shop to begin her day's work, had witnessed this swift tragedy, occupying but a few seconds, and now came running across the street and up the path to the bachelor's door.

"O Miss Robbins!" he moaned, "Almira's avenged now."

"Dear, dear Ben—Mr. Button—don't feel so bad," said the sympathetic Maria, with tears flooding her own soft eyes. "Just bring the poor thing in and see if something can't be done to fetch it to."

Bachelor led the way into the house and laid the martyred Dick in the widow's fat hand, which, however, possessed no charm to restore the frail life frightened out by Major's cruel fangs.

Nevertheless, it was unspeakably comforting to have a sympathetic listener to whom he could recount all the pretty tricks and virtues of the lost pet, and the gushing interest of Mrs. Maria was so very consoling and alleviative that he found himself presently talking to her of other things than the dead bird lying on the table between them.

Her eyes meanwhile were glancing comprehensively over the domestic situation of the bachelor, to whom she said, with that appreciative and sympathizing look surpassing words: "You have such a lov-el-y home, Mr. Button. But you must be *very* lonely." And she sighed.

"Yes; yes," responded Benjamin, and he sighed.

"You need—I see that you need—a

woman's hand to set and keep things to rights," pursued the Robin, jerking her head this way and that as she chirruped.

Benjamin's eyes expanded. The thimble on her finger and the threaded needle sticking on the bosom of her dress suggested to his single mind some very pressing needs that he had of a "womanly hand" indeed. "O Miss Robbins—would you—" He paused.

Miss Jenkins would have looked at him grimly and said, "Well?" expecting him to state his wish in plain terms; but the Robin presented no such sharp sword-point, which would have checked and silenced him forever. She was a soft cushion into which his stumbling sentences might fall and mend their broken limbs.

"I can see no reason *why* I wouldn't," she hastened to say, tenderly. "You *do* need a wife, Ben-jamin."

Ye gracious powers! The perspiration started all over the unconscious wooer. Had he really done it? Was he actually an engaged man? He rose, caught his breath, and sat down with trembling knees, feeling very weak but happy.

What a simple thing it was, after all! The question had gone off of itself. He was uncertain what he was to do next, but he looked at Marier and he felt that it was all settled.

[As Mr. Howells is not telling this story, lovers' conversations are omitted.]

Days passed. Bachelor Button went about like a man walking in his sleep, or rather waking from his sleep. He knew now what was the trouble. He was lonely. Major, too, had left him. The poor wretch had drooped from day to day, whether from remorse or from Almira's threatened poison or from the deadly grip of Bachelor's fingers on his throat that eventful morning was not clear, and his grave, as forecast by Almira, had been dug deep under the grape-vine.

*Requiescat.*

It was very lonely. And what was the

use of putting off? As the Robin said, life was short at the best and there could not be many wedding days. It was a startling thought.

But, after all, it was not such a terrible ordeal. The dreaded yet desired event

passed so easily and naturally that Benjamin felt as if he had been married before. Had he been a Theosophist he would have said that he must have been a married man in some previous state of existence.

ANNIE L. MUZZEY.

CONFESSION.

OLD YEAR, you are going away!  
 You have but a moment to stay,  
 So give us remission, we pray,  
 For our wrong!  
 We have idled your beautiful days;  
 We have walked in our own selfish ways;  
 We have given you scant meed of praise  
 Or of song.

We think of our vows when you came—  
 Fair promises made in your name—  
 That were broken. And whose was the blame?  
 It was ours!  
 We were careless and thoughtless and cold,  
 Accepting your blessings untold,  
 While into your records there rolled  
 Wasted hours.

You came in your garments of white,  
 Then you led us through months of delight,  
 Spread a carpet of emerald bright  
 For our feet.  
 You have brought us the bounty of earth,  
 You have furnished us gladness and mirth,  
 And at last we are owing your worth!—  
 'Tis but meet

That we sue for your pardon, Old Year,  
 As we linger with sigh and with tear  
 By the side of your snow-covered bier;  
 Aye, forgive  
 All our waywardness now as we part;  
 For we carry the past in our heart—  
 All its pain and its joy and its smart—  
 While we live.

LILLIAN GREY.

## THE STORY OF LYDIA.

BY

FRANCES RUEL WENTWORTH.

### CHAPTER VIII.

THE years went on at the lonely farm. Almost always there was an atmosphere of silence and gloom, a feeling which affected a casual visitor as if time hung heavily and wearily. There were times when the shadows were less dense; times when the Squire joked and laughed in the old, boisterous way, and when even Lydia smiled and seemed something more than the phantom of her former self. Usually they went on their different ways in comparative silence, each hinting to the other protest and disappointment. He became more eager in money-making, closer in his dealings, more grasping; for his son was growing up and must go away to college—much money would be required. It would be a good investment, for the boy had "brains that were going to tell," and the money must not be spared. Then Julia must go to school too, if she would; Lydia insisted that she must—said that girls needed education more than boys—and he had no objection to her going; "but it would take money; yes, a 'heap' o' money."

Lydia, with the shadows of her disappointments thick about her, went on her way uncomplainingly, at times almost yielding to despair, at other times catching thankfully at any little gleam of light that pierced the general gloom.

She was making constantly a little, steady gain over the perplexities of housekeeping—was even able to smile sometimes over her early failures. Her only hope in this direction was that she might some time be able to do with great painstaking what her neighbors did with

such apparent ease. Her husband seldom scolded her now, but had a withering way of not expecting much of her that seemed harder to bear than the old stormy scolding. What she really needed was encouragement, and this she rarely received from any one.

When Alfred was seventeen he and his sister both went away to school—Alfred to a distant college, Julia to a boarding-school near by. Alfred had been alone in his studies for several years at the little country school, his teachers trying to prepare him for college, but they were now unable to teach him farther.

It was a proud day for Squire Reid when he sent his son away to college, and a still prouder day when, at the end of the year, he came home bringing the honors of his class and the high commendations of his teachers. Over and over again on the evening of his return Alfred explained things to his delighted but somewhat mystified father.

"Yes, yes, I wa'n't far wrong," he said, as he retired that evening; "allus said he'd git ahead of 'em—got ahead the first year, an' I guess he'll keep ahead. I was talkin' to Wood t'other day—says his boy won't go to college—give anything ef he would. He's got more lan' than me—but not sech boy, by long shakes."

Alfred wandered about the next morning, one of the fairest of June mornings, looking for any little changes that might have taken place during his absence, and at length, with a book in his hand, seated himself under the wide-spreading, full-blooming catalpa tree.

It was some time before he opened the



book; he sat looking up into the beautiful tree with its snowy pyramids of bloom. Birds flitted through the wide branches, fluttering with their wings the broad green leaves; their glad songs seemed to Alfred a hymn of delight in the paradise about them. Bees came buzzing about, sipped the honey, and flew away. Had it not been too late in the morning, he might have heard, as he had heard, a little whirl in the air, and seen the darting, trembling, many-hued humming-bird come and go, and watched, as of old, with a breathless pause of delight.

He was very happy, but his happiness was that vague, sweet happiness of youth, that, with all its sense of joy, knows little of its own intensity, cannot know its full blessedness.

He read, indeed, very little that morning, for his sister soon joined him, and they had so many things to say to each other, so many school experiences to compare, that the swift, beautiful morning soon numbered itself with all that sisterhood of June mornings that are no more, and that seem in passing too fair ever again to be equaled.

If Squire Reid's heart was always somewhat tenderly touched by the bloom of the catalpa tree, its beauty seemed to him fairer and sweeter than ever before when, near the hour of noon, he came riding home from the railway station.

"Both o' my chillen—an' such chillen!—under that putty tree my ole mother put out. Well, there aint many as has done better'n me."

"Father, sha'n't I put up the horse?" asked Alfred, when the father joined them.

"Yes, by and by—'twon't hurt Nell to stan' awhile. I s'pose puttin' up hosses an' sich light work is all you'll be up to this summer. Ah! young man, when I was your age I had to knuckle down an' work mighty hard, I tell you. Little you young 'uns know o' them hard times."

"I am rather idle to-day," said Alfred, apologetically, "but I want to do all I can to help you. I'm well and strong as ever, and haven't forgotten how to work."

"No doubt o' your willin'ness, son. I wa'n't a findin' fault with you, but you ought to be 'minded sometimes as how I've slaved fer ye, an' never be one o' them eddicated dunces as can't look through the outside o' things, an' allus look down on folks that haint any learnen'. I don't want you to think I begrudge what I'm doin' fer you. Sich a letter as that un your perfessor sent me's wo'th a good many hard licks o' work. An' I hope I'll live to see you through college, ahead of 'em all, an' fairly started in whatever head work you like. I 'spect your brains to tell some time whatever you do. I heerd up at the depot," he continued, "that the 'Publicans have nominated Lincoln fer the nex' President, and they say that's goin' to be a mighty tight 'lection. I's kind a wishin' as I come home you's old 'nough to vote fer that man—a man as never had half the chance to be President that you have. Think of it—use to split rails, an' run a flat-boat, an' study o' nights. Yes, I'd like your first vote to be fer sich a man—but you'll have to wait three years yet. Well, I needn't want to hurry things; time goes fast 'nough—yes, fast 'nough."

While they were talking Lydia drove up in the carriage. She smiled very sweetly when Alfred, going up to the gate, said, "Let me help you out, mother," and told him that it seemed very nice to have him at home again; but her thoughts when she saw the group under the beautiful tree had been very different from what her husband's had been.

Alfred's summer, opening with such fair promise, filled with so many happy events, hastened quickly to its darkened close. The old home had never been so free from clouds, so near approaching

what a home should be—at least not since it had been Lydia's home. She certainly did all in her power, in her painstaking, laborious way, to make the summer pleasant for the young people.

Julia seemed much more girlish than ever before, always bubbling over with merry laughter, very proud of her brother and very devoted to him. Alfred had always been a favorite in the neighborhood. Grave and thoughtful beyond his years, he was at the same time youthful and boyish enough to enter with zest into the gayeties—if the small social entertainments of the neighborhood, the picnics, and, above all, the political meetings, could be called gayeties.

This was the summer of the great uprising of the people—a turning-point in the history of the Republic. There was the wildest and apparently the most unreasonable enthusiasm for the Republican candidate. Monster torch-light processions lit the evening skies, and amid loud huzzas the mimic rail-fence was formed and reformed. The homely rail-fence of the prairie seemed suddenly lifted into the region of ethics, and the name of one whose labor had hallowed it seemed to stand as the watch-word of freedom and human rights.

It seemed to Alfred, as to other youth, very delightful to march at night through heat and dust, carrying his lighted torch, shouting himself hoarse, and perhaps not reaching home before day-dawn.

In August he attended, in company with other young men of the neighborhood, the great meeting at Lincoln's home, and entered with intense interest into the unbounded enthusiasm of the great day. He scarcely thought about his unusual hoarseness, until he found on his return home, after three days' absence, that there was something more than hoarseness that was troubling him. He was very chilly, and threw himself down before the light open fire that was burning in the sitting-room. He had never

been sick in his life; the sensations were all new to him.

"Father," he whispered, as his father entered, "I think I must have a chill, I am so cold."

"Why, my boy," said his father, laughing, "used up, are ye?"

"Oh! no," he whispered, "I'll soon be well; and, father, I saw *him*, shook hands with him," and he held up his right hand.

"Don't lay there, you'll take more cole. You must have some pepper tea to-night—that's jes' the thing for coles."

But it seemed that he could not rise; it was so hard to leave the fire. His sister came in, knelt down, touched his brow, and smoothed his fair hair, while she teased him mischievously about his inability to speak.

At last he went wearily to his room—went to return no more. His illness was short and sharp. Almost before they knew of his danger it was too late for remedies. He sank away into unconsciousness, slept, and wakened not.

Those who heard the wild, passionate outburst of grief—grief that seemed to touch the border of madness—that came when Squire Reid knew that his son was dead, could not easily, if ever, forget it, and the calmness that followed seemed only the calmness of despair.

"The Squire is much changed since Fred's death," the neighbors would say.

"Yes, it's gone mighty hard with him. I'd no ide' he had so much heart, but then Fred was such an uncommon boy, an' the Squire set such store by him."

"Do you mind how dazed he looked at the grave, an' how he stooped down and picked the moss out o' the letters on his father's headstone while they was a buryin' him? I thought his min' was clean gone. And, do you know, he made 'em put blankets in the coffin—said he'd be cold."

"Well, it does seem more comfortable like to have blankets. Yes, he's a mighty

changed man, except when it comes to money matters, then it's the old Squire again."

Yes, he was much changed. The grief-stricken man became silent and morose, the form was more bent, the hard lines of the face grew deeper, the thin lips were more closely shut together. There was nothing Heaven-defying in his grief, none of the wild unreason that grief sometimes brings. It was a terrible mystery—a blow that had crushed him.

"Nobody can help me," was his reply, when his daughter objected to returning to school on his account. "Better go back to school. You'll have ev'rything now; it all depen's on you how my hard yearnens is used—you've got plenty o' hard sense, ef you don't love books as he did. Maybe the books 'ul help you some, an' now's the time to give 'em a chance. An' don't think I don't love you. You've never had no reason to think that, but you can't help me. I've jes' got to stan' it."

Julia went away reluctantly, and the house that had known a little life and gayety during the short, eventful summer grew not only quiet, but painfully gloomy.

Lydia had been deeply touched by Alfred's death. If she had been unable to love him with true motherly love, she had at least felt something of her husband's pride and hope. She tried vainly to offer him such consolation as she herself felt. He listened blankly, sometimes impatiently, while she talked of immortality. Of course, that was true, he had always heard that; but as it meant nothing to him it brought him no comfort, and she soon ceased from her kindly efforts.

In the calm, moonlit nights of the autumn and winter following Alfred's death the Squire would sometimes rise suddenly from the fireside where he had been seated with bowed head and dejected look, leave the house hastily, saddle a

horse, and fly through the gates, that would close with a bang behind him, and the swift receding clatter of the horse's hoofs would soon die out on the still night air.

Lydia knew that he was going to the church-yard—knew that there he gave himself up to his deep grief—and she would watch his going and returning silently, but not dispassionately. She, too, was astonished at his capacity for suffering. There was something in this man of deeper and gentler fibre than she or others had thought.

He, indeed, refused to be comforted, and seldom either spoke or encouraged others to speak of his sorrow. Once when the kind old pastor was talking to him he broke down and wept, saying that the world had gone hard with him; but the words of consolation offered he answered bitterly.

"He was not your son. You can't understan'."

Even the war-cry of the following spring hardly roused him. But when in the stifling heat of the summer there came news of the terrible defeat, something of the old fire and energy came back.

"I'm afraid we have a long, hard fight before us," said Edward Thompson, as he sat on the north porch at Squire Reid's, talking of the dreadful news.

"Well, we'll fight it out then," said the Squire, in his old, decisive way, "but I can't go myself, an' I've nobody to sen'. I dreamt las' night he was alive an' wanted to go—seemed 'twas all like 'twas las' summer; an' I was tryin' to make up my min' 'bout his goin', when I waked up. I guess I could 'a' give him for some good—an' the fighten's got to be done."

Lydia came out from the sitting-room door while her husband was speaking, and stood listening with a troubled expression on her face.

"Supper is ready," she said. "Won't

you stay and take supper with us?" she asked, turning to Thompson.

"Yes, do stay, Ned," said the Squire.

"No, thank you," he answered, rising, and looking toward Lydia. "I only stopped in to tell you that I have enlisted, and—"

"You!" they both exclaimed, and Lydia unconsciously gave him a look of admiration. She had been much troubled lately about the terrible wickedness of the war, but was entirely too feminine not to feel an instinctive admiration for bravery.

"Well, it's all right, Ned," said the Squire. "Makes me wish mor'n ever I could go or sen' some one. An' now your mother's gone, you've nothin' to hinder."

"No—nothing," he answered, slowly, turning to leave them.

The Squire followed him to the gate to ask all the particulars of his going, and to tell him over and over again that it was all right.

The usually quiet neighborhood soon became the scene of excitement and enthusiasm, as one after another of the young men who had carried their banners and shouted their loud huzzas in the great mass meetings of the preceding summer enlisted in Captain Thompson's company, and hastened to answer the second call for troops.

Many of the Fairview residents were present when the regiment which their company joined marched away, with colors flying, and stepping proudly to the martial music. To them it seemed that no company was like theirs, no captain so brave and grand looking as their captain. But their partial eyes were not the only ones that looked with admiration at the fine company and tall, brave-looking captain, whose face at times had a look of that deep, transfiguring beauty that often comes as the accompaniment to noble actions for noble ends. He proved himself one of the many heroes

of the war, and the men, whose privations he shared, whose hardships he did all in his power to lighten, mention his name to-day with tremulous lips.

The pain, terror, and grandeur of the war-spirit as it swept over the country roused many from their selfish private griefs, led them, perhaps unconsciously, out of the lifelessness of grieving for mere grier's sake, yielding to the luxuriousness of self-commiseration, into larger and deeper thoughts concerning the significance of pain.

Something of the teaching of this spirit touched Lydia. She had lived for years out of the heart-beat of the great world, absorbed in petty cares, thinking only then of her disappointments and of that better world of peace and joy that each weary day brought nearer. Her griefs seemed now more bearable as she thought of the mighty sorrows of her country. It even seemed to her at times that she had not borne her share of the common lot.

And the Squire soothed his ever returning grief with the thought that perhaps it was no harder for him to think of his son sleeping in the quiet church-yard than for others to think of their sons lying they knew not where nor how. The excitement of the soldiers' going had made the Squire for a time seem quite like himself, and although when autumn came he resumed his nightly rides to his son's grave, they became less frequent, and the deep bitterness of his sorrow seemed passing away.

On his return from one of these nocturnal rides he fell from his horse in some unexplained way and received severe internal injuries.

"I'll soon be layin' by his side," he said to Lydia, as the physician left him. "He's as good as said it's mighty serus. It's go'n' ezz on that ole trouble I allus 'lowed I die of. Well, we've all got to die some time. I did want to live to see this fight over. An' it's no matter how



much you sorry for them as is gone, you don't know certain as you'll ever see 'em again. They're jes' in the grave, an' that's all you know 'bout it."

"Oh! you will soon be up again," answered Lydia, soothingly.

But he only shook his head and turned his face from her.

When the physician came again he looked still graver, and told him that though his illness might be prolonged, he had no hopes of his final recovery.

"Well, I'm glad to have a little warnin' so as to put things to rights," he answered.

He bore his intense physical sufferings bravely, and in the intervals of pain arranged his business affairs.

Julia came home from school, and both wife and daughter gave him their most devoted care. He was very gentle with his wife now, except when she broached religious subjects.

"Yes, Liddy," he said, "I'm goin' to die, an' I want you to listen to the words of a dyin' man. I do' no what you mean by conversion an' feelin' certain, and all that. I've been a church member these thirty years. I was baptized and said 'yes' to all the preacher's questions. I've allus paid the preacher an' give my share o' money to them heathen an' other things. Things is mighty curus in this worl'. I think o' things, I tell you, layen here. Ef I kin wake up an' fin' myself with them that's gone before it's all right, an' that's as far as my hopes git. I never took no stock in bein' too pious, an' I wont begin it now."

The winter wore wearily on and yet the sufferer lingered. One Sabbath morning, when there were faint indications of spring in the air, he seemed resting with unusual quietness.

"Shall I read to you?" asked Lydia, as she smoothed his pillow and sat down beside him.

"Yes, ef you want 'o—you can read the

Bible ef you want 'o," he continued, in the tone of one granting a favor.

She read, and he seemed listening quietly with half-closed eyes. When she came to the words, "For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son," he gave a sudden start, saying:

"My son—my son."

These were his last conscious words. An hour afterward Julia was crouching beside the bed, weeping bitterly, for the last moment had come, and his wife was kneeling near, praying, while it was still lawful to pray, that his priceless soul might be numbered with the righteous. But there was no new light in that last moment; the eyes had a look of profound and yearning sadness, but when their light was dimmed the look of peacefulness seemed only the peacefulness of death.

Among those who attended the last rites of Squire Reid's burial there were some who, as they looked at Lydia, went back in thought to the time when she had first come among them, so young, fresh, and fair, only ten years, and yet how she had changed. No one thought of calling her pretty now. If the look of deep depression was dimly lighted by a promise of spiritual beauty that might yet come, it could not be discerned by a superficial observer. How, indeed, could she have escaped the sad change? For years she had moved almost aimlessly in a beaten track with a bounded mental horizon, that horizon out of which her youthful dreams had disappeared. Narrowed as she was, she had almost grown content with the narrowness. A bow long bent does not easily regain its elasticity, and if Lydia, too, was thinking of that early time it was with no thought of the possibility of renewed life.

When duty comes with its imperative "ought," yet is unattended by that affection which makes self-sacrifice a joy, it is indeed a stern, hard master; yet even in this forbidding, grim duty is not without its compensations, as those who have

turned a deaf ear to its commands, only to listen later to self-reproaches, can sadly testify. Lydia, as she stood by her husband's grave, could not know how great her compensations were, how much, as a factor for future growth, her severe discipline would prove, but at least there were no haunting self-reproaches of neglected or ignored duty.

"Shall you go back to school for the rest of the year?" asked Lydia, as she and Julia sat alone after the funeral.

"Yes, I'm in a little hurry to get through, and I may as well finish the year, and I wanted to say to you that—that" she said, hesitatingly, "I don't expect to live at home any more, and after the will is opened and we know what we can do, you can make your arrangements without any thought of me. I don't know what I shall do," she continued, her eyes filling with tears and her voice faltering as she rose to leave the room; "you've always been very kind to me, but I have troubles that no one knows about."

These few words were the nearest approach to confidence that had ever passed between them.

Lydia sat with bowed head when she was alone. The will—of course, there would be a will—she had forgotten about that; forgotten the lawyer's visit a month previous; and Julia's troubles—what were they? Some of those faint specks of cloud that in the youthful sky have such marvelous magnifying power. There had been a wonderfully soothing power in the words, "You have always been very kind to me." She was too weary to think more to-night, but she was so glad Julia felt as she did.

Julia certainly had her troubles that none knew about, and the neighbors who that evening reckoned up her wealth, and considered what a great "catch" she was going to be for some young man, would have been greatly surprised had they known how little she prized that wealth; how much she dreaded its responsibilities.

It was true that she did not know what she was going to do, but there was a vague thought in her mind which in the stillness and sleeplessness of that night slowly took a somewhat definite form.

She was not of a romantic turn of mind at all, but the plan she was slowly forming could only be called romantic. She had no thought that her life would be unusual or beyond the commonplace, but her life proved to be one of those that make us pause and reverence humanity.

When the will was opened it was found that the large estate was divided equally between the wife and daughter. Julia was to have the full use of her part untrammelled. Lydia was to have the free use of her part during her lifetime, *provided she did not marry again*. In that case it was largely forfeited.

Julia went away soon after the reading of the will. Her home, she said, would be, for the present, with an aunt who lived on one of the farms that belonged to her part of the estate. They parted from each other in the greatest kindness and good-will, neither of them knowing quite what their future course of life would be.

"If I only could have been a *real* mother to her," Lydia sighed, as she watched the carriage driving away, half-conscious of the feeling of relief that its disappearance gave her: "If I only could it wouldn't have been all a failure."

If it be true that the past is an indestructible factor forever entering into the present, it is also a larger truth that the human soul has power to build its habitations anew and rise by apparent failures to new heights. God is so merciful to us in this world that even our mistakes often lead to Pisgah heights from which we may view the promised land, even if we may not immediately enter in; but these hearts are often only reached through the valley of humiliation, of self-abnegation, and self-renunciation.

After the reading of the will, Lydia lay in her darkened room thinking of her past and her future. She hardly dared acknowledge to herself that widowhood meant to her not grief and loneliness, but that shadow of happiness that might come from the freedom of action she had so desired. She had not expected nor desired freedom to come in this way; she had thought her griefs were slowly killing her, and had often viewed with much pitying complacency her new-made grave beside that "other Liddy."

She had felt her heart give a sudden start of rebellious surprise at the reading of that clause of the will in regard to the possibility of a second marriage. Did he indeed seek still to rule her from the grave? She had felt a momentary scorn of all the wealth, such scorn as she had felt in those early and terrible days of her married life when only the sacredness of her vows had power to hold her fast in the thorny path of duty. But this feeling of scorn for the wealth soon passed away; it was not a thing to be scorned, but to be righteously used; how and where it could be best used was now to be her work. It seemed to her no sacrifice, but a privilege, to be able to consecrate her life, and so much of the fortune as she was free to use, to alleviating the miseries of the world. Thus, and thus only, might she atone for the crime committed against herself; and there was the hope that such a course of life as she was now indicating to herself might lead to an assurance of God's free pardon and to a living consciousness of His favor—not a mere dim trust, but a joyous knowledge, such as that which had given the note of triumph to the prophets and martyrs of old, and which a few rare souls declared was a thing still possible.

The money must be used for good, and there were so many ways of doing good. The thought at once came of her dear mother, still living, and who, although much more comfortably situated than

formerly, might now have her declining years cherished with tenderness, and of that youngest brother, still a boy, gifted and ambitious. How delightful it would be to assist him in working his way through college! Then there came thoughts of young girls struggling to educate themselves, of poor widows laboring each day for the morrow's bread, and knowing all the bitterness of extreme poverty. The circle of her thoughts widened, as many of the needs of the world came to her remembrance—the outcast regions of great cities, Christian missions in foreign lands, and the sorrows of her own land, now engaged in a terrible war. Surely there was enough to do, and many ways of making the money an investment in good works.

She rose and threw open the windows. The gentle evening breeze entered, bringing the fragrance of the sweet-brier that grew near by. The feeling of utter weariness that had so long been almost her constant companion seemed passing away. There was a life of free action and grave responsibility before her.

As the months went by, and she grew more into a consciousness of her freedom while engaged in her business affairs, and preparing to leave the farm, she was sometimes startled by her own laugh, which seemed rising out of the grave of her youth to meet her, and the vague thought would come:

"What if, after all, I should be happy, even as the world counts happiness?"

But the vague thought was quickly put aside. It must be, she whispered to herself, that wicked clause of the will that could bring such a thought.

By the close of the summer all arrangements were completed for leaving the farm. She had bought a simple cottage in the outskirts of the town near by, and this was to be her home. She felt strongly attached to the farm in spite of its many painful associations, and did not wish to be far away from it, nor from the

kind neighbors, who had grown very dear to her in spite of the fact that they so little understood her, and that their point of view for the meaning of life was so different from hers.

Once settled in her modest little home with her mother and brother, she was not long in finding many ways of spending her money in a benevolent manner. It is no part of this story to tell of the many ways in which the money was spent.

Lydia had the usual experience of being preyed upon by unworthy objects of charity when her benevolent disposition and kind heart were more generally known. She made many mistakes, and her lawyer assured her that she needed a guardian, and that she had entirely too much "other worldliness" about her. But she was brave over her mistakes, and never swerved for a moment from her original purpose in regard to the use of her money.

The good people of Fairview watched Lydia's course with an incredulous sort of wonder. Especially was this true of Mrs. Shore, to whom Lydia had always been a puzzle.

There had been some feeling of indignation among the neighbors about the Squire's will. They thought he had hardly been liberal enough toward her, and they decidedly disapproved of the clause in regard to the possibility of a second marriage. She was even advised to contest the will on the ground of not having her legal rights; but when they saw her small economies and heard of her large liberalities they smiled sarcastically.

"The old Squire knew what he was about," Mrs. Shore remarked, confidentially, to her friend. "She'd give it all away if she could get hold of it. I nevah did see such a woman! To think when she might have a fine house, keep a carriage, and dress in silk and satin, living in such a skimpy way, and dressing so awful plain—it's just too bad! Or

course, she ought to wear black, but mou'ning can be made stylish."

"I think the plain black is becoming to her," answered her friend. "And do you know, I think she's getting young and pretty again?"

"She'd be pretty enough if she'd dress stylish, and try to get some enjoyment out of her money. Dear! to think how glad I'd be if we could give up the fa'm, and live as the fashionable people in town live. I've always hoped we'd get rich enough for that."

It was true that Lydia was growing pretty again. A deep and penetrating spiritual beauty was beginning to illuminate her face, for a spirit of peace and joy was slowly taking possession of her. She was growing out of the narrow religious views she had so long held, and at the same time was learning new and vital interpretations of religious truth. Almost unconsciously, she was putting aside some of the severities of dress. God was growing to seem to her truly a God of Love and the source of all beauty. Could He indeed be angry on account of simple personal adornments, if the wish to do only His will was the constant desire of the heart?

No small part of Lydia's benevolent work was done under the direction of the Sanitary Commission. During the early years of her widowhood the nation was passing through its baptism of fire. Weak and faltering hearts declared there was no longer a nation to defend, and covert enemies of the struggling Republic smiled triumphantly over the defeats of its strong armies. But brave hearts stood fast, gladly giving all their spiritual force to sustain the few strong, great spirits, who, standing as the nation's representatives, believed most profoundly not only in final triumph, but that the outcome would be a new-born, purified nation, able to use wisely its "conquered peace."

Many faithful, believing hearts, unable



to do aught else, gave freely of their worldly goods, trusting wholly its wise and helpful use to the wonderfully organized and wonderfully working Sanitary Commission, which sought only in its labors its "own exceeding great reward," and recognized as "the neighbor" to whom Christian charity must be shown even those who for the time being seemed numbered among the nation's enemies.

It was this broad charity that often enlisted the sympathy of faint, unseeing hearts, convinced only that among so much that was wrong, contradictory of the clearest Christian teaching, it was at least plainest duty to do what little was possible in the direction of healing the terrible hurts of the war.

Lydia entered upon the work with this latter idea, but her faith and strength grew, and at times she even caught something of her mother's enthusiasm, who numbered it among her many blessings that her daughter had so cared for her material wants that she could give her time and strength to such work as she was able to do for the "dear soldiers."

One quiet evening when her mother was knitting and Lydia was scraping lint the mother told traditionary stories of the deeds of her ancestors in the Revolutionary War. Her voice trembled and her bright eyes shone through her tears as she grew emphatic in her faith and said:

"We are a peculiar people, led by Him that knows all, just as much as the Children of Israel were. They wandered in the wilderness forty years, and we can stand this thing forty years if we can't get up faith enough to shorten the time. We don't pray and believe enough."

Lydia certainly did not only pray for the speedy termination of the war, but for the soldiers as individual souls of priceless worth. She thought about them a great deal and worried over their hardships, and somehow her thoughts lingered with tenderness about the only person in

the war whom she could claim as a personal friend.

One scene was always rising before her, and the look which Captain Thompson had given her when, rising, he had said, "I have enlisted," must have had in it something of those wonderful self-revelations that are often made unconsciously. However that may have been, it was at least some precious, intangible thing, buried unknowingly at the time, but having in it a vital power of self-resurrection. It came again and again, seeking with low pleading for entrance into her heart.

Soon after the close of the war the good people of Fairview had another astonishment in the way of weddings that almost equaled their astonishment over Squire Reid's second marriage—the wedding of Captain Thompson and Lydia Reid.

Their own Captain Thompson, he who had so distinguished himself in the great battle of Shiloh, and who might have married the prettiest and richest girl in all that region—all the girls were raving about him for that matter. He had shown—well, to put it vaguely and yet expressively, depending for its meaning on the tone with which it was spoken—"he had shown very remarkable taste."

There was still another surprise in store for them, for as the years went by Captain Thompson seemed somehow to grow into Lydia's idea that wealth, however desirable, was of real and lasting value only as it was subordinated to higher ends than the mere pride of life and of selfish physical well-being. It was all his wife's doings, they said, that he had such "cranky notions."

Whether on that terrible day at Shiloh, "When the earth seen through the darkened sky

Seemed drunken and reeling  
With the blood of her children,"

there had been some sudden revelation to the brave Captain of that which alone endures beyond the illusions of time, or



whether it was owing to Lydia's gentle, persuasive influence or to both of these causes, certainly it was true that Captain Thompson seemed almost as much troubled with "other worldliness" as was his wife.

That great battle was a memorable experience to him for many reasons, and for one reason wholly unknown to those who so enthusiastically honored him for his brave conduct in the white heat of the terrible struggle, for it was on the evening preceding those awful days that he had learned that Lydia was free. He might never see her again, but at least he might die with her name on his lips.

There were some among the rich and apparently self-satisfied people of Fairview who, far from considering the conduct of Captain Thompson and his wife as the result of "cranky notions," were slowly led to a somewhat similar point of view. There is no influence stronger or more fruitful than that of a practical living of high theories; but its fruit necessarily depends somewhat on the ground in which the seed is sown. To Mrs. Shore, at least, Lydia continued to be a puzzle.

"No, I nevah *did* see such a woman!

[THE END.]

I suppose she made the Captain promise she might go on throwing money away before she'd give up her claim on the old Squire's estate. The Captain seems to let her have things all her own way, but I'm glad to see he makes her dress more stylish. That new gray suit of hers is real pretty, if it is plain."

Lydia had really grown out of her idiosyncrasies in regard to dress, and her whole character had developed wonderfully under the influence of this new and profound love. Her life was certainly happy beyond all she had hoped even in those rosy dreams of early youth. She no longer sought with pain and doubt for assurance that God had indeed forgiven her sins, for she was at times overwhelmed with a consciousness of that wonderful Love that through all her sufferings had led her faltering steps aright.

Of the many who were touched and quickened by her deep, sweet influence, not one could know how much the beauty and tenderness of her life were due to those years of darkness and repression, when the very foundations of her soul were tried, and to that utter self-renunciation which is evermore the road that leads to true happiness.

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#### FOUR BED-QUILTS.

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**F**OUR bed-quilts are ready to fold and spread  
 On Mother Earth's old trundle-bed.  
 The first, a brown and white old thing,  
 She puts on in the early spring.  
 The summer one is green and bright,  
 With daisies nodding left and right.  
 And then when winds begin to blow,  
 She spreads a red quilt on, you know.  
 She sews it through with yellow thread;  
 It makes an autumn-leaf bedspread.  
 And by and by, all in a night,  
 She spreads her quilt of snowy white.

## JASPER ELLIOTT'S SUCCESS.

### CHAPTER I.

A LOW, rambling, red farmhouse seemed to nestle just under the hill.

It looked almost as old as the hill itself, for all one side of it was thickly covered with an ivy vine that might have been a hundred years old.

Two or three stately oaks shook their shining leaves on either side, and in front of the porch and leading from it to the gate was a gravel path bordered with a tangle of old-fashioned flowers—pinks, sweet-williams, marigolds, and bachelor's buttons; and sprinkled over the uneven grass of the lawn grew great ox-eyed daisies lifting their meek faces among their more showy cousins, the flaunting "black-eyed Susans."

Just by the fence, on one side, a row of great sunflowers turned their full-orbed yellow glory straight toward the burning west. Plebeian hollyhocks grew everywhere, making up in numbers and variety for their lack of beauty and perfume.

Through the picket fence there were glimpses of a luxuriant garden, where tall corn waved and rustled and great cabbages looked ready to burst with their fullness, and currant bushes drooped with their red, ripe burden, shining in the sun like clusters of rubies.

The monotone of locusts and the mid-summer drone of grasshoppers and bees was broken only by the rush of water from a small stream that tumbled noisily down from the hill behind the house and then spread itself out into a creek just where it crossed the road; further down it broke over a bed of rocks and turned the water-wheel of the grist-mill.

Beyond the creek to the right, broad

fields of yellow grain and rich meadow-land stretched away as far as the eye could see, while to the left the pale greens shaded off and melted away into the darker tints of a dense strip of woodland.

The whole picture—the deep red old farmhouse, the yellow grain, the fair green meadows, covered all over with the July sunshine, was common and familiar enough.

We hold many just such a one in our remembrance. Just such quiet scenes steal back to some of us in hot, dusty cities in the thick of life's struggle, as sometimes when music and laughter are around us, under the blaze of gaslights, with strange faces looking into our own, for one second it all vanishes and we are children again, and that old red house is our home, those fields are Eden to us, those summer skies are blue with the freshness of life's morning, for the "light that never was on sea or shore" is over all.

A guest is in the farmhouse to-day, a pitiless stranger, who comes silent and alone, but who never departs as he came.

What need to name him?

One day he will come to your home and mine, and we will lay our hands in his and go silently away with him.

Jonas Elliott was dead; and friends and neighbors were gathering now to his funeral.

This is the reason why the scythe and the flail are standing idly against the wall at the back of the house, and why the great threshing machine yonder in the barn is silent, and why the air is heavy with the scent of those great mounds of hay all ready to be raked and gathered in, and why the great wheel of the mill is not turning to-day but stand-

ing still with the shining drops trickling from its mossy rim.

Great farm-wagons full of people come rattling up to the gate, and men on horse-back from both directions wind slowly down the road toward the house. The noise made by the feet of the horses among the stones at the ford is all the sound that breaks the Sabbath-like stillness of the place, except an occasional whoa! in a suppressed tone to some of the horses as they are being tethered at the fence or trees outside.

The farmers are all dressed in Sunday clothes and their wives and daughters as well, and they are very subdued and quiet as they alight and enter. The men join little knots of others gathered here and there about the yard and talk in low tones about the event that has brought them together, the crops, the need of rain, and other kindred subjects.

"Who you spouse'll git the farm an' the mill?"

"I do no who'll git it, but I know powerful well who won't git an acre on it, an' that's the widder," was the reply to the first speaker.

"What's be'n the matter here, any way? They do say the most o' folks has got their own pet skeleton hung up some whar's, but seems to me these Elliotts needn't a' had none. Now here's this yere farm," went on the man, casting a shrewd glance at the fields of grain and the rich green meadows, "one of the very best in the hull State, and jes' one child, this Jasper, and that thar little mite of a gal o' his—one of the purtiest chillen any whar about—an' Elliott a prosperin' in everything he put his hand to, and yit they do say he never had a good word for his home folks, an' that Mis' Elliott aint ben seen to smile for the longest time. What's ben the fuss? that's what I want to know," and the man took from his pocket a huge piece of tobacco and handed it to his neighbor with the short question, "Chew?"

"Can't say; but my wife's sister, she worked long o' M'rrier, Jasper's wife, down to the fact'ry, an' she 'lowed as how Mis' Elliott was sorter quare—one o' yer still kind o' say-nothin' wimmen—"

"Umph!" sneered the other, "that's what she'd p'intedly hev' to be to live long o' M'rrier Simpkins, that was; for she's a house-full herself, sure's yer born."

"I guess they aint be'n one of the happy kind o' fam'lys like we read in books about—that's my idee."

"Jasper 'll make a good thing out o' this yere place if his father's gin it to him. He's tight now, I tell ye; an' they say he knows how to git more toll out o' grind-in' a grist than any other man in the county. Ye see he's got such a powerful good *measure*;" and the man chuckled as he spoke.

"Wall," said the first speaker, "I hope he aint left it all to the boy, and his widder left out in the cold."

"It looks downright mean, I vow, after a woman has slaved to help a man lay by a little, to jes' go and leave the very roof over her to somebody else, an' if Jonas Elliott has gone an' done it, he's done a mean thing, for in my 'pinion that M'rrier 'll give her a right lively time—"

"That thar's a fine lot o' hay."

"Fust class, and that wood-lot 'ud bring a cool five hundred to-day."

"This yere's about the best land in the county, an' with layin' out a little money on it Jasper 'll be one o' the richest men in these parts."

The minister is now seen entering the house, and the men follow him into the parlor—"square room," as it is more generally called, where the master of the house awaits his last guests.

The room where he lies is the typical best room of such houses, unused except on great occasions. There are branches of asparagus in the wide fire-place. A bright-colored striped carpet is on the

floor; a stiff hair-cloth sofa stands on one side, and a row of spindle-legged chairs covered with the same sombre and uncompromising material on the other.

The long, narrow looking-glass that hangs between the two front windows is shrouded in white cotton cloth, drawn tightly across and pinned behind it, and so are a few small prints that hang over the chimney-piece.

The tall, old-fashioned clock in the corner ticks solemnly, just as it did when the dead man, lying yonder in his coffin, was a smiling baby in his mother's arms seventy years ago, and just as it did when he brought home to this same house his own fair young wife.

All unchanged! That is one of the hard things to take in, that inanimate things—clocks and tables and the like—outlast us with our burning passions and our fondest loves.

The room is by this time quite full.

No sound is heard but the old clock's warning tick, and now and then a snatch of song from a stray bird swinging on a low branch near the open window.

A faint wind rustles the green paper shades and floats in the perfume of the new-mown hay and the sweet clove pinks in the border.

The preacher has taken his seat at a small candle-stand covered with a white cloth, on which lies a large Bible and a hymn-book. Now a slight movement makes every eye turn to the inner door as it opens and the mourners enter.

Nancy Elliott, the widow, walks first, and clinging to the folds of her long black dress is a tiny girl with yellow hair, and great scared, blue eyes. Then comes Jasper Elliott and his wife Maria, and they take their seats on four of the spindle-legged chairs placed at the side of the coffin, the little one's feet dangling from the high seat in a most forlorn way.

The men from the yard crowd in, and stand in the narrow hall and on the porch, and the services begin.

The minister rises and asks the friends present to unite in singing a hymn, and then raises the sweet, plaintive tune of that old hymn that we have so often heard with choking sobs and well-nigh bursting hearts:

"Why do we mourn departing friends,  
Or shrink at death's alarms,  
'Tis but the messenger He sends  
To call them to His arms."

Why? sure enough, why? except that we are poor, blind worms, and cannot see the messenger when he comes for our treasures.

Sweet and sad, the old tune floats out into the midsummer silence of the yard.

At first there are only two or three timid voices, but it is caught up and joined by more and more, till, when the last line rolls out and away, nearly every one is singing.

It was true that Jonas Elliott had been a hard, cold man, and few of the men who stood around his coffin could have called him "friend," but now that the man had stepped away from them out into the great mystery of all mysteries, he was surrounded with a tender sort of halo in their minds, and tears even were furtively brushed away as they sang the hymn. You see, Death, the beautifier, had touched this man's past life, and lo! all that was hard and unseemly had faded out and only the good was left.

A prayer followed, then another hymn was sung, and a short discourse upon the vanity of earthly things and the certainty of death. As if such words were needed with that cold, impassive face lying uncovered before them!

When this was over, the people all filed slowly around the coffin, each looking down one moment upon the face of the dead. Now a bustling person, who seems to have charge of the ceremonies, steps forward and is about to screw down the lid of the coffin, when a quiet, gentlemanly looking individual, sitting in a shadowy corner of the room, rises, and stepping



into full view discloses to all the well-known face of lawyer Ridgely.

"My friends," says he, "I would rather not intrude myself upon these solemn services, but our late friend"—here he makes a slight gesture toward the coffin—"exacted from me a promise that I would do what I am now about to do—with your permission," and he bowed slightly as he speaks to the minister.

"I hold in my hand the last will and testament of our lamented friend and neighbor, and it was his expressed order that it should be read here and now."

The paper rustled in his hand as he unfolds it; the neighbors press eagerly nearer to hear every word.

Jasper Elliott grew white as death, and on his wife's bold, strong face a deep, angry flush settled and burned like a flame. Only Nancy Elliott was perfectly unmoved. Her calm face was as pale and quiet as it had been before. She moved slightly, drawing the little girl closer to her with a gentle, reassuring pressure of her arm, but kept her eyes full upon the lawyer's face.

Mr. Ridgely rubbed his glasses, cleared his throat, and in a clear, distinct voice read:

"I, Jonas Elliott, being at this present time in sound and disposing mind, do hereby give and bequeath to my wife, Nancy Elliott, my farm and homestead and all the household stuff and stock thereon, and also the property known as 'Elliott's Mills,' at the Cross Roads; and I do hereby revoke and disclaim any and every other will that I have made; and I furthermore state that I do this solely to atone as far as possible for the wrong and injustice that I have done to my said wife, Nancy Elliott, during our married life."

Then followed some minor bequests and directions, followed by the names of witnesses, etc., etc.

Jasper Elliott had buried his face in his hands at the first mention of his

mother's name, but his wife looked coolly about her, with a sneer upon her bold face, which turned into a scowl of hatred and defiance as she saw the widow rise from her chair and take one step toward the still uncovered coffin.

She laid her long, thin hand gently upon the forehead of her husband and whispered:

"Thank God, Jonas! farewell!" then she sat down again, but the worn face had a strange light in it as she turned one glance at the silent and surprised neighbors, and a faint, tremulous smile flickered about the thin lips.

A few minutes later the house was empty, for friends and neighbors were following Jonas Elliott out of his own wide-open gate down the winding red dirt road, through the brawling stream, and further on winding slowly by "Elliott's Mill," and up to the hill-side beyond, where, under drooping willow trees, among dead and gone Elliotts of three generations, they laid him down to his last sleep. \* \* \* \* \*

When Jonas Elliott and Nancy Graham were married, thirty years ago, everybody said, "What a suitable match!" and for a time everything went well with the young couple at the red farmhouse.

But very soon a change came—an undefinable one—but still a change. The light somehow died out of the girl's sweet, mobile face, and a timid, startled look settled there instead; and sometimes there was a look of actual fright in her husband's presence, and she grew so silent in her ways that, but for the noisy frolics of the one child of the house, it would have been a sad place enough. By the time the boy Jasper was ten years old the neighbors all pitied Mrs. Elliott, and wondered vaguely what was the matter, and finally settled down to the opinion that Jonas was a regular household tyrant.

Yet he was not a bad man—only his



nature thoroughly incapacitated him for understanding the sensitive, reticent, shrinking character that he had to deal with. So the years went on.

Nancy grew more and more sad and silent, and he harder and colder, until husband and wife were as far apart as if an ocean had rolled between them.

He wasted few words upon her, and she, in her turn, although she served him faithfully in all household affairs, never looked for the slightest recognition in the way of sympathy or kindness.

Only God knows what a woman can suffer in a life like this. A boy brought up in such an atmosphere would inevitably come to think slightly of his mother, and Jasper, though he seemed to love her in a certain way, had felt for years that after his father he was owner and lord of everything. If any one had suggested to him on the morning of his father's funeral that he was not virtual possessor of everything around him, he would have scoffed at the idea, so the will read by Squire Ridgely was an altogether unexpected blow. Why, two years back had not his father actually told him that he had made his will, and the farm was to be his? but this fatal paper, so publicly read in the midst of friends and neighbors, bore a date of only a few weeks ago; so that other will, wherever it was, was not worth the paper it was written upon.

Jasper's wife, a vulgar, pretentious woman, had built high hopes upon the time when she herself would be sole mistress of the Elliott farm, when she intended to wear silks and satins, and ride in a top buggy, and queen it generally among those of the neighbors who had rather looked down upon her in the old days, when she was Maria Simpkins and worked in the factory; so it was little wonder that she glared hatred and defiance at the gentle, quiet woman whom she had hated from the very first, more because of an instinctive consciousness of

her own inferiority than from any other reason.

What had changed the old man's plans no one would ever know. Whether it was late remorse for the long years of contempt and neglect, whether as he neared death some smoldering embers of the old love for the wife of his youth burned their way through the hard crust of selfishness and neglect and prompted him to make this feeble reparation, would remain forever uncertain.

That stern, hard old heart had had one hour of softness and regret and then grown silent forever, carrying away into the unknown the secret of its motive.

Nancy Elliott came back from her husband's burial looking like a different woman. There was a light in her eye almost like that of her youth, and her head was lifted instead of bowed upon her breast. She spoke kindly and with gentle dignity to the few friends who came back with her to the house, and actually smiled as she looked down into the face of little, yellow-haired Nannie, who had clung tightly to her grandmother's hand throughout the whole; and when she entered the house at last, she went to her son, who had thrown himself upon a chair, and was staring moodily at vacancy.

"My son," she said, very gently, "this has been a great surprise to me. I thought it would be very different. But it will be just the same to you, dear, before long. Everything will be for you and little Nan, don't you know that, my son? Let us, at least, love each other," she added, then stopped and shrank back as he frowned darkly at her. "Jasper, can't you trust your mother?" and her thin face lighted with yearning love as she laid her trembling hand on his forehead.

For a moment the man's better nature was uppermost, for his face relaxed, and he turned toward her and kissed her, saying:

"Yes, yes, of course, but you see it is hard on a fellow to be under anybody, and Maria, she's set her heart on my owning this place, and father told me—" he stopped, for his mother cried out like some one in mortal pain.

"O Jasper! my boy! my son! I have only you left now—do not go against your mother. Oh! my heart is so sore; do not make me feel that you do not want me"—and the woman broke into a storm of sobs and tears.

"Well, there, there, don't take on so; it will all come right some way."

But it was not right, and the widow was made to feel in a variety of ways that she was not needed—that she was between them and what they coveted—that even the roof that sheltered her, although her own, ought not to be hers.

Only in little Nannie's love did the poor thing find comfort and help.

The child was like her shadow. Up and down the house, at her work, in the garden, and at her husband's grave; the little, clinging hands held her, and the round, wondering eyes were on her grandmother's face while she plied her with the strangest, unchildlike questions.

And even with the coldness of Jasper and the slights and taunts of Maria there came into her heart a peace—a meek sort of happiness which she had not known for years. Those few words of vindication from the lips now silent in death had somehow restored to her simple and loving nature the husband of her youth.

She forgot the hard, unresponsive face, and the harder tones of his cold, sullen voice, and remembered him now as the Jonas who sat beside her on the stone doorstep of her mother's cottage and whispered in her willing ear the story that is always new to those who hear for the first time its seductive music.

As to the property, she did not care at all. She thought of it as being all Jasper's. The meaning of the will to her

loving heart was only that her husband had loved her after all—and trusted her, too.

The companionship of the little girl was her great resource, for she loved her grandmother with a perfect passion and clung to her always with a devotion that was balm to her sore and sometimes aching heart. "Grannie's darling" was what she called herself, and by that name the whole neighborhood knew the child. She was like her shadow. In the kitchen early in the morning, getting the breakfast; down in the cool spring-house, watching her while she skimmed the cream from the long rows of earthen pans; on Sundays in the school-house, where twice every month they went to "preaching," the quaint little figure with the rippling, yellow hair sat perched on the high bench beside her, with one small brown hand holding fast her grandmother's thin, blue-veined one, with questioning eyes now on the minister, and now again watching the long, slanting rays of sunshine flickering with the motion of the tree outside the window, but oftener still with earnest look fixed lovingly on her grandmother's face.

When she prayed the baby head bowed beside her own; when her face was calm and serene the little one's face wore the same quiet look.

Once, when at something pathetic in the sermon tears filled Mrs. Elliott's eyes, she felt suddenly a convulsive twitch of the little hand, and turned around to find the child shivering and sobbing.

"What is it, dear? Grannie's darling must not cry," she whispered, as she drew the child closer to her side.

"But *you* cried, Grannie," said the little one, as she nestled close to her.

Nannie was making up to her for all that she had lost or failed to find in life, and the widow was beginning to forget that her husband had been cold and hard to her and that her only son, under the influence of a coarse, mercenary wife,

was looking upon her presence in the house as an incumbrance.

Happy she could never be again, but serene and peaceful she was fast becoming.

It gave her quite a "turn," as she expressed it, when Jasper said to her one morning:

"Mother, Dr. Raynor is coming to see you to-day. I think you are not looking well lately," and the man flushed and turned away from her face as he spoke.

"Why, my son, I am perfectly well, and if I *were* sick, why not send for old Dr. Lee from the 'cross-roads'?"

"Oh! this is a new doctor, and very learned and all that. He's been off in foreign parts and knows a sight more than other folks, they say."

"I have been unjust to the boy," thought the mother; "he does love me, after all, or he would not think about my health," and her heart went out to him with a fresh burst of love and gratitude.

The new doctor came and spent an hour questioning and examining her in what she considered a very unnecessary fashion.

"How did she sleep?" "Did she dream when she did sleep?" "Did she spend much time by herself?" and various other questions, all very unlike Dr. Lee's way,

[CONCLUDED NEXT MONTH.]

which was to look at her tongue, feel her pulse, and then promptly prescribe blue mass, followed by castor oil.

The daughter-in-law showed a most unusual interest, she thought, in the new doctor's opinion, following him to the door and asking him questions to which he replied something about "spinal" irritation and "brain tissues" and "cerebral excitement," which was all quite unintelligible to the widow.

Soon she was surprised to find that she was watched very constantly by both her son and his wife, and that she was rarely left alone even for a moment of the day.

If she went to the spring-house with Nannie, directly Maria herself appeared. If she wandered off, as was her wont sometimes in the evening, to her husband's grave, directly one of the two followed her. Then she noticed that they seemed to pay so much more attention to everything she said, repeating her words and occasionally questioning the child as to what her grandmother had talked to her about.

What all of this boded she had not even a dim suspicion, but it was enough to fill her gentle heart with strange disquiet. The explanation was not long in coming, and bitter as death itself it was.

MIRIAM BAXTER.

## TO THE SEA.

THOU thunder-throated sea—  
The tempest's home!  
In awful majesty  
Thy billows roam.  
And on thine every shore  
In blest monotony  
Is heard thy solemn roar.

LEE FAIRCHILD.

## THE HISTORY OF A FUGITIVE FROM THE DECORATIVE ART.

### CHAPTER I.

ALGERNON MEREDITH'S home would have seemed to an outsider as near an earthly paradise as could be found in this mundane existence. It was not only an abode of comfort and luxury, but of domestic affection, for he was blessed with a loving mother and three affectionate sisters. What then was the shadow in his sunshine imperceptible to the eye of the world? It was simply this—his sisters had been seized with the æsthetic craze of the day in an intensified form, and made his home life a burden to him by their excessive pursuit of the decorative art.

Algernon was remarkably plain and simple in his tastes, and he actually sighed for the luxury of having one single article plain and simple in his father's household. But no, this boon was denied him. Even in his own chamber, his retreat from the world, the decorative art pursued him relentlessly. His three sisters all united in filling his room with all sorts of flimsy decorations and useless litter falsely called ornamental. One of the girls went so far in her zeal as to make an embroidered case for his boot-jack, whilst the other two exhausted themselves on the elaborate cases they made for his brush and comb, tooth-brush, and watch. His walls were covered with pictures in frames of straw or paper, wall pockets, groups of paste-board fans, bunches of wheat and grass tied up with bright ribbons, bird wings, spatter work, wreaths and crosses of varnished autumn leaves, etc., etc. Now, whilst Algernon appreciated the motive that prompted his sisters to these deeds of love, yet he had a hard struggle with himself to refrain from tearing down all these things and making a bonfire of them.

When he went into the parlor, he found the æsthetic craze developed yet more decidedly—elaborate tidies on every chair, macramé lace draping the mantel, whilst the walls were decorated with banners "with a strange device" and hand-painted plaques that "fairly bantered nature out of countenance," with groups of flowers not classified in any botany nor to be found in any garden or forest.

If he went on any excursion into the country with his sisters, the trip was deprived of almost all its pleasantness to him by their loading him up with all sorts of forest productions to be converted into decorative articles, lichens, mosses, ferns, red berries, autumn leaves, pine cones, etc. From the time that October commenced to lay

"Fiery finger on the leaves,"

he could not pick up a book to read without a shower of leaves, put there to press, tumbling out all over him and over the floor, provoking ejaculations on his part "not meet for ears polite." No object that his sisters encountered in their rambles was too rough or too trivial to be pressed into the service of the decorative art. If they came upon the horn of a defunct cow, they looked on it as quite a treasure-trove, seizing upon it to embellish it for a cornucopia, whilst an old, cast-off horseshoe was eagerly picked up, adorned with a wreath of painted flowers, and hung up as a parlor ornament. Even their mother's tin cans were not suffered to escape the decorative craze, for after they had performed the prosaic office of containing canned fruits or vegetables, they were made to do duty as vases, covered with transfer pictures or bits of wall papering; nor were the coffee bags allowed to retire from service after



the coffee had been used out of them, but they entered on another phase of existence cut up and embroidered for rugs.

Algernon was of a social nature, and loved to chat with his sisters, but their deep absorption in their pursuits was a barrier to all conversation. He could command neither their eye nor their ear, so engrossed were they with their respective branches of fancy work or decorative art. One sister perhaps would be agonizing over a crazy quilt (aptly so named, as he sarcastically remarked, adding that *darned* network was another appropriate term for the branch of fancy work so called), the second sister would be bending over a bracket saw or deep in the intricacies of an afghan, whilst the third, taking a more ambitious flight, would be engaged in painting on china, ornamenting (?) her work with groups of impossible flowers. If he attempted to carry on any conversation with them, they would answer in a way that threw a complete damper over it, an absent-minded way that showed the concentration of all their faculties on their work. Indeed, they sometimes went so far as to request him to be silent when they were crocheting some elaborate design of which the stitches had to be counted.

Again, Algernon loved music, but he could rarely get his sisters to give him even one song. Their work overran the daytime and encroached on the evenings, as they said this enabled them to get on so much faster, so although their eyes were beginning to suffer from the heavy strain on them, the three sisters generally plied their work till bed-time, and sometimes till midnight if a fair was coming on, for on such occasions they always competed for the prizes offered for fancy work, undergoing the heart burnings and jealousies that female competitors generally undergo under such circumstances, and charging the judges with favoritism if the prizes were awarded to others than themselves, all of which fur-

nished Algernon with an additional argument against fancy work.

As to reading, the three sisters gradually gave up that as well as music—the beloved crazy quilts, sofa-cushions, lambrequins, and splashers being so much more important in their view; so Algernon could not find any one at home to read and discuss his favorite books with him—another great deprivation to him, as he was of a sympathetic nature and did not thoroughly enjoy any pleasure or pursuit unless some one he cared for participated in it with him. It seemed to him that the decorative art met him and baffled him at every turn in life, interfering with every taste and pursuit. Hence he took up a dislike to it that “grew with his growth and strengthened with his strength,” till it became an actual hatred. He constructed a theory that it was a fatal barrier not only to the widening and true culture of a woman’s mind, but to her becoming a good housewife.

As Algernon advanced toward thirty, his mother and sisters became very anxious for him to marry and settle himself, and made various suggestions to him on the subject, which he, however, did not seem to regard.

Amongst his sisters’ friends there were many sweet, pretty, young girls, but they were all open to the same objection in his eyes. They all had the decorative craze, and spent the major part of their time in such pursuits. He had grown so morbid on the subject that he had registered an inward vow to marry no woman who had those tastes and carried on those pursuits, and he could find no young girl in their circle of acquaintances whom he could marry without breaking this vow.

## CHAPTER II.

ON a certain summer, Algernon accompanied his mother and sisters to a summer resort, a watering-place. He had a room assigned him in a double cottage on the lawn. The night after his



arrival a party of newly come guests were installed in the other side of the cottage. Through the open windows he could hear them merrily chatting. One, who seemed to be the mother of the rest, asked one of her daughters, "Did you put up your crazy quilt and your embroidery silk and crewel?"

"No, I am thankful to say, I did not," was the reply. "I left them behind me, together with all other boring and disagreeable things."

"I am sorry to see that you have such an unwomanly aversion to needlework, my daughter," resumed the first speaker, in a somewhat austere tone of voice.

"I hope I am not unwomanly," rejoined the young speaker, "and I am sure I have no aversion to any needlework that is useful or necessary, but I cannot see that crazy quilts and embroidered lambrequins are necessities, nor that any one is any better or happier for having them, so I'm not going to be in thrall to any such task this summer, when I can be enjoying the fresh country air riding or walking about and looking at the glorious mountain scenery."

Algernon followed the words of the last speaker with such vivid interest and strong approbation that he could scarcely refrain from shouting "Bravo!" when she finished. Indeed, his interest in the subject had induced him to linger listening longer than his gentlemanly instincts approved of, but he now arose and went off, resolving in his own mind to cultivate the acquaintance of the young lady who had uttered such a vigorous protest against fancy work.

He was not slow in finding out from the room clerk who were the ladies occupying the other side of his cottage—a Mrs. Vincey and her daughters, he was informed. When they were pointed out to him the next day he looked at the party with unusual interest. There were two daughters, both very pretty, both equally attractive in appearance. It only

remained to find out which was the anti-decorative one for the die to be cast in her favor. After breakfast the mother and her two fair daughters seated themselves near an open window, looking out on a portico, and Algernon, who was smoking on this portico, could plainly overhear the conversation between these ladies and their friends. Some of the latter had fancy work in their hands, and pretty soon one of the Misses Vincey arose, went to her room, and returned with a stock of embroidery silk and a piece of heavy dark-red Canton flannel, out of which she proposed constructing something she called "a tea cozy," a woolen case that fitted over the tea-pot and kept in the warmth, she explained to her circle of admiring friends. The girl was a lovely, blue-eyed maiden, and already Algernon's fancy had woven some pleasant fancies around her, not knowing but what she was the one in sympathy with him about his bugbear, fancy work. Now these dreams were dispelled; still, he was not left desolate, for there was the other sister to hang his dreams and fancies on, and she was equally as lovely, perhaps more so, he now began to think. She had beautiful, soft brown eyes, chestnut hair, and a fair complexion, a little pale now from a recent spell of illness, as he afterward learned.

"What, Kate! are you not going to join us? Where are your embroidery materials?" asked a female friend, to which she replied: "I did not bring them," and these words at once served in Algernon's mind to establish her identity with the unseen speaker he had overheard the night before; but just then an acquaintance came up and accosted him, and so he lost the thread of the feminine discourse. But he lost no time in making and following up the acquaintance of the fair Kate, whom he daily grew to admire more and more, whilst she on her part received his advances with encouraging graciousness. His mother and

sisters looked on with great satisfaction, though, knowing the perversity of the human, and more especially of the masculine, heart, they had the prudence to dissemble their delight and approbation lest these might prove stumbling-blocks. But all went on propitiously; the proposal was made and accepted in due form, Kate's parents ratifying her choice when they found out how strictly eligible Algernon was.

Driving out with his betrothed late one summer evening, through a deep forest whose lofty trees and cool shade might have inspired with poetical thoughts even a young couple not in love, Algernon commenced quoting to Kate some hackneyed verses which had lately grown full of new force and significance to him—

"Two souls with but a single thought,  
Two hearts that beat as one."

"And to think," continued the enthusiastic lover, "that the unanimity and sympathy between us is so perfect and complete that it even extends to a hatred of fancy work and the decorative art!"

"What do you mean?" replied Kate; "I don't understand you at all."

"It is one of my peculiarities to excessively dislike the crazy quilts, tidies, cushions, and other flimsy, useless articles that most young ladies waste their time in making, and the first thing that drew me to you was overhearing you express your dislike to such things. Ah! you little dreamed of it, but I heard you speaking before I ever saw your face, and my prophetic heart assured me I should love the speaker."

Seeing that Kate still looked mystified, Algernon related to her the little occurrence of his overhearing her tell her mother that she had not brought her embroidery materials, and that she despised such pursuits.

"You are under the greatest misapprehension," she replied. "I did not make

those remarks you overheard. I was my eldest sister, Anna, who is totally unconventional and different from anybody else. She so much dislikes what she calls 'The inane life' of watering-places that she will not stay at one a single day. She came this far with us on her way to a farmhouse where she is going to board during the summer. She stayed here just one night, going on to her destination by the early train next morning, and she was the one you overheard."

"Is it possible," said Algernon, turning a little pale, "that I should have been under such a misapprehension?" Still in his secret heart lay a faint hope that Kate might resemble Anna in the stand the latter took about fancy work, but alas, this hope was dispelled by her next words—

"I am perfectly devoted to fancy work; there is nothing I am so fond of."

"But I have never seen you do any," rejoined Algernon, "and I heard you tell a lady you had not brought your materials with you."

"Ah! that was because I had had quite a serious spell of illness, partly brought on, my physician said, by my devotion and close attention to fancy work, so he positively forbade me to touch it again this summer, as he said I could not regain strong health and eyesight unless I took an entire rest from fancy work, but I can assure you it has been a compulsory rest."

The shock of this revelation fell so heavily on Algernon that for some moments he remained speechless, whilst Kate passed through successive stages of wounded sensibilities and indignation. Algernon found himself in the narrowest place he had ever been in. He scarcely knew how to express himself. He dreaded to wound and perhaps estrange Kate, and yet how could he, without a protest, give up the feelings and purposes of long years? Too excited and be-

wildered to frame a subterfuge, even had he desired to do so, he told Kate the plain truth, not even suppressing the fact of the vow he had registered.

"And so," said Kate, with a flash of indignation, "you addressed me under a misapprehension. Very well. I will not hold it as binding on you. I will give you your release."

Algernon assured her with ardent protestations that he desired no release and would take none. "But I will tell you candidly," he added, "that I would be rejoiced if you gave up fancy work."

Kate's reply was a burst of tears. "Give up my fancy work!" she exclaimed, "when I love it so much and do it so beautifully! Why, my afghan took the first prize at the fair last year. Oh! it is too hard for you to ask such a thing of me!"

Algernon saw that the utmost he could do would be to effect a compromise (as we all have to do in so many situations in life), and he prudently hastened to do this. Kate promised that she would not pursue her fancy work except when he was off at business, hiding it before his return, and that she would leave the

rooms he most used untouched by the decorative art.

But it is an ill wind that blows no one any good. The circumstance that so appalled Algernon constituted the crowning satisfaction that his sisters took in the union. How delightful to have a sister-in-law so congenial with them in their tastes and pursuits, and how many lovely new patterns and designs they could learn from her!

Anna, the anti-decorative young lady, came on to the wedding, and laughed heartily when she heard of Algernon's attributing her remarks to Kate, and reproached the latter for having come between her and her fate.

The last time I saw Kate, she was surrounded by a bevy of rosy, obstreperous children, with whom she was so engrossed that she had ceased to pay much attention to fancy work and the decorative art. Her macramé lace frame lay unused; her embroidery silks and worsteds were reduced to a hopeless tangle by the mischievous fingers of a two-year-old boy, and Algernon lives in hopes that the time may come when her waning attachment and attention to such things may cease altogether.

MARY WASHINGTON EARLY.

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### OUR DUTY.

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TO do God's will, that's all  
 That need concern us; not to carp or ask  
 The meaning of it, but to ply our task  
 Whatever may befall,  
 Accepting good or ill as He shall send,  
 And wait until the end.

## ALMANACS AND CALENDARS.

### HOURS, DAYS, YEARS, AND TIMES AMONG ALL PEOPLE.

WITH the turn of the year the best studied book is the almanac. Its facts are necessary ; its signs and wonders a matter of interest to all. It is an admirable book in its way. There is none that contains so many homely truths and so many glaring lies. But the beauty of it is, the true is so easily separated from the false that the former is not impaired by the presence of the latter. A lie in an almanac has grown to be an entirely excusable thing, a sort of "matter of course" insertion. If human gullibility, ignorant superstition, or morbid curiosity to study the future by guesswork does not afford sufficient apology for all the nonsense paraded in almanacs, it may be that the quiet and homely scientific truths therein found are the better appreciated on account of their proximity to chaff and trash. Astronomy grew out of astrology. Without further wonder that the offspring should ever cherish a fond affection for the parent, let us learn something of the quaintest of all books and of the times and seasons of earth.

The history of written almanacs dates back to the second century of the Christian era. The Alexandrian Greeks in the time of Ptolemy, A. D. 100-160, used almanacs. Prior to the written almanacs of the Greeks, there were calendars or primitive almanacs. The *fasti sacri* or *kalendares* of the Romans were very similar to modern almanacs. Originally knowledge of the calendar was confined to the class of pontifices or priests, whom the people had to consult not only about the dates of the festivals, but also regarding the proper times of instituting various legal proceedings. But about 300 B. C. one Cneius Flavius, the secre-

tary of Appius Claudius, possessed himself of the secret, either by the stealthy use of documents in the possession of his master, or, according to Pliny, by repeatedly consulting the pontifices and jurists and collating the particulars of the information he obtained from them. It was neither more nor less than publishing an almanac when, as Livy relates, he exhibited the *fasti* on white tablets round the forum. From this time tablets containing the calendar, the festivals, astronomical phenomena, and sometimes historical notices seem to have been common. The researches of antiquaries have brought to light numerous *fasti* or *calendaria* cut on marble and other kinds of stone. One was found at Pompeii cut upon a square block of marble, upon each side of which three months were registered in perpendicular columns, each headed by the proper sign of a zodiac.

The word almanac is supposed to be of Arabic origin, but whether it be from *al* and *manach*, to count, or *al* and *men*, months, or *manakos*, the course of the months, is not agreed ; some authorities give it a Teutonic etymology, from the words *al* and *moan*, the moon ; each of these conjectures is plausible. Tables representing almanacs were used by the Arabs at an early date, mainly as astronomical guides, and it is highly probable that both the thing and the name originated with them.

Manuscript almanacs common to the middle ages are preserved in several English and Continental libraries. Of them the most remarkable are a calendar ascribed to Roger Bacon, 1292, and those of Peter of Dacia, about 1300. The first printed almanac is believed to have been that of the German astronomer, Purbach,



published at Vienna in 1457. His pupil, Regiomontanus, published toward the end of the fifteenth century, under the auspices of the Hungarian King, Mathias Corvinus, several numbers of a *Kalendarium Novum* in German and Latin; these were nearly in the same form as almanacs now appear, giving the regular calendar, the eclipses, motions of the planets, and so forth.

*The Kalendar of the Sheppars*, or *Shepherd's Calendar*, an English translation of a French work, was published in Paris in 1497. Every month is introduced with a fragment of doggerel verse. The following is a specimen of its contents:

"Saturne is hiest and coldest, being full old,  
And Mars with his bluddy swerde ever ready  
to kyll.

Sol and Luna is half good and half ill."

New editions of this almanac were published in the early part of the sixteenth century. The chief attractions of these and subsequent annual publications were prognostications of the weather and fortune-telling, and they became highly popular. Under James I almanacs were monopolized by the universities and the Stationers' Company, astrology and superstition being their principal ingredients.

The *Vox Stellarum* of Francis Moore led the way in advertising quack medicines. Of a different but not a better sort was *Poor Robin's Almanack*, dating from 1663, and published by the Company down to 1828, which abounded in coarse, sometimes extremely coarse, humor.

The earliest ordinary American almanac is believed to have been issued from the press of William Bradford, in Philadelphia, in 1687. Franklin's celebrated *Poor Richard's Almanac*, first published by him in 1732 and continued about twenty-five years, became very popular in this country as well as in England and France, where its proverbial and sage utterances were reprinted and translated.

It is said that there are now upward of one hundred almanacs published in the United States, a number of them being illustrated, relating to almost all imaginable subjects of desirable information for all classes and occupations, and also including comic almanacs as well as versions in foreign languages, chiefly in German.

The story of the various calendars and the divisions of time among the different nations before the period of our modern almanacs is an interesting one. From the earliest times civilized man has distributed time into certain periods adapted to the purposes and needs of civil life. The ancient dwellers on the plains of Shinar and in the valley of the Nile observed days, weeks, months, and years much as modern people do. Our common names for the days of the week are Saxon in form, but evidently were borrowed originally from some Eastern nation, as the gods to whom each day is consecrated correspond in character to those to whom the days were consecrated by the Greeks and Romans when they adopted the week from the East. Our names for the months, too, are all from the Latin and such as were in vogue among the Romans after the time of Augustus Cæsar.

Of all the periods marked out by the motions of the celestial bodies, the most conspicuous and the most intimately connected with the affairs of mankind are the solar day, which is distinguished by the diurnal revolution of the earth and the alternation of light and darkness, and the solar year, which completes the circle of the seasons. In the earlier ages of the world, however, when mankind were chiefly engaged in rural occupations, the phases of the moon must have been objects of great attention and interest, hence the month and the practice adopted by many nations of reckoning time by the motions of the moon, as well as the still more general practice of combining lunar with solar periods. The solar day,



the solar year, and the lunar month, or lunation, may therefore be called the *natural* divisions of time. All others, as the hour, the week, and the civil month, though of the most ancient and general use, are only arbitrary and conventional.

The subdivision of the day into twenty-four parts, or hours, has prevailed since the remotest ages, though different nations have not agreed either with respect to the epoch of its commencement or the manner of distributing the hours. Civilized nations usually commence the day at midnight and count two periods of twelve hours each in the day. Astronomers and navigators, since the time of Ptolemy, commence the day at noon and number the hours from one to twenty-four. Hipparchus reckoned the twenty-four hours from midnight to midnight. Some nations, as the ancient Chaldeans and the modern Greeks, have chosen sunrise as the commencement of the day; others again, as the Italians and Bohemians, suppose it to begin at sunset. In the early ages of Rome, and even down to the middle of the fifth century after the foundation of the city, no other divisions of the day were known than sunrise, mid-day, and sunset. The Greeks divided the natural day and night into twelve equal parts each, and the hours thus formed were denominated *temporary hours*, from their varying in length according to the seasons of the year. The hours of the day and night were, of course, equal only at the time of the equinoxes.

The week did not enter into the calendar of the Greeks and was not introduced at Rome till after the reign of Theodosius, in the fifth century of the Christian era. The use of the week among Eastern nations from time immemorial is by some ascribed to the effect of Divine command as recorded by Moses, and by others to the phases of the moon or by the number of the conspicuous planets. Among the Egyptians and Romans each day was named after a separate divinity. These

in every case correspond to the Saxon deities whose names they now bear. According to Dio Cassius, the Egyptian week commenced with Saturday. With the Jews Saturday was the last day of the week. In the ancient Brahminical astronomy the week was a recognized division of time, and the names of the days are from the same planets and in the same order as those in use by the Egyptians; but the week began with them with *Sukravara*, the day of Venus, or Friday. The Chinese and Thibetans have a week of five days, named after the five elements, iron, wood, water, feathers, and earth.

The length of the month was suggested, as the word shows, by the moon, which completes her changes in a little less than thirty days. But inasmuch as the solar year does not consist of an even number of lunar months, the months have in most nations become fixed periods of thirty or thirty-one days. The Egyptians made their month consist of thirty days invariably; and in order to complete the year five days were added at the end, called supplementary days. The Greeks divided the month into three decades, or periods of ten days, a practice which was imitated by the French in their unsuccessful attempt to introduce a new calendar at the time of the Revolution. The length of the month in most civilized nations has been copied from the Romans. No nation has, however, followed the singular division which the Romans made of the month, and which is frequently alluded to by the classic writers, viz.: the *Calends*, *Nones*, and the *Ides*.

The ancient Roman year commenced with March, as is indicated by the names September, October, November, December, which the last four months still retain. Before the time of Numa Pompilius the year consisted of ten months, but that monarch added two months, January and February. The months now consisted of twenty-nine and thirty days alternately, so that the year contained

three hundred and fifty-four days. Every second year there was an ad or inter calary month, consisting of twenty-two and twenty-three days alternately. The irregularity of alternation in the months was introduced to gratify the vanity of Augustus Cæsar, by giving his month of August (the ancient *Sextilis*) as many days as Julius Cæsar's month of July (the Roman *Quintilis*). The additional day was given in leap year to February, by calling the fifth day before the Calends of March a second sixth, whence leap year is still called in the almanacs bissextile year (*bis* twice, and *sextus* sixth).

The Julian calendar, introduced by the first Cæsar, which fixed the mean length of the year at three hundred and sixty-five and one-fourth days, and decreed that every fourth year should have three hundred and sixty-six days, the common years having each three hundred

and sixty-five days, is still in use in the Russian Empire, and was in use in all Europe till 1582. Its error consists in giving about eleven minutes too much to the year, which now aggregates an excess of nearly twelve days.

On the 5th of October, 1582, Pope Gregory XIII ordered that the next day should pass as the sixteenth, and that all centurial years which are not multiples of four hundred should not be made leap years. This is called the Gregorian calendar, and is the one in present use. The change from Julian to Gregorian reckoning was made by act of Parliament in Great Britain in September, 1752, the third of the month being called the fourteenth. At the same time the commencement of the legal year was changed from the twenty-fifth of April to the first of January.

CLINTON MONTAGUE.

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### "WEIGHED IN THE BALANCE."

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OUTSIDE, the rain beat heavily against the windows. The twigs struck the glass as though begging for a refuge from the fierce wind that drove them to and fro.

Inside, it was all warmth and beauty. The heavy curtains were closely drawn, to shut out all that disturbed the serenity. The firelight flickered gently over the costly rugs and soft draperies. The same thought and care were shown in every detail, from the rare old pictures on the wall to the rose in its dainty holder on the table.

A maid in a neat cap and apron seemed a part of the peaceful picture as she moved noiselessly around, adding, if possible, to the perfect order.

Standing in the doorway, the mistress of it all glanced with a smile of quiet satisfaction at the perfect harmony her

love of the beautiful had wrought. As her eye met the clock on the mantel, she exclaimed:

"Seven o'clock, and my husband not home yet! Mary," to the maid, "tell Peters to serve the dinner; I will wait no longer. Ah! here you are, as her husband entered the room; "you cannot expect that a dinner which has waited a half an hour will be fit to eat. I think on such a night as this you might have left the office an hour ago."

"Business," replied her husband, "goes on whether it storms or not. I was thinking as I drove home that all the struggle to gain the top of the ladder and keep it was not so desirable as we used to think it in the old days. Ah! Helen?"

Mrs. Marshall, turning to answer, caught sight of a spray of arbutus fastened in her husband's coat.

"Who has been giving you arbutus?" she exclaimed, in surprise. "I have not seen you with a flower for years."

"No one. I saw it in a florist's window as I passed and bought it. I do not wonder you are surprised to see anything so like sentiment left in me. The atmosphere we have lived in for the last ten years should have stifled it long ago. I am foolish to try and revive it," and he tossed the flower on the table.

"Really, John, you desired the position as much as I did," said his wife.

"Oh! I am not blaming you, Helen. Get all the enjoyment you can out of it, and it will help me to feel that it has not been entirely in vain."

The entrance of the butler announcing dinner stopped the reply on Mrs. Marshall's lips.

The meal was almost a silent one, the presence of the servants preventing anything but commonplace topics.

Mr. Marshall seemed preoccupied, and refused dish after dish as it was offered to him.

"You seem to have so little appetite, John," said his wife, "it is hardly worth while coming home to dinner."

"I would miss the only chance of seeing my wife," he said, politely, taking her hand for a minute as they left the table.

Helen's face flushed as she replied:

"We will have an opportunity to renew our acquaintance this evening. No one can venture out such a night as this."

"What! no ball or reception or opera or any of the numerous engagements that demand your time and attention?" he asked, with a smile.

"No," said Helen, "not one thing, I planned to spend this evening with you."

"I wish I had known it," he answered, gravely, "I would not have made the business engagement I did. I supposed, of course, you would be on the wing somewhere."

"Am I really so bad as that, John?" pleaded Helen.

"Oh! not so very bad," he said, touching her cheek lightly. "But I must go. I am late now," looking at his watch. "I will try and be back in an hour."

Left to herself, Mrs. Marshall walked slowly into the parlor and up to the long mirror between the windows and scanned her figure from head to foot.

Anticipating an evening with her husband, she had dressed herself in a gown he had once admired and fastened a tiny bunch of sweet violets, his favorite flower, at her throat.

"He did not even see them," she said, with a bitter little smile. "Once he would have been so pleased. Can it be," she mused, "I am so changed," and she peered anxiously into the mirror.

The image reflected there was a very pleasant one to see—the same soft hair and eyes her husband had been so proud of in the old days; but had not a few hard lines crept in, in spite of the ease and luxury?

Once, when a very young girl, she had heard some one say, in speaking of a friend, "Ah! she has the mark of the Lamb in her forehead." It had seemed then that no higher praise could be given, and she had wondered if the same could ever be said of her.

She turned with an impatient sigh and picked up a book. Why should such thoughts intrude themselves? Was she not an object of envy among all her set? Was not her house perfect in all its appointments and her toilets above criticism? Surely, after all these years of striving, she would not let discontent step in, now that the goal had been reached; that would be wrong and ungrateful.

She settled herself to her book and resolutely shut out all annoying reflections.

Before long her mind wandered. Could it be the perfume from the spray of ar-

but her husband had tossed aside that so vividly brought back scenes she had not thought of for years? She covered her face with her hands. It was useless to try to still the memories that crowded upon her.

How well she remembered the first of the delicate, pink blossoms she had ever seen. A thrill of pleasure ran through her again as she recalled her delight when her husband came to her with his hands filled with them.

He was Jack in those days. Now she felt it quite beneath her dignity to address him by any other name than Mr. Marshall, or John on rare occasions.

She smiled as she thought of that first home, which had been their greatest pride and joy until Jack made his first successful speculation. Then dreams of wealth and what it could bring them had begun to creep in.

The dear little house that she and Jack had taken such pleasure in furnishing. Why, she could see it all now, even to the little stain on the wall that she had tried to chalk over and had fallen from the chair on which she was standing in the attempt. How Jack laughed when she told him, and would give her no help, declaring it was the prettiest decoration in the whole house.

Then, too, the first bread she tried to make. How heavy it was! But Jack manfully choked it down, insisting with each mouthful that "Never had bread tasted so good before," and had kissed the burns on her fingers over and over again.

What! those tears falling on them now were not vain regrets? Surely she would not exchange the delicate finger tips of to-day for those reddened, rough ones of long ago?

Then her thoughts flew back to the quiet hours each evening that had seemed so indispensable to them then, when she and Jack had knelt down side by side and had prayed God to abide with them; that their home with its peaceful influ-

ence might be a haven of rest to some poor, heartsick soul.

How far short it had fallen of their ideal since the first ambitious desires had found a resting place in their hearts.

Alas! when had she and Jack knelt together to beg for God's blessing?

Since they had ceased to feel any anxiety lest their material wants would not be supplied, they had begun to feel too self-confident, and had missed the sweetness of coming to a tender Heavenly Father for the needs of each day.

After a round of social duties and a night at a reception or an opera, it was all she could do to murmur a sleepy prayer, while Jack, burdened with a thousand business cares, had learned to do without even that.

But stop! was she not too hard on herself? She was on a great many charitable boards, and was sure that no one had ever come to her for help or money in vain.

"Yes," whispered conscience, "is there not a great satisfaction in seeing your name heading a subscription list, with a larger sum than others can give? When have you ever stopped in your busy life to speak one word of comfort to a burdened soul? Have you not rather by your example encouraged others in expenditures far beyond their means?"

"God forgive me!" she cried, sinking on her knees by the chair; "give me time to retrieve the past."

An hour afterward she was sitting by the fire, her eyes closed, spent with her emotion, when her husband entered; he softly approached her and stood intently looking at her for a moment then he said:

"Helen, I have something to tell you that can be put off no longer. I would spare you anything that gives you pain, but, believe me, the time has come when you must know."

Helen sprang to her feet. The husband's white face sent a thrill of terror to her very soul.



Could it be that he was ill? Had he been suffering and never told her? Was God going to take him to punish her? She could not speak; her heart seemed to stand still.

"O Jack!" she gasped; "not that; do not tell me that; I cannot live if you do."

He pushed away her clinging arms, his face white and set.

"I knew it would be hard for you," he said, "but I did not dream that your whole happiness depended on what money could give you."

"Money!" she cried, stupidly.

"Yes, money," he said, harshly; "do you not understand? It is of that I am speaking. I am a poor man again, Helen, after all these years of prosperity."

Helen threw herself into her husband's arms, crying:

"O Jack! I am so glad it is only money; I thought you were going to die."

For a moment her husband feared her reason had left her.

"Helen," he began, "can you not understand that all these luxuries you prize so much are ours no longer?"

"I care for nothing," she sobbed, "but that God will not take you from me.

Jack! Jack! what a miserable failure our lives have been. How good God is to let us endeavor to spend the future for Him!"

Sitting hand in hand, she told him of the struggle she had passed through and of the victory won; of her determination that, with his consent, she would take up the lines that had fallen from her grasp.

As they rose to their feet, after consecrating themselves anew to God's service, Jack said:

"Helen, this has proved to be the happiest day of all my life instead of the most miserable. I cannot tell you the fear that was in my heart lest the cares of the world and the deceitfulness of riches had caused such a breach between us that it never could be healed."

"Jack, dear," said Helen, softly, "God is better to us than we deserve. All evening these fearful words have rung in my ears: 'Weighed in the balances and found wanting.' How thankful we should be, that in His mercy He has not left us to ourselves, but opened our eyes in time to save us from becoming hopelessly engulfed in the terrible worldliness that surrounds us."

LOUISE THRUSS.

## HOPE.

ALL seasons tell of hope throughout the year—

The airy, love-begetting spring, that fills

The earth with laughter of her early rills;

The rose-bright summer, heaped with golden cheer,

And voiced with woodland echoes, crystal clear;

And autumn, heaping splendor on the hills;

And gay, white winter, with his song that thrills

With hearty life, e'en while the woods are drear.

Then let us imitate the year, and sing!

Away with care! Eyes were not made to weep.

Our hearts must beat with Nature's, and must keep

Hope warm in wintertide as well as spring.

Come, let us make all times, all seasons ring

With harmonies of hope, soul-stirred and deep.

## THREE YOUNG WIVES.\*

By T. S. ARTHUR.

### CHAPTER XV.

IT was Sunday morning. Over two weeks had elapsed since the business meeting at Association Hall, referred to in the last chapter. Florence Whitcomb's dainty rosebud of a baby, now more than a month old, was lying asleep on its mother's lap, and the mother was looking sweet and peaceful. The happy young father was sitting close to his little wife, gazing, half spell-bound, on the sleeping baby, wondering at the mystery of its life and strangely oppressed at the thought of its helpless dependence. They had been talking, but were now silent, and in this pause the bells rang out upon the quiet air. Lewis Whitcomb arose, saying, as he did so, "I'm going to church this morning, Florry dear." He bent down and kissed her, and then passed his lips to the baby's forehead.

The young man saw the look of surprise that flashed into the face of his wife, and he saw, besides, the shadow of something that half expressed a doubt.

"I promised Judge Glendenning that I'd go, and I shall have to keep my word; but I'd rather stay at home with you and the baby."

"Promised Judge Glendenning!" still more surprise in Florry's manner.

"Yes, I was at his house last evening, as I told you. Raynor and Bob Sanderson were there. When we were going away he asked, quite seriously, speaking to all three of us, 'Where do you go to church, young men?' It was about the last question I had expected to hear from the Judge. We had to own up that we were not in the habit of attending church on Sunday. 'I thought as much,' he replied. And then said: 'It isn't a good

habit for young men. I fell into it when I was about your age, and to my own loss, I am now very sure. Take my advice, and go once at least every Sunday to church. You can't get any harm, and the chances are largely in favor of your getting some good. I go every Sunday to Mr. Vivian's church and generally hear something that keeps me thinking all the week; and not thinking only, but doing and resisting. There is a power in truth. No man who is honest with himself can see a truth clearly without coming to a greater or less extent under its influence. The highest truths, and those in which all men have, or should have, the deepest interest are divine truths, and it is about these that we hear in our attendance on worship. Let me counsel you, then, to go to church every Sunday. Go with your wives. It will make Sunday a happier day for each of them, I am sure.'

"We all promised, and I am going to hear Mr. Vivian this morning. Will it make you any happier, dear?"

Whitecomb needed no answer from the lips of his wife. He had it in her tender eyes that were full of the tears she could not keep back. How sweet her husband's kisses lay upon her lips and cheeks as Florence sat, long after his departure, with shut eyes, her baby sleeping on her lap.

Rose Raynor came down-stairs ready for church and stood in the parlor door to say "good-bye" to her husband, who sat reading.

"Have you nothing but 'good-bye' to say?" asked Carl, with something demure in his eyes.

"Oh! yes, if I thought there would be

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any use in saying it," was the quick response of his wife.

"Suppose you try," returned Carl, a slight twitching at the corners of his mouth.

"Then I'll say it. Come, go with me to church this morning."

"All right. Go's the word." And Carl rose promptly, and passing his wife, took his hat from the rack in the hall, saying, as he did so, "At your service, my lady!"

As they left the house together, Carl said to himself: "The little woman isn't half so much surprised as I thought she'd be. I wonder what it means?" He didn't know, of course, that Rose had taken a lesson in billiards on the day before from Judge Glendenning, nor that it was at her instance that the Judge had urged upon him and his two friends the propriety of going to church on Sunday mornings with their wives.

At the church door they met Lewis Whitcomb, and almost the first persons noticed on taking their seats were Robert and Millie Sanderson. Judge Glendenning came in soon afterward and gave them a slight nod of recognition as he walked down the aisle. A few minutes passed before the services began, and during this time Raynor had an opportunity to look about him. A little to his surprise, he saw Harry Oldham and his wife sitting in a pew not far from the one occupied by the Judge. Harry's usual place during church hours on Sunday mornings was in the porch of the Grant House, with a cigar in his mouth. The entrance of Frank Leonard, in company with his mother, gave him a further surprise. He glanced at the Judge, as Frank took his seat, and saw a look of pleasure and approval on his strong yet handsome face.

Mr. Vivian chose for his text the words addressed by Moses to his brother-in-law, Hobab, the Midianite: "Come thou with us, and we will do thee good," Numbers

x, 29. After a brief reference to the personages mentioned in the text, he passed from the camp of Israel to the church in Westbrook.

"As I look over this congregation," he said, speaking with an impressiveness of manner that was felt by every one, "I see many toward whom my heart goes out with feelings which I cannot describe, and to whom I would say, lovingly and tenderly, 'Come thou with us, and we will do thee good!'"

Mr. Vivian paused for a few moments.

"It is not so difficult a thing as many suppose to lead a heavenly life," he went on, speaking slowly, and as one who was weighing his speech. "Every man begins to lead this life when he truly repents of any evil that he has done and sincerely resolves to refrain in the future from doing the things forbidden by the Lord in His commandments. The moment he does this, he turns himself away from hell and sets his face heavenward, and in that moment comes under new influences and receives a power to resist evil which he had never possessed before. All that is now required of him is to shun evil, and this he does when he refuses to do the things that reason and Scripture tell him are wrong. Of all the rest God takes care. If we shun the evils which He forbids—the evils of wrong to the neighbor and irreverence for the Lord and his Holy word—He will in the degree that we do this in obedience to His commandments remove from our hearts the love of selfish and evil things, and give us in their stead the love of what is just and pure and holy, so bringing us back into heavenly order and into a peace and rest and inward satisfaction in comparison with which all that this world can give us is but a sea of trouble. To lead a heavenly life is not, therefore, as you will see, so difficult a thing. The commandment of the Lord is not for us to come out of the world, but to live in it justly, purely, and mercifully. This is the whole sum of the

Lord's requirement, and they, and they only, are the Lord's children who so live. If the Church teaches any different doctrine from this, then has the Church substituted the commandments of men for the laws of heavenly life."

There was a stir in the congregation and an exchange of quick glances between many.

"Come thou with us, then, and we will do thee good," Mr. Vivian continued, still in his deliberate and impressive manner. "We will do all that in us lies to help you to live this heavenly life of love and duty to God and man. I fear that in times past we have set too wide a distance between the world and the Church, holding ourselves aloof, instead of going down into the world and helping just such men and women as I see here this morning to understand what religion really is and what the Lord requires of those who would follow Him. Religion is not a creed nor a ceremonial nor a sacrament. Religion is a life according to the commandments; and this life must be lived in the world, and amid its business, its pleasures, and its daily duties. It is not by the prayer-meeting or the communion-table that men are saved, but by right-living; and they who seek the Lord in these means of grace, and yet wrong and oppress and bear ill-will toward the neighbor in their common worldly life, only have the greater condemnation. Their 'Lord! Lord! have we not prophesied in Thy name?' will go for nothing in the judgment."

Another stir and half-surprised movement in the congregation, and a looking here and there. Judge Glendenning's strong, steady eyes were fixed on the minister. His countenance was lighted up and expressed approval.

"Brethren"—Mr. Vivian leaned over the pulpit and let his voice fall in still more impressive tones down among the people—"is not this word that I have spoken true? 'He that keepeth my

words, he it is that loveth me.' There is no ambiguity in the teachings of our Lord. Of outward religion, as expressed in forms of worship, He has little to say, but much in regard to the life of religion as expressed in justice and good-will to the neighbor. While the tithings of anise, mint, and cummin—the external ceremonies of worship—are not to be neglected, His strong emphasis rests on the weightier matters of the law, justice and mercy. Let us not forget this. And now I have a word of counsel for you, my brethren of the Church. I have said to those who have not yet cast in their lot among us, 'Come thou with us and we will do thee good.' But how can we expect them to come if we make the rule of our household of faith so narrow and exclusive that it bars them out? All the just and true men in Westbrook are not within the external walls of the Church, my brethren. If any of you think so, you have fallen into a lamentable error. How much better for them, how much better for us, how much better for the true well-being of our whole people, if the just and true men who now hold themselves away from the churches could find some wider door of entrance and some broader ground of fellowship! What is it that keeps us apart? What hinders a closer fellowship and a unity of action in good works? Is the fault all on their side? Are we in nothing to blame? When we, as professing Christians, stand side by side with non-professors in business and the common affairs of life, do we rank them in fair dealing? Or are we not as eager to get an advantage and as apt to disregard our neighbor's interest as they are? Can we wonder if they make light of our professions, and even call us Pharisees, as many do, when we condemn as sinful certain of their amusements and recreations, which may be as innocently enjoyed as a book or a social chat with a friend, and in our common daily and business



lives are as full of the love of the world and the greed of gain as any?

"Is this the way for us to teach the verities of our religion, or to make our profession anything in the eyes of the world but a sham! We condemn the theatre, the ball-room, and the card-table with a very bad grace so long as we fail in the true Christian life, which does not consist in pious observances alone, but in righteous living. Let us pause, my brethren—call a halt, as we sometimes say—and take some new observations. The world may have been moving while we have been standing still, and if that be so, we shall lose our power in the world unless we move with it. There are many who believe that we are losing power, and that unless a new life, a higher intelligence, and a broader charity come to the Churches, they will cease to have anything more than a superstitious influence in the world, holding the ignorant, but repelling those who think for themselves and demand a reason. Is it coming to this already? What is the state of the Church in our own community? Is it gaining in influence?—or slowly losing its power over the people? Do we find our most intelligent, active, public-spirited men included in its membership?—the men who, if the true life of the Church were born in them, could and would do more for the moral and social well-being of our people than any others in our community? Not so. They stand, too many of them, away from us, speak lightly of us, and too often regard our piety as a mere pretense. And yet we know that in the Church is a divine and saving power, and that if these men could only be brought under its influence, they would be truer, purer, stronger, and happier men. Are we doing our best for them? Of one thing we may be sure. Unless we go to them with the reason of things, we cannot hope to influence them. It will not do to tell them that a thing is right or wrong un-

less we can show in what the right or wrong consists. We must go to them with reason and common sense as well as with doctrine and dogma. The usages, the traditions, the prejudices, and the superstitions of the Church are nothing to them; and so far as these stand in the way of truth and reason, so far as they belong to the darkness, the obscurity, and the ignorance of the past, they should be nothing to us!

"And now I am going to say a word or two on the subject which has occupied so much of your attention during the last few weeks and on which so many widely differing views are held. I refer to the subject of amusements."

Another ripple of disturbance ran through the congregation, and all faces lighted up with increasing interest and expectation.

"While many good people hold to the belief that amusements are hindrances to the growth of piety, and feel condemned if betrayed into a smile, others of a more cheerful temper regard them as innocent when innocently used. And here let me remark that, in my opinion, temperament has a great deal more to do with our opinions on this subject than religion. A happy-hearted Christian, one who takes cheerful views of life, who enjoys the beauty and sweetness and light which our Heavenly Father is forever giving for the enjoyment of His children, is never opposed to amusements. He will often enter into them with the zest and abandon of a child, and I think he is the better for doing so. On the other hand, your brooding, gloomy Christian, your Christian who sighs oftener than he smiles, who thinks a great deal more about the anger and wrath of God than about His tender mercies and loving kindnesses, is almost sure to condemn amusements. So the case stands in the Church. But the general sentiment is in favor of innocent amusements, moderately indulged.

"And it is just here that I wish to hold your attention for a few moments. Right thinking is one of the first essentials to right acting. Unless we see right, it is almost impossible for us to do right. The blind are ever in danger of falling. Now, what is it that makes amusements either innocent or sinful? Think!"

Mr. Vivian was silent for a few moments.

"Is it not their power to recreate the mind and body, to refresh the weary, and to lift for a little season the troubled spirit above the murky atmosphere, where it has been dwelling, into a purer air and a summer region that make them innocent? And is it not their power to hurt both mind and body through excess and in their use for bad purposes that make them evil? It is in the moral use and abuse of a thing that good or evil lies. Evil is nothing but the abuse of something good; it has no existence except as a perversion, and dies when order is restored. To this thought let me hold your attention. And now, applying it to amusements, you can see that they are evil when used for evil purposes, and good when used for good purposes. And you can further see, if you reflect, that, in the very nature of things, amusements will vary according to the tastes, customs, habits, and education of the people, and that a great variety of them will exist. It has been so in all ages and among all nations. A people low in the scale of morals will debase their amusements, as they debase everything else. It was in view of this debasement that the Church set itself against amusements. It saw the evil power that was in them, because they were used for the encouragement of evil ends and the excitement of base passions, and set its ban upon them, instead of retaining them and trying to fill them with the life and spirit of the Church, so using their power for good instead of evil. Here was the great error of the Church;

and in its war upon amusements in the abstract it made war upon nature and one of its needs, and treated as an enemy that which, if rightly used, would have been a powerful friend and ally. In its efforts to strengthen its position, it increased the catalogue of sins, laying restrictions when the Word of God and nature laid none, binding and confusing the consciences of many, and driving many more out of the Church and in among the temptations and excesses of the world. The very seed of the Church is being lost through this fatal error. Our sons and our daughters are turning their feet away from the dreary and un-beautiful paths in which we are trying to make them walk and seeking other paths along which enemies lurk and in which dangers lie hidden.

"A thought or two more, and then I will leave this whole subject to your earnest and prayerful consideration. The mind cannot act for any considerable time in any one direction without weariness and loss of interest, and it recreates its strength by moving in some new direction rather than by inactivity. After it has grown weary with work, what shall it do? Turn itself to the higher considerations of immortality, to prayer and meditation, and the reading of pious books? All this is well; and those who give a portion of their time to these things, and wisely consider their relations and duties to God and the neighbor, are blessed in doing so. But all the hours of release from business cannot be spent in prayers, meditations, and pious offices, nor in going about and doing good. Weariness will come again, and the mind will turn itself away from even the things of Heaven and seek for interest in some new direction. Some will find in books and music and in intellectual and social culture this new direction. Others will seek recreation in simple amusements; but as tastes and temperaments differ, the choice of amusements will be varied. Some will

be interested in one form and some in another. The quiet and unexcitable may be content at home with quiet social games, but the restless and nervous will seek for more exciting pleasures and go where they can find them. In both cases, if the amusements be innocent and not indulged to excess, they will be better for the participants than mere brooding, restless, dissatisfied idleness, and leave them much more open to genuine religious influences.

"You will readily see, in this view of the case, that amusements of one kind or another are a natural want and a healthy and normal means of mental and physical recreation. Men cannot find in work, in intellectual and social culture, and in religious duties enough to fill all their time and satisfy all their needs. They will grow weary of each in turn. The strain will prove too great. They must unbend and find relaxation in lighter things; and each one must be left as free by the Church in the choice of his amusements as in the choice of his books, his food, or his friends. The only condemnation which the Church has any right to offer is the condemnation of what is inherently evil in the form of an amusement and in its perversion to evil purposes. It must condemn gambling as a sin, but has no right to condemn as violators of any divine law the brother and sister who, with their father and mother, spend an evening at home in playing an innocent game of whist."

A visible movement and much repressed excitement in the congregation. There was a more deliberate manner and a stronger emphasis on the part of Mr. Vivian as he continued:

"It may set its seal of reprobation on bar-rooms and billiard-tables as open doors for the enticement and ruin of our young men, but it has no more right to call a game of billiards, played for simple recreation, in a place entirely separate from a bar-room or gambling-house, a

sinful amusement, than it has to denounce base-ball, cricket, croquet, chess, or checkers! Brethren, we have not been wise in this thing, and we are suffering loss and losing influence and failing in our work of saving souls because of this lack of wisdom. Let us no longer leave in the hands of Satan all these agencies by which men and woman can be so strongly influenced. Let us be wiser in our day and generation than our fathers were. Let us call things by their right names—evil and hurtful things, evil; but innocent and saving things, good. Let us take back from the world its almost exclusive use of amusements and lift them into ministers of good. We can do it if we will."

Very slowly did the congregation disperse after the benediction was said. Little groups gathered here and there in the aisles or in the pews to discuss the sermon. Some were betrayed into an undue excitement and spoke strong words of disapproval, while others were equally decided in their praise of Mr. Vivian. Judge Glendenning waited for him until he came out of the vestry-room, and then, grasping his hand warmly, said:

"Let me thank you, sir, for having said these brave, true words. They are a seed which must take root and grow, and produce a harvest of good results in this community."

"Say, rather, a harvest of tares," spoke out Mr. Hugh Allen, who came up at the moment. His countenance was heavily clouded and his tones severe. "It will be a sorry day for the Church in Westbrook when it accepts for gospel truths the kind of teachings as we have had this morning."

"What teachings?" asked Judge Glendenning, with a grave and cautious manner that held the rising indignation of Mr. Allen in check.

"That the Church must surrender to the world; for this, after all, is the gist of the whole matter," replied Mr. Allen,

with more of discourtesy and contempt for the Judge in his manner than he was aware of.

"Say rather," remarked the Judge, "that Mr. Vivian would have the Church rescue from the world the things to which it has a natural right, and by the orderly and innocent use of which it may increase and regain the power and influence which it is fast losing."

"I do not admit the truth of any such charge against the Church," sharply answered Mr. Allen. "It is not losing power and influence. The Lord, by whom it was established among men, will see to that."

"It may be," said the Judge, "that He is looking after His Church now, and seeing to it that its power and influence, so greatly weakened and in danger of being wholly destroyed, as many think, are re-established again."

"He will never do it in any such compromise with the world and its pleasures, vanities, customs, and fashions as you suggest. Christians must renounce the world, must come out of it, turn their backs upon it, and lead holy and self-denying lives, not lives of mere pleasure. The way to Heaven does not lie through the theatre and ball-room, nor across card and billiard tables. These are the way to death and hell; and they who walk in them will find no heavenly Canaan at their journey's end."

Mr. Allen spoke with increasing asperity.

"There were," returned the Judge, "five young men at church this morning who have not attended public worship, except at rare intervals, for several years. Most of them, I know, have been in the habit of spending a part of their Sunday mornings at the Grant House, and not their Sunday mornings only, but many evenings of each week. Since I set up a billiard-table in my house, I have been able to gain considerable influence over them, and have succeeded in keeping them

almost entirely away from taverns and saloons, and that I might do this the more effectually I have added example to precept by keeping away from these places myself. Last week I talked to them about attending church, and this morning, to my great satisfaction, they were all present, three of them with their wives. Now, it was through my billiard-table that I was able to get enough influence with these young men to enable me to draw them away from the evil associations of the tavern. It was across my billiard-table that they found their way to your church door. And now, sir, the responsibility of holding them and caring for them, or of letting them fall back again into the world, lies with you and your fellow churchmen, and let me tell you that the responsibility is a most serious one! Good morning!"

And Judge Glendenning, who had uttered the last sentence with much earnestness, turned from Mr. Allen and walked down the aisle and out through the church door.

## CHAPTER XVI.

On the next morning there appeared in the Westbrook *Daily News* a brief synopsis of Mr. Vivian's sermon, with some remarks by the editor, who said, among other things, that "if the gospel of common sense were oftener heard in the pulpit there would be fewer empty pews in the churches;" and that "if the religion of justice, sincerity, and fair dealing were more strongly insisted upon as acts of service to God, and praying made less public, obtrusive, and pharisaic, the power of Christianity among the people would be largely increased." And it farther said that the position taken by the preacher on the subject of amusements was sound and sensible, and that the editor could not see how any but bigots on the one side, and on the other those who made use of amusements to draw the unwary into dangerous places in order to



make gain of their depravity, could find any fault with it.

On the following Sunday the church was so crowded that seats had to be placed along the aisles. Many leading citizens, not usually in the habit of attending public worship, were seen here and there in the congregation. It was believed that Mr. Vivian would again refer to amusements, as that subject was disturbing the membership of all the churches in town. Much interest and expectancy were apparent when, after he had gone through with the morning services, he announced his text: "If thou wilt enter into life keep the commandments." The sermon was briefer than the one delivered on the preceding Sunday, and most of those who had come to hear curiously and to get something to talk about went home thoughtful and serious. The opening words of his discourse were these:

"It has been taught by some in the Church that we are saved by grace, and not by keeping the commandments. But I think we will be surer of attaining unto eternal life if we endeavor to do what the Lord Himself enjoins upon us. His words that I have just read to you are very plain. The simplest cannot misapprehend them. 'If thou wilt enter into life, keep the commandments.' Now what do the commandments require of us? Simply these two things: to love the Lord and the neighbor. You ask, 'How can I love the Lord?' The answer is found in the Lord's own words: 'He that keepeth my sayings, he it is that loveth me.' You ask again: 'How can I love my neighbor?' and the Lord answers you in no uncertain speech: 'As ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them, for this is the law and the prophets.'

"I know of no other way to gain eternal life but this, my friends; no other way for you to get the love of God in your hearts. He will not give you His

love in answer to prayers, no matter how fervently they may be said nor how long continued. You can only get it as the reward of obedience.

"There is nothing hard to understand here—no mystery of godliness, no coming out of the world in the sense that many teach, no change in the external life or social customs, except in so far as they break the commandments. All that the Lord requires of you is to put away the evil of your doings. And here let me say that neither you nor I nor any living man has the power to do this of himself alone. That power is the gift of God, freely and perpetually offered to all who will take and use it. This is the divine grace by which we are saved, and the moment we try, in all sincerity, to cease from doing any evil thing forbidden by the Lord, in that moment His divine grace is given and a victory over that evil made sure."

Further on in his discourse, Mr. Vivian remarked:

"It must now be clear, from what I have said, that if any of you have not already entered the way of life, he may do so easily. It is not required of you to come out of the world, in the ordinary acceptance of that saying, make a public profession, and join the Church. You enter the way of life in the moment that you cease from doing the evil things that are forbidden in the commandments because they are sins, whether you are in the visible Church or out of it. Each one of you can do this for himself; and in the measure that you do it will the Divine favor and blessing be upon you. You worship the Lord truly when you keep His word, and you keep His word when you refrain from doing what He forbids. There is no other acceptable worship. The prayers of men who act insincerely and deal unjustly with their neighbors are not heard in Heaven, no matter how piously said, while the prayer of the humblest soul that is striving to put

away evil goes quickly to the ears of God. Religion is life; and in the language of a great and good man, 'The life of religion is to do good.' This religion you may all have if you will; and there is none other worth having."

His concluding sentences were:

"Do not misunderstand me as in any way depreciating the value of external worship or the ceremonials of religion. I only mean to say that they are of little or no use without a heart of obedience. Men may go to Heaven who have never been inside of a church door; but neither priest nor bishop can pass the gates of pearl if his life has not been pure and just. A religion that is of the heart, and

heart-religion is given to none but those who truly obey the Lord, will naturally seek the aids of external worship. On the day set apart for rest from labor, instruction in divine things, and the public worship of the Lord, a truly religious man will gladly avail himself of all the precious privileges that are offered for his help. But he will make no mistake as to their value, and never offer to the Lord his Sunday prayer and praises as a substitute for the religion of daily life. It is only the blind Pharisee who does this. And so you see, my friends, that the way of life is very narrow; but, though so few enter therein, it is not so hard to find nor so difficult to walk in as many suppose."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

#### MRS. DUTROW'S NEW YEAR'S PARTY.

MRS. POLLY DUTROW stood at the kitchen table seeding raisins for the plum pudding. This was work that Mrs. Polly never allowed Sary Jane to do.

"I've done it every year sence I can remember," she would say, "and I'm goin' to keep on doin' it till I drop."

Not that Sary Jane ever wished it otherwise, considering she herself always had plenty to do at such times. Just now she was furiously sifting flour for the white cake and the sponge. The crullers, already "out of the way," were heaped high and dry on the great turkey dish brought forth for the occasion. There was a delicious smell of "good things" all through the house.

"Seems as ef people will make a furse at holiday times," exclaimed Mrs. Dutrow, dropping a handful of raisins into the bowl. "Here there's only us two wimmen, and we're bound fer to hev as good a dinner as the parson."

"I heered as Neils's folks is a-goin' to

hev the whole family home fer New Year," remarked Sary Jane, from beyond the flying flour.

"I daresay they'll hev quite a gay time of it; Neils allus was fer showin' off." Polly Dutrow wasn't fond of the Neils.

"Miss Mamie, she's a-comin' home with her husband, and Miss Lou with hern, and the whole pa'cel of boys with their wives and children; and they say that ole Miss Neil's in the finest sperets she's bin in fer this long while. I don't see, Miss Dutrow, as there's no harm in havin' a good time, 'specially when it's yer own folks you're gatherin' together."

"Let 'em do it," snapped the mistress. "I know of some that won't spend a lively day—the Williamsees."

Sary Jane's bright eyes beamed triumphantly.

"I reckon as you aint heered as Jim was comin' back. Mag Lewis was tellin' me this mornin' as he'd made heaps of money out in Illinois, and they was ex-

pectin' him home a New Year. The Williamsses is a'most dancin' their heads off."

"And I spec' nothin' else but you think as I ought to hunt up Doby's folks?"

Sary Jane sifted the flour so very furiously that a cloud of it flew over the cleanly swept floor.

"I don't know as we think about anythin' 'cept eatin' yer."

"I mind when you was glad enough to leave the 'sylum and git a chance to think about eatin'."

"You've allus bin very kind to me, Miss Dutrow."

"Then don't you go and set yerself up as a jedge on your mistress. I've told you agin and agin how as Dobe run clean through with his farm, and then went off to the barrens and married Dave Wiggin's datter, that wasn't fit fer to wipe the dirt off the Bensons' shoes. I told you how as I never set eyes on her to this day, and never will. And Dobe haint bin near the place sence I jest told him up and down not to come sneakin' round fer my money after the way he'd gone through his'n."

"I wish as yer little gal had 'a' lived. It'll be mighty lonely, jest us two."

"She'd 'a' bin eleven years old," said Mrs. Dutrow, softly. "She hed the bluest eyes, Kitty hed, and little brown curls a-peekin' up all over her head. I shouldn't wonder ef Kitty 'd a lived but what we'd be hevin' lively times every day and Sunday, too."

"I spec' as us and Dobe 'll be 'bout the only people that don't enjoy ourselves overmuch. At the 'sylum we allus hed fine times Christmas and New Year's. Ladies would be a-sendin' things by the bushels, ladies what remembered their was other people in the world 'ceptin' themselves."

"I think you'd better shet up fer awhile, Sary Jane; yer tongue's too long fer yer body."

"Must I beat the whites and the yallers sep'rate, mam?"

"Of course. As long as you've lived in this house, not to know that the whites and yallers is allus to be beat sep'rate. I don't hev no poor-house doin's round here."

All the afternoon Mrs. Dutrow and Sary Jane worked briskly, and the smell of good things grew stronger and stronger, then died gradually away to a faint deliciousness, as the cakes were stowed in pantry and store-room to await the coming festival.

"Supposin' we go to meetin' this evenin'?" proposed Mrs. Dutrow, as she pulled down her sleeves and deposited the kitchen apron in the table drawer. "I guess as the preachin' won't hurt neither of us."

The cheerful firelight greeted Mrs. Dutrow and Sary Jane as they came in with the snowflakes over bonnets and shawls.

"I'd no idea that it was goin' to snow," said the mistress, drawing her chair close up to the dining-room stove. "My ! but the new preacher knows how to talk."

"That he do!" cried Sary Jane, ecstatically. "Seemed as if he'd never git through."

"And you was a-noddin' yer head turrible. I thought as once he was a-goin' to say somethin' to you, that's why I giv' you a nudge. He speaks straight out; he makes things plainer than minister Rolfe. When he was speakin' 'bout forgivin' and forgittin', I said to myself: 'I'd like fer to know who's bin tellin' him 'bout me and Doby?' And then I sort o' fell to wonderin' how'd it be ef I was to hunt up Doby's folks fer the New Year's dinner."

"Law!" gasped Sary Jane. "Then, as I know, we wouldn't hev things layin' around wastin' fer weeks and weeks."

"I met Miss Wiggs after the meetin' and she smirked up to me and told me as how her brother John was a-comin' home

fer New Year. 'La!' says she, 'it's a pity you haint got nobody!' And I up and says: 'After a-hearin' that sermon you ought fer to know I *hev* got somebody, and I mind the day when not many a gal in Somerville would hev stuck her nose up at Dobe Benson. I reckon I can make room enough at the table fer *my* brother, too.'

"Law!" gasped Sary Jane, admiringly, "you didn't say all that?"

"Indeed, I did, and thought I to myself, mebbe as that gal down in the barrens is got more manners 'n some people as was brought up in Somerville. I never seen her, Sary Jane, and I aren't sayin' but when I see her once it mightn't be enough fer me; but I'm goin' fer to hev a New Year's party as well as the rest of the folks 'round here. I'm goin' to send fer the whole of 'em. I don't know how many there is, but poor people allus has a heap of children."

"Oh!" cried Sary Jane, "you aint only a jest thinkin' it and mebbe to-morrow as you'll let the subjee' drop?"

"Did you ever know me to let a subjee' drop? I think as sometimes you like to forgit you're from the poor-house."

This usually served as a quencher to Sary Jane's enthusiasm, but not to-night.

"Couldn't I give that blue hood that sticks way on the back o' my head to one of the children?"

"They aint fer to wear leavin's."

"But May White was a-tellin' me they was mighty poor."

"Ef you'd listened to the sermon 'stead of bobbin' yer head like a jumpin' jack you'd learned that money don't count fer everythin'. And ef they is poor they aint fer to wear leavin's."

"Then s'pose I was to giv them mittens that I bought down to the store with the quarter Mr. Miller would make me take when he eat his supper yer? They aint leavin's, 'cause I never could git 'em on."

"Hev they bin put away where they'd keep clean?"

"I keep 'em with my bead necklace and worked hand'chief; they'se all scented."

"Them mittens was intended fer a boy."

"Mebbe one of 'em is a boy."

"Well, if there's a boy you can ask him ef he will accept of 'em, but I don't want fer you to go and forgit that he's my nivvy and you come from the 'sylum."

"I wish we didn't hev three whole days fer to wait," sighed Sary Jane.

"How'll they git yer ef it snows?"

"You didn't imagine they was goin' to walk four and a half miles? Ef it snows I'll send the sleigh fer 'em, of course."

The New Year's sun rose over a snow-white world. The bells that rung the New Year in were echoed now by merry, jingling sleigh-bells. The Somerville folks were having a gay time of it; even "Miss Dutrow's" sleigh was on the road.

"They're a-comin'," cried Mrs. Polly. "You go to the door, Sary Jane, and don't grin so, or Dobe's wife 'll be a-takin' you fer me. Tell 'em as I'm in the parlor; Dobe 'll know the way. I want to make sure as the fire on the hearth is a-burnin'." Mrs. Dutrow had made sure of it half a minute before, but the coming of the forgiven Dobe and the unknown wife and all the children, for there was quite a number of small heads bobbing about the sleigh, kind of upset Doby's sister.

"Laws, Dobe! is that you?" she cried, blushing over her comely face, for Doby was bringing the unknown wife straight up to her. Well, she didn't wonder much that he had gone to the barrens to do his courting when she looked at the pretty, bashful little woman with the great, wistful brown eyes.

"You must 'a' hed Sam drivin' mighty hard to git here so soon." She couldn't think of anything else on earth to say.

"Mollie would like to thank you fer rememberin' the children," said Doby,



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modestly. He was always rather afraid of sister Polly, though he admired her more than any other woman in the world. "The way she sent me scootin' that day she thought I was a-comin' fer her money!" Doby had exclaimed, with a laugh that had a little pathos in it. "How sech a woman must 'a' managed old Dutrow!"

"Why didn't you say as how you wanted fer to tell her as how it was a little gal this time, and didn't come fer money?"

"Law! I couldn't; she'd shet me up so completely?"

"How many childern is there?" inquired Mrs. Polly, looking round.

"Five," answered Mrs. Doby, proudly; "four boys and one gal. Seemed as ef the gal took her time a-comin'."

"I like little gals the best," said Doby's sister, untying the brown veil from the small head. Two deep blue eyes looked straight into her own from under a mass of thick brown curls. "Why didn't you tell me 'bout *this'n*, Doby?" cried Mrs. Polly, tremulously. "You ought to 'a' told me 'bout *this'n*."

"I dunno as you ever gin me the chance, Polly."

"And what'd you go and name her, Doby?"

Doby shuffled his feet about uneasily. "I don't want as you shouldn't like it, but Mollie and me both thought as Kitty was the pertiest name we could find."

Sary Jane appeared at the doorway with the red mittens in her hand and was making mysterious signs to the oldest boy that the others mightn't see. But the sight of Mrs. Dutrow down on her knees, with her arms around the baby, actually crying, was too much for Sary Jane.

"I thought as we was goin' to hev nothin' but fun!" she blurted out, and then Sary Jane commenced crying, too; for there above Mrs. Dutrow's head was a pictured face whose wondering eyes looked right down on the new-comer.

"Ef she'd a-lived," said Sary Jane, "they'd 'a' bin twins—they're as like as two peas."

Well, the New Year's party was a success, and the whole village was shaken to its centre upon hearing that Doby had come home to help take care of the farm.

"But it's my opinion," said Deacon Brown, shaking his wise old head, "that Polly Dutrow is a-goin' to take ker of the lot of 'em, and it's a good thing fer Polly, and it's a good thing fer the lot of 'em."

L. R. BAKER.

## PIPSEY ON AUTHORSHIP.

No. 1.

A LITTLE miss, perhaps fourteen years old, called on us last evening with a sheet of note paper and a pencil—a nice little girl from the Union School, one whom we have often heard recite poetry at their public entertainments. We remembered her face and her head, set back so that the roar of her voice would go out all over the hall. Her voice is distinct, but there is no more emotion or pathos in it than there is in the noise made by sawing off a stick of stove wood. She makes a racket, though, and so does the sawyer, only we always think when the stick has to succumb it gives out a cry as it falls.

The girl had been on a visit to Indiana. Her family, delighted by her success before the public, believed she could write for the press, and an account of her "voyage" would make a fine magazine article and it would be a genteel way for Corinne to earn a little money.

All that she asked of us was that we would plan the article—have a beginning, a middle, and an ending, and would we please write a bit of romantic poetry to close up with. She would do all the rest—tell all about the journey in the cars; the cousin who lived twelve miles from the station meeting them with a covered carriage; of a party given in her honor; of a surprise party she attended while there; of the lay of the land; kind of soil; habits and customs of the people; characters whom she met; how she enjoyed herself, and of the journey homeward.

And the one special item was: How much would the remuneration be? She seemed to think a good deal more about that part of it than anything else.

Our advice was simply and honestly this: "Now, Sissey, you do what we say. Write it for a Friday afternoon essay at school. Don't go to putting on style, dear; see how few big words you can use; make it simple; be just as natural and as much your own self as you were when you came home from Indiana and

was telling papa and mamma all about your visit. And for the sake of little geographers you must tell about the rivers, where they rise and where they empty, or their confluence with other rivers; tell the population of the two or three cities you were in; if any great public institution is located therein, mention it; or if the residence of any man of national reputation, tell that, and don't make it too long. Be brief, bright, natural, concise. Read it in a clear, easy, conversational tone of voice, and if it holds attention and is well received, that is pay enough. You will be well recompensed, and you must be satisfied, and you will be sure that so far you are successful.

"That will be a very good beginning, dear, just as good as the greatest author in our land had when he began. Content yourself with pleasant school essays for many years at least. If there is a 'good time waiting' for you, never fear but it will come to you. And now, when you go home, write your essay and bring it to us, and if any corners need knocking off or smoothing down, we will do it gladly."

Now this little woman-child stands not alone; she has plenty of company; women twice and thrice her age know no better. Take this, for example, a letter of last summer:

— — — — —  
"DEAR MADAM:—Allow me to introduce myself to you as Miss I. G. Bunderhill, of — — —"

"Although a stranger, you do not seem to me as wholly a stranger. Through our mutual friend, Mrs. —, and from reading your communications to ARTHUR'S MAGAZINE and the *Farmer*, I feel as if I knew you somewhat.

"And there is a proposition I have to make. I have thought of making it for some time. I want to serve a sort of apprenticeship with some good writer, who is likewise a good housekeeper, in order



to myself become a practical author and housekeeper.

"I want to be where I can assist in the work and write for recreation, both. And I want to work *just enough* to pay for my board and for the trouble I would be while under your instructions. I might not need very much instruction in composing. I will tell you beforehand, that you may not be disappointed in me, that I am not strong, and could not do heavy work, but I want to be cultivating my muscles and likewise my intellectual powers. I want to increase both of them. All of my life I have had more brains than muscles.

"Now, in order to recuperate and improve, I want to be away from special friends who demand so much of me in the way of society. I want to try country life and country living, even if the solitude is somewhat irksome.

"In order not to disappoint you, I reiterate, *I am not strong*. I have too much brain for my physical strength. I would only want to try very light literary labor at first, such as short, romantic stories and episodes, and mayhap an occasional stanza, but I lose the gift of poesy by neglecting it.

"I never did housework, only setting the table, dusting the brick-a-brack, arranging the books and flowers, and sometimes ironing such articles of apparel as I could not trust to unsympathetic hands. I could not milk nor wash nor churn, and I never did dishwashing nor very much sweeping, although I would expect to keep my own room in order and wash up my own breakfast dishes—as I am not accustomed to rise earlier than ten o'clock. I cannot sleep like others do. I always have some one to make magnetic passes over my head for half an hour or longer when I retire at night. My appetite is generally very good. I likewise have good memory, so that would favor me while I would be under your instructions learning how to prepare manuscript for the press. Once telling would be all-sufficient, I am sure.

"So I thought while I was here in the city, with nothing much to do, I would communicate with you on this subject and see what you thought of my proposition. I graduated at — Seminary

with honor. Indeed, my dear Miss Potts, I flatter myself that you will not find me a very inapt student, and I wait with suspense your reply. I have the impression, dear Madam Potts, that you are a good housekeeper, and that your home is pleasant, and I am sure we would be good friends.

"I am a very confiding female. We would no doubt have many lovely hours together in which we would mutually entertain and help one another. I presume you have never lived in Boston. *I have*. I spent two years in that cultured city. I judge you are homebred from your communications. You could become polished, no doubt, in polished company, while 'rustic woodland ways' would not harm me. I anticipate that you keep a quiet horse and a carriage. I wish you would write soon and let me hear what you think of my proposition, and if we can make such an arrangement as I have spoken of, I will be very glad to spend a few weeks with you. Perhaps you had better take me one month on trial, then if we found it pleasant, and I would like to stay longer than one month, I could do so. I think I certainly should if the arrangements were agreeable, because if I begin on any such plan, I want to go on and become a well-paid author and a first-class housekeeper, understanding all branches and able to do whatever I have strength for. If you accede to this I may want to go next week or the week after that, if it would suit me, although I am not quite sure. It may be that some *certain* considerations will make me prefer to put it off for several weeks, or perhaps months.

"Which do you prefer, to have me come soon or wait awhile? Say till the first of October, when fruit and vegetables are all in their prime and gathered in, and garners are filled, and the glory of the autumn is in its wonderful beauty. I love to dwell upon the idea. I am full of anticipation and hopes, and look forward to the change with pleasure. I hope you are not past middle life. I don't like old age. I like the joyful heart, and peace and content, and long hours of converse when it seems that the earth has drawn her mantle around her and turned aside and left souls to commune with souls kindred and congenial

and of one spirit. I hope I shall like you, and that in me you will find one to love and comfort and minister unto.

"How shall I find you? Who will meet me? Is Pottsville on a railroad? Is it a cultured place? Have you citizens of any note or known reputation in your little burgh? Shall I bring manuscript paper and pencils by the quantity? Ink by the quart? Kitchen aprons by the half dozen? Sun hats by the pair? Shoes with strong soles? Will a carriage meet me? Let me hear. Address,

"Yours, very respectfully,  
"Miss I. G. BUNDERHILL."

We replied. Our answer was quite brief. We did not want any apprentice on such terms, nor on terms of any kind.

No; the carriage—which was a rumbling, old, loose two-horse wagon minus a tail-board—never was known to carry any of the Bunderhills to any of the Pottses.

Another letter from a little city miss in her early teens, like all the unterrified and uninitiated, troubled more about the remuneration than anything else:

"DEAR MISS POTTS:—Would you be so kind as to tell me what price per column is paid for literature commonly known to the ordinary reader as 'Love Stories'? I have been writing a few for sale. Just at a venture, I sent one to the ———, which was printed in the holiday number, I am told by the manager, although I never saw it myself.

"He wrote me and asked me what competency I desired, to which I replied that I did not know anything about the price paid for such pieces, but I would inquire and inform him. Mr. Hum told me to charge him five dollars. I did so, and he has never sent the money or written to me since.

"Did I charge him enough, do you think? Shall I leave my account with an attorney there, or what would you do about it?

"Please write and inform how such stories sell, and to whom I had better offer them; and, Miss Potts, please, say nothing about this. I could not stand the notoriety of being pointed out as an authoress and gazed at by the crowd of idlers and curiosity seekers.

"I will tell you in confidence that my pen name is 'Lilly of Violet Dell,' so you will recognize a sister whenever you see this name in print. Do not, prithee, divulge my secret.

"—— —"

We answered her letter frankly, cordially, kindly, and very honestly. We told her if her story was printed she could say more and better things of her first attempt than could even the poor Bronte sisters, the author of *John Halifax*, Christian Reid, Mrs. Southworth, or the persistent little Fannie Fern.

It was too bitter a dose to tell the truth its very plainest, it seemed cruel and harsh, and we smoothed it over by telling a little of our own experience.

Well, we had better not have spared the rod as we did, for in less than one month the poor little upstart wrote to us wanting to borrow one hundred dollars—just as if we ever had a hundred dollars at one time in our sorry life. She was going to have her love stories published in book form, and she and her little brothers would peddle them round through the city, and then hire a horse and buggy and canvass the country, and she had a wonderful fine, bright, glittering air castle built that reached away nearly to the clouds in midheaven.

As security for the loan she would give her two little brothers, lads who found an occasional job in the city; they would pay the debt in case of her death. She had fears that the unremitting toil, the constant strain on the nervous system, was undermining her health. She felt as if there was a grub in the bud. Or, if we desired more security, she would get the name of her grandmother to go on the paper with the brothers. Surely we knew her grandmother, Mrs. Lobelia Gribblings, the wife of the switch-tender at the city depot—people often saw her sitting in the little coop with her husband, and it was remarkable the resemblance she bore to Victoria, Queen of England. She may have been a little more robust, and had more color in her face, perhaps.

This last letter we did not answer at all.

A year or two since an editor in a city sent us a bundle of manuscript to read. It was beautifully gotten up, properly

done, and though we shrank from sparing the time, we called in our tenant's wife and Lily, and read aloud one of the stories. This was the plot—threadbare, worn out long ago: There was a pair of lovers. A dashing young fellow came between them, separated them, and ran away with the girl and married her. Piqued, lover number one married. Both had families. Her husband died. Her son, in another State, married the daughter of number one. The widdy went to visit them. Train ran off the track and killed a woman who was a passenger. Her husband, sitting beside her, had an arm broke; remained unconscious; widdy tended him. First word he spoke when he regained consciousness was to murmur the name of the widdy when she was a girl. Surprised, she brushed back his hair from his pearly brow, and behold! it was her long lost, always beloved Alphonso De Mare! He made haste and got through mourning for his wife, and then up in alacrity and wed the widdy. Long life and prosperity attended the romantically reunited ones. They rode in a top carriage, and wore silk and broadcloth, and ate good things, and dispensed of their means with lavish hands, and they subscribed for lots of magazines and papers, and paid for them willingly, and were happy evermore.

The editor asked our opinion. Now all great things have small beginnings. The girl was young. Perhaps she only needed years of sun and shower, trials, sorrows, self-denial, hoping against hope, to make her ripen into a grand womanhood. We said so. We told him to encourage her, tell her not to feel too independent and smart and think she was an exception to the general rule. Her health was poor, and she took tonics and morning walks, and stood out on the veranda and inhaled fresh air, and her mother washed on the sly for some of the lady boarders at the hotel and paid for her medicines.

Editor wrote back soon, and said he

had offered her local work on his paper, and she had declined. She wanted fame. She knew by the yearnings of her spirit that the great thoughts within, struggling for utterance, would startle the literary world. Would not we, who had won fame, tell her how to get inside of the ring, the charmed circle. There must be some secret spring.

We wrote her as an elder sister. We said the world was wide and full of opportunities. If she was one of the elect she would know it in due time. It would not "down." No chains could hold it. Meantime, learn to have a quiet heart—loving, kind, willing, humble, ready to find lessons in everything; glad to help others, no matter how lowly the work. If her health was not good, make it good. If it was lost for all time, the key that would unlock the treasures found in this world was lost. Industry means genius, genius means industry, and they are inseparably linked together. No lazy man or woman will ever succeed in authorship. He must drudge. She must submit to real drudgery, and she will love it so dearly that her heart and her hands cannot let go of it. It is delightful drudgery. We said if the ear mark is upon you, go on in any cheerful way you please; your heart will hold a certain sort of joy all the time that is better than crowns and jewels—joy, perhaps, because God gave you a poet's eyes, and you see everything at its best and its most beautiful. All this, even though you be raising fowls for the market or for pleasure; even though you be peddling pins and needles and buttons and corn cure from door to door; taking in washings, or going out as day or night nurse—your delightful studies will be progressing, and you will be growing in grace and experience, and every day thanking God that you live, and that you feel the true fire of authorship burning in your heart like a "live coal from off the altar." Life's full completeness will be maturing.

PIPSEY POTTS.

## BOYS AND GIRLS.

### GRANDMA'S ENCOUNTER WITH A BUGBEAR.

"**A** FRAID to go up-stairs in the dark!" said Bob Morris; "if that isn't just like a girl! Now, that's what I call downright silly!"

Poor Betty's lips began to quiver, and grandma, seeing there was about to be a shower, said—

"Well, now, children, that reminds me of a story."

Frowns and tears alike disappeared as the children gathered around grandmother's chair in delighted anticipation, and so she began:

"When I was a little girl I was very foolish and silly—indeed, a great deal more so than Betty—and the evening was a time of great trial to me. My brothers and sisters were all a good deal older than I. And we were no sooner gathered around the fire in the evening, than they would begin to say: 'O sis! run up and get us some corn to pop,' 'Bring me my slippers, little one,' or 'Run down and get me some apples, there's a good girl!' I was an obliging little thing, and had not the heart to refuse, and so I would go in fear and trembling, and come running back pale and breathless; for all the dark places—cellar, garret, long, shadowy hall, and bedroom—had their terrors for me.

"I had never told my fears to any one, for my mother was too busy to have much time to talk quietly with me, and as for my brothers and sisters, they would have laughed at my troubles.

"That dear old kitchen! I can remember just how pleasant it looked in the winter evenings.

"My mother usually sat knitting or sewing by the light of a candle at a little stand, and the children gathered around the hearth, popping corn, eating butternuts, roasting apples, and telling stories.

"To all this I was obliged to say farewell at seven o'clock precisely. Our bedrooms never knew the warmth of a fire, and the bare, painted floors were only

covered here and there with a strip of rag-carpeting for a rug. Having said my prayers at my mother's knee, I bounded up the narrow stairway by the faint light from below, and sprang into bed. The door was left open a 'little crack' until I was supposed to be asleep, then it closed, and all communication was cut off. Children have their trials and discipline as well as grown people.

"And the door was shut." For many years I never heard that portion of the parable of the foolish virgins without a vivid picture of that fireside with all light and warmth, and the cold sense of banishment coming over me as then.

"About this time I read a story which took strong hold of my fancy. I do not remember the title, but it was about a boy who was naturally timid and who determined to overcome his foolish fears and be very brave. The way in which all his hobgoblins melted into thin air, or proved to be some old familiar objects seen in a new light when he marched up to them, was very amusing and encouraging. This story made a deep impression upon me, and I resolved not to be outdone by this boy.

"I now began to discipline myself to go about alone in the dark, and if I saw anything which looked mysterious, to go boldly up to and examine it.

"There was a closet opening out of my room, and one night, after I had gone to bed, I saw that the door was open, and just inside there seemed to be standing a tall, queer-shaped old woman. Though I was very much frightened, I hesitated but for a moment, then jumped up and ran toward the closet, thinking, whatever she might be, I would slam the door in her face and shut her in; but as I came near to her, I saw that my old woman was nothing but a big, portly rag-bag hanging from a nail; over this hung a stiff 'log cabin sun bonnet' with a long cape, and beneath the bag protruded an old pair of boots.

"Many a laugh did my brothers and sisters have over my 'old woman,' when



I told them about her. Tom named her 'Mrs. Tripit,' and said 'he thought she was remarkably well developed for a lady who fed entirely upon "cold pieces,"'

"A few experiences like this gave me great courage, but the worst was yet to come. One warm summer night I had been out to play with a friend, and coming home late, had gone to bed very tired. It must have been in the middle of the night that I woke with a start—perhaps from a bad dream—and saw a tall, white object at my bedside. In the dim starlight I could not exactly distinguish the outlines, but it would advance and recede, and then stand still. It was a mysterious appearance, and well calculated to frighten a child, and my first impulse was to cover my head with the bed-clothes, but that I had resolved never to do again.

"Now is the time to be brave,' I said to myself, and though my heart seemed to stand still, and I grew cold from fear, yet with a resolution which even now I look back upon with wonder, I gathered myself up and sprang at the object. Whatever it was, I determined to do battle. Before I reached the floor, the mystery was made clear to me. There was a terrible crash, and the voice of my mother from below called: 'My child! what has happened?'

"Nothing,' I answered, 'I only fell over a chair, that's all.'

"Yes, it was only an old high-backed rocking-chair, over which a sheet had been laid to air, and the summer night wind had gently waved its long folds to and fro, and out of this my fears had conjured a strange and ghostly figure. As I clambered back into bed, half crying with the pain of my bumps and bruises, and half laughing in the excitement of triumph, I resolved that in future the darkness should have no terror for me."

"And how about Mrs. Tripit?" said Bob.

"Well," said grandma, "Mrs. Tripit and I were on very intimate terms for a long time. Many a piece of faded ribbon for my dolls, and many a scrap of bright calico for my patch-work, was furnished me by her. And I soon came to regard her in the light of an old, familiar friend. But one day on my return from a visit, I

was met by Tom with the announcement that 'he had very sad news for me.' Tom was a regular tease, and I knew by the twinkle in his eye—in spite of his long face—that it was nothing very serious.

"Has anything happened to Bella?" (my doll) I inquired.

"No, sis," he said, solemnly. 'It's Mrs. Tripit! You must be prepared to see her greatly changed. It's all the fault of that rascal the tin-peddler; he came here in your absence and has stolen her heart away. And now, alas! she's but the wreck of her former self'

"He escorted me to the closet door, and sure enough, there was poor Mrs. Tripit, sun-bonnet, boots, and all, but her once well-rounded form was in a state of collapse, and she had a forlorn and dejected look. It was mournful and yet laughable to see.

"Never mind, sis," said Tom, 'she'll pick up and come round again if she has the right kind of diet.' And with that we slammed the door, and ran away laughing heartily—hard-hearted children that we were.

"And now, my dears, it's time for you to go to bed."

"Oh! dear; is that all?" said the children.

"Yes," said grandma, "that is the last I remember of Mrs. Tripit, and with her faded away the last bugbear of my childhood."—*Christian at Work.*

#### "HOME-MADE SONGS."

**B**ENNY BRINGLE and his little sister Junie had a great many things to love. There were Barker Bringle and Ketcham Bringle, the great shaggy dog and the white kittie. Then there were the ponies and the doves and the garden and the play-house and—well—ever and ever so many things besides.

But better than all did they love the happy hour at twilight when they had papa or mamma, and sometimes both, all to themselves, with liberty to call for stories, songs, games or any amusement they happened to choose.

The hour was *every bit* their own, and if there was anything left untold that ever happened to papa or mamma "once upon a time," then their lives must have

been *all* events, they thought, with no spaces between for quiet or rest; for, oh! there were so many, many stories they never could count them, and all just as true as could be.

And the songs they loved, too, especially mamma's "home-made songs"—true songs, all about their own sayings and doings, which she often gave them, sometimes at a moment's notice. Papa laughingly said she sang "regardless of rhyme or reason;" but mamma declared there were always plenty of reasons and sometimes a few rhymes.

The children thought there never could be anything more comforting after an accident or a disappointment than to be rocked and loved by mamma and listen to her cheery voice as she sang a jingling account of the whole sad affair and made the laugh come in spite of lingering sobs.

When Benny went flying down hill last winter on his bright new sled with the little silver bells, and went bounding over a bump in the path, which turned him over into a snowdrift and made him look like a snow-boy, he *tried* to be brave and "never mind," but his bruised forehead did ache, and the little bells were jammed, and there was a long scratch on the new sled, and when he and anxious old Barker came rushing into the house, cold and snowy, the tears would come, and keep coming, till mamma caught him up in her arms and sung it all over to him as they swayed back and forth in the big chair by the fire.

The long song came to an end with many a repetition of—

Ting a-ling dingle,  
Went little Ben Bringle,  
So swiftly along o'er  
The snow,  
The white snow.

But oh! what a jingle!  
A smash-up and tingle!  
As into the snowbank  
Head first  
He did go,  
Right over and over  
Did go.

Benny couldn't help laughing as over and over he found himself rolled, quickly but gently, from mamma's lap to the carpet, even little Junie joining in the sport and the chorus of "Over, and over,

and over did go," while Barker kept time with his wagging bushy tail.

It has been one of his favorites ever since and never fails to please him; but Junie, who dearly loves flowers and has many queer fancies about them, thinks her "Little Blue Song" the "bess one."

One day down by the brook she discovered two tiny violets peeping out of the grass all alone. A few days later the border of the brook was thickly strewn with them, but now there were only these two to be seen.

Never in her life, and she was almost three years old, had she seen such dear little blue flowers; but she knew what they were, for there was a cluster of them in a painted picture that hung near her little bed, and mamma had often told her how she used to find them growing by the water in the soft, short grass, when she was a child.

Mamma heard the joyous cry, "O vi-lets! pretty vi-lets! I love 'ou, 'ittle f'owers!" and saw her Junie—looking like a violet herself with her soft blue dress and eyes as clear and blue as the sky—dropped down among the ferns and grass, clasping the violets in her chubby hands, talking and questioning and answering for them. Wonderful conversations she had with flowers as well as dolls. They all seemed living, loving friends to her.

That night when she asked for "just one song more," mamma surprised and delighted her by saying: "I found a new one to-day—a 'Little Blue Song' I call it. See if you can tell where I found it." Then she sang, as they sat together in the willow rocker—

Two merry, blessed blue eyes,  
Looking all around,  
Saw two sweet little violets  
Growing on the ground.  
Two little, dimpled hands caught  
The little flowers blue,  
One blue-eyed girlie whispered:  
"O vi-lets! I love 'ou."  
Then raised their wee heads lightly,  
And smiled at her so brightly!  
The little violets blue.  
Then sing! oh! sing of flowers—  
Of smiling violets blue.

Oh! then the violet's bright smile  
Made the violet eyes—  
Like open blue blossoms—  
Widen with surprise.

And two red lips piped: "Oh! did  
'Ou get 'ourself so blue  
Jus' looking up at God's sky?  
Say, did 'ou, vi'lets, true?"  
The wee heads nodded, "Surely,  
That's why we are so purely,  
So beautifully blue."  
Then sing! oh! sing of flowers,  
Like skies of heavenly blue.

"O mamma! 'ou heard me!" said shy little Junie, with a pink flush, when the song was ended. "'At's a *pretty* song—an' the vi'lets *did* tell me, mamma—but 'ey didn't say *jus' 'ose words*, mamma." Mamma clasped her closer, thankful for the truthful little heart that would not let her Junie claim even a *word* as her own unless it really was so.

"No, dear, but it means the same," she began, but Benny interrupted in an injured tone: "O *mamma!* Why *didn't* you say she fell in the brook, or wet her feet, or was naughty and wouldn't come home, or—*something*, just as you always do in *my* songs?"

Then they had to laugh, Benny and all, for they knew his faculty of getting into scrapes.

"Well, I *suppose* I am glad she *didn't* get wet or naughty, but, say, mamma, will you sing my 'Brown Song'? I don't care if it does make fun of me. Say, will you, please?"

"Some other time, Benny. The clock is striking and we must be off for dream-land. Come, say good-night to papa and let's go."

FRANCES H. P.

#### A STORY FOR GIRLS.

WHAT ONE LITTLE GIRL DID.

WELL, in the very beginning of this story, she played eavesdropper. She did not mean to at all; but while her mamma was entertaining a caller in the front parlor, she stole softly into the back parlor to get a beloved story-book, and the lady's voice was so very sweet and musical that she lingered a moment to listen, and this is what she heard her say:

"Yes; I have found a full dozen of little girls who have never had a doll in all their lives."

Bessie went out into the hall and up to her snug little play-room, full of a great surprise and pity, and saying to

herself: "Little girls who never had a doll—a dozen of them! Why, that was twelve;" two more than she could count on her dimpled fingers. "Poor little girls! How did they live, and what did they play with?"

Bessie almost wished she had stayed to hear what else the lady said about it, and the more she thought of what she had heard, the more her pity and wonder grew. Why, she, Bessie, had played with dolls ever since she could remember! The story book was forgotten while she sat in her willow rocker, and looked around the room at her beloved family. There was Mollie, her first doll, and perhaps the best loved of all, in spite of her worn and battered appearance, for Mollie had passed through many and varied experiences; but if her beauty was a thing of the past, her constitution was still strong, and she bade fair to hold her place for years to come.

Next to her sat in stately pride Florine, the lady doll, in silk array. She was very large and waxen fair; and near her was Lily Bell, with a china complexion, which defied sun, wind, or water to spoil. She had bright blue eyes, and was such a good-natured looking doll that no one could help loving her.

Then there was Topsy—comical, ink-faced Topsy, who was the life of the house—beside several smaller dolls who were called "the children," and need no description.

Bessie looked at them all with a new interest, for this thought had come into her mind, Suppose she should give one of them to a little girl who never had a doll? but then, there would be eleven still without.

She was a reserved child and did most of her thinking for herself, and after a little she solved the problem. If only she could get eleven girls to join her in her charity, then all those forlorn little ones would be provided for, and she would speak to her comrades at the Kindergarten about it. So the very next day the plan was described to a group of interested listeners, who instantly began mentally to make a selection from their treasures—all but Nellie Ray, who said:

"I can't possibly spare one of my own, but I'll buy one to give."

"O Nellie!" said Bessie, "if you go an'

get a new out-an'-outer, I'm 'fraid it'll make ours look shabby!"

"Oh! I won't get a real splendid one, you know, an' I'll dress her in some of my Angeline's clothes; she's got *such* a lot."

So the meeting was adjourned till the next day, and then Bessie was ready with the rest of the plan.

"You're all to come to my house at four o'clock, and bring the dolls. I talked to mamma all about it last night, and she said that would be best, and then we could pack them, and she'll take them her own self to the lady that knows all the little girls. Won't that be lovely?"

It was no wonder that school hours seemed long that day, or that the usually fascinating studies grew dry and uninteresting; and when the children were at last dismissed, twelve little pairs of feet almost flew homeward, so eager were their owners to begin their last dressing and adorning of the selected dollies. Bessie was very busy, not only with Lily Bell's toilet, but all the other dolls must be made fit to receive company, who were critical in the extreme. But Mrs. Ward had said:

"Kathie, there are some little girls coming here, and you may show them into the back parlor. I am going out, but will be home in time to care for them after that."

And when her mamma was gone, Bessie, who was too excited to sit still and watch the slow minutes tick themselves away, sought out Kathie, and poured into her willing ears all of the delightful plan. Kathie's warm Irish heart was stirred to its very depths.

"Jist listen to the loikes av that now!" said she. "Shure, Miss Bessie, ye're a born angel for thinkin' av it at all, at all thin; an' all the rist for hilpin' ye'es; an' it's meself 'll be deloighted to wait on the dure!"

And as the children came one after the other, she beamed on them in a way that won her many an answering smile.

At last all were there—the round dozen—and all in eager chat as Mrs. Ward entered the room. The merry hum ceased for a moment, and then began again as she sat down, and taking the dolls in her lap, listened to their histories.

"And now," she said, "we'll go up to my room with them."

And so they all trooped up the broad, winding stairway, giving the dolls many a loving squeeze as the time of parting drew near at hand. Mrs. Ward opened a box and took from it a package of white cards, and taking her pen, said:

"Now, I think it will be well to write each doll's name on one of these and pin it on her, and then she won't have to have a new name as well as a new home."

A chorus of approval greeted this, and Bessie patted her mother's arm, saying:

"How mammas *do* think of nice things!"

Mrs. Ward wrote for a minute, and then read this aloud:

"This dollie's name is Lily Bell. The sender hopes you will be very kind to her, and love her, as she has done."

They all agreed that the message could not be improved; and very soon Lily Bell was ticketed and laid on the bed, where she was speedily joined by the others. Then Bessie's mamma brought out from a closet a roll of tissue paper and a large paste-board box, and left the girls to do the packing. If any tears were dropped in no one noticed it, and the dolls were almost hallowed by farewell kisses from pure, unselfish lips.

After all was done, Bessie said:

"Mamma is going to take it to the lady this very night, and in the morning she will go to all the little girls; and now come see my other dolls."

In a little while Kathie appeared at the door, saying:

"The missus says for ye'es all to coom down to the dinin'-room."

Bessie was as much surprised as any one at this summons, and still more so when she surveyed the long table set out with several kinds of fruit, sandwiches, macaroons, and a large frosted cake, while a little bouquet of flowers lay by each of the dozen plates.

"Oh! oh! you *are* just the nicest mamma!" said Bessie, stopping to give her a hug and a kiss before she sat down.

Mrs. Ward and Kathie waited on them, and it was hard to tell who of the little party was the happiest; but perhaps the crown of joy belonged to the one whose generous little heart had first decided to give up one of its own treasures.

LILLIAN GREY.



## EVENINGS WITH THE POETS.

### NOT AS I WILL.

**B**LINDFOLDED and alone I stand,  
With unknown thresholds on each  
hand ;

The darkness deepens as I grope,  
Afraid to fear, afraid to hope ;  
Yet this one thing I learn to know  
Each day more surely as I go,  
That doors are opened, ways are made,  
Burdens are lifted or are laid  
By some great law unseen and still,  
Unfathomed purpose to fulfill,  
"Not as I will."

Blindfolded and alone I wait ;  
Loss seems too bitter, gain too late ;  
Too heavy burdens in the load,  
And too few helpers on the road ;  
And joy is weak and grief is strong,  
And years and days so long, so long !  
Yet this one thing I learn to know  
Each day more surely as I go,  
That I am glad the good and ill  
By changeless law are ordered still,  
"Not as I will."

"Not as I will !" the sound grows sweet  
Each time the words my lips repeat.  
"Not as I will," the darkness feels  
More safe than light when this thought  
steals

Like whispered voice to calm and bless  
All unrest and all loneliness.

"Not as I will," because the One  
Who loved us first and best has gone  
Before us on the road, and still  
For us must all His love fulfill—  
"Not as we will ?"

HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

### AN IMITATION.

A YOUTHFUL POEM COMPOSED ON THE DEATH  
OF A FRIEND.

**W**HEN winter drear has worn away,  
And summer days are come again  
Then every night upon the glen,  
Then every night the shadow men,

With ladies trimly dight and gay,  
Will trip to South-wind's roundelay ;  
And, in deep nooks, will garlands lay—  
When summer days are come again.

But tho' the winter wears away  
And summer days do waken then ;  
One footstep ne'er will sound again,  
One voice ne'er will answer when  
I call thro' all the grassy way.  
One shadow, stretching dark and gray,  
The sunny hours will dim for aye ;  
Tho' summer days do come again.

GRACE ADELE PIERCE.

### A SPIRIT-GUARDIAN.

**I** THINK that through the dismal night  
A Spirit robed in purest white  
Is walking, veiled from mortal sight :

A figure which I cannot see,  
And yet its hand all tenderly  
Is in my own, and leadeth me.

I cannot see it, yet I know  
The Spirit by my side ; and lo,  
Its light is with me as I go !

An inward light of love and peace  
That follows me, and will not cease,  
But strengthens with a fond increase :

A light that sometimes, when my fears  
Are blinding me with mist and tears,  
Like an unclouded east appears.

And though I stray in lands unknown,  
That Spirit-hand within my own  
Will never let me feel alone.

For, when the way is dark and long,  
And spectre-forms around me throng,  
To still my laugh and hush my song—

When through a weary desert land  
I falter, and can scarcely stand,  
I feel the comfort of that hand.

What though there spreads a mist to hide  
The figure walking at my side,  
The gulf is neither deep nor wide ;

But when at last my journey done,  
Shall bring the setting of the sun,  
And end of labors now begun,

I think the close of life will be  
A sundered veil, when I may see  
The Spirit-Guardian leading me.  
ARTHUR L. SALMON.

## HOME CIRCLE.

### NEW YEAR THOUGHTS.

The old year is dead. We have covered its face,  
And whispered farewell o'er its bier,  
We have given a sigh o'er the hopes that are  
lost,  
And shed for its sorrows a tear.

The old year is dead ; and the new one comes,  
With its promise of hope and cheer ;  
Let our hearts be brave, and our faces glad.  
To welcome the bright New Year.

**W**HAT will it bring us ? This is the involuntary thought that arises in almost every heart. What will it bring ? Happiness or sorrow, health or pain, contentment or disappointment, toil or rest ?

How many are the hopes and fears that spring up as the New Year stands before us, with close-shut hands, holding its gifts from our eager gaze, only to be disclosed as the fingers of each month open slowly in their turn, to drop their portion of good or ill into our waiting lives. How anxiously we scan his face to see if it be that of a friend.

Those whose lives are bright—who are looking forward to a happy future, o'er whose horizon the sunshine of hope already throws its brilliant rays, can sing with a favorite poet—

"O good New Year! we clasp  
This warm shut hand of thine."

They clasp it hopefully, without fear of its frowns, but longing for the unfolding of its fingers, to receive the coveted gifts.

And those who are fearful—whose feet falter and whose spirits quail at thought of trials which they know are in store, would exclaim:

"O New Year, give us faith!  
The road of life is hard"—

faith and courage and strength to work with heart and hand. For to sit waiting and longing for its possible blessings, or shrinking with dread from its expected trials, is not the way in which to meet it or to gain what it may have in store. We are to go forth with strong hearts and ready hands and will, to work for the desired objects or to avoid that which is undesirable.

We are to put our shoulders to the wheel of life and labor faithfully, each in our appointed sphere, and a reward shall be ours according to our merits, if we do not receive here that which we crave the most.

"Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life"—a crown more precious than any of the jeweled ones of earth, so prized and sought for—a crown given without price, yet hard to win. For it is a difficult thing to be faithful at all times, even though we have started out with every good resolution. Often we grow careless and are drawn off by worldly pleasures, which, if indulged in too much, become hindrances to earnest work, or by the enticements of luxurious ease, so that we are not faithful to duty. Or sometimes our feet grow weary and our hearts faint, and we bend beneath the weight of cares and troubles, and finally feel tempted to give up the struggle for the promised crown.

There is so much comprised in being faithful. We should have faith in the worthiness of whatever work or cause we engage in, and then devote our best energies and efforts to it, if we would succeed.

We should have trust in the higher power for help and guidance in all undertakings, and then let no trifling thing, no

evil influence, turn us aside, if it is a work for good. We must have the bravery to stand firm in the face of difficulties and opposition, turning neither to the right nor the left.

Yet still there are times of despondency, when, although feeling the importance of all these things, and striving to walk in the right way, doing faithful service, many become discouraged and grow almost despairing. Our best efforts have resulted in *seeming* failure, or our undertakings are censured by others. Our paths are crossed by opposing influences, or we are hedged in by obstacles which make it impossible to accomplish what we wish. Or health and strength fail and our lives seem going down into darkness. Then courage dies and faith even falters, unless we have the strong impetus of hope in our natures.

Therefore we should pray—

"Oh! hang some lamp-like hope  
Above the unknown way,  
Kind year, to give our spirits freer scope,  
And our hearts strength to work while it is day."

"But if the way must slope  
Tombward, oh! bring before our fading eyes  
The lamp of life—the hope that never dies."

And since we cannot see what lies before us, let us take this new year by the hand trustingly, willing to be led through prosperity or pain, whichever it must be, ready to make the best we can of it.

And may we who have so long held a place in the pages of the "HOME MAGAZINE" together, walk side by side through another twelve months cycle, striving to work for the good of others—to uplift some sinking soul, to strengthen and cheer some weary one, or arouse some weak or erring one to better endeavors. And whatever the year brings, resolve to

"Hold out patient hands each in his place,  
And trust thee to the end."

— LICHEN.

#### HOME COMFORTS IN RENTED ROOMS.

**A**RIE BELLE and myself have been looking after the flowers for the south window in our "den," as we find it one of our necessities to have a few bright blossoms show their face in dreary winter. We must spend many hours in our small second-story back room, conse-

quently we grasp eagerly at all *cheap* pleasures and pretty things.

A friend in the country, after taking up and potting for the winter blooming her chrysanthemums, sent us in October a fine white double-flowered *Indorum Plenissimum*, a magnificent *Ben d'Or*, full of buds, promising a great, abundant supply of large yellow chrysanthemums. She also sent some pompon or Japanese varieties, lilac, crimson, violet, rose, and amber. She sent direct from the greenhouse a *Polanthus* rose, full of dwarf, sweet-scented blossoms, a *Jean d'Arc*, a white geranium, a double-flowered, ivy-leaved one with bright, gay flowers, and a chrome yellow, new variety.

Mrs. Curle also potted in early autumn a *Candidus* and a Bermuda lily bulb, with half dozen double hyacinths, pink, white, and blue, that she tells us will bloom in the coming February.

Our home-made flower stand is quite full of window plants that are finely started in pots large enough to allow them to grow and thrive. *Arie Belle* has painted the clay pots a salmon color, with a gold band at the top one-quarter an inch wide, and glazed them with white shellac. These pots are much admired, being something a little different from any flower pots we have ever noticed. The shellac makes them water-proof.

My English ivy drooped sadly, until I put in the bottom of a larger pot a little sand, then a piece of beefsteak (not fit for cooking) chopped fine, and filled it with rich prepared soil, cow manure, and leaf mold, then set the spindling ivy in it, watering it twice every week with cold coffee. Under this queer treatment it grew thriftily, green, and swiftly, and is now a thing of beauty.

We have indulged in the extravagance of making a few pots of pear preserves, which show beautifully in glass pots, in sirup honey clear. For each pound of granulated sugar, we measured one and a half pound fruit, selecting firm pears, and removing the blossom end, then, packing the pots with the fruit, we poured in sugar until every crevice between the pears are filled, set the pots in a vessel of cold water upon the stove, let them heat gradually, adding more sugar until the pots are full of sirup; when the pears are tender remove the cans and seal.

Arie has just finished three pretty cream-colored cotton aprons, which take starch beautifully, the material being flour sacks, coarse muslin, and trimmed with ric rac in different patterns.

A neighbor tossed over the fence twenty of these two hundred and fifty pound flour sacks, saying contemptuously to Arie:

"I've never had time to fool with such coarse things. I detest such small economies; there's nothing little or stingy about me. I've never yet worn a garment made from a flour sack. It will do for those who don't value their time."

Arie has also made a very pretty pair of pillows from these same flour sacks, and trimmed them with a pretty crocheted edge, done in our "resting" spells, and as "pick up" work when company came in.

I have just finished a house dress of plum-colored cashmere which has been worn both summer and winter for the past four years. The trimming was satin which was too much worn to use again in a dress. The cashmere was faded in streaks upon the right side. It was not worth coloring, so I cleaned and brushed it nicely. Upon a nicely fitting basque lining I formed from pieces a deep shirred yoke, made a tight-fitting back and a loose shirred front; then gathered upon this basque four straight widths of the cashmere. As it lacked in skirt-length, a ruffle was pieced out and sewed on to the bottom. Large ornamental buttons, so old as to be in style now, gave it a stylish look; a belt confined the front of the waist; and no one guesses it to be such a pieced-up affair.

We have been renovating old hosiery. It pays to do it, when the feet wear out and the legs are good; and now that the worn heels and toes can be cut out and soles of another color can be neatly sewed in, it is an easy matter to add a top of a contrasting color. It is the work of a few moments and the result is a neat-looking pair of stockings and no expense.

Arie is delicate; her left lung is considerably involved, and being a working girl with small wages, she thinks it best not to stint in warm under-flannel or overshoes. Her flannel under-garments are cut combination fashion, and for every-day wear made of gray flannel,

trimmed with a pretty gray zephyr edge.

The flannel is washed at least twice and carefully pressed, before making up. Flannel is expensive, but it means life and health for the delicate. Better save in the garments worn for ornament than in warm underwear.

We have been using shellac for polishing various ornaments, picture frames, baskets, etc.; for white or light wood or articles the white shellac makes a beautiful hard polish and is prepared by dissolving a lump of white shellac in alcohol; break up lump large as an egg into small pieces and put into a bottle of alcohol (containing one-half pint).

A white holly bracket and jewel case, very much discolored, was successfully "doctored" by being first polished with sandpaper until white and fresh looking, and then rubbed with the diluted white shellac. Two coats were given them with a light brush. We have also been "ebonizing" a pretty wall pocket made from cigar boxes, which a little boy friend of ours with a scroll saw sawed in neat pattern.

The boxes were largest sized ones. After the labels were washed off we scrubbed the pieces selected for use with logwood dye—one gallon soft water, and ten cents worth of dye boiled until thoroughly dissolved. Apply the dye with a blacking brush; then dry; then dye again until the wood is black as ebony. Lastly polish with sandpaper or pumice stone until it shines satin smooth. With a little expense, if one likes to work in woods, so many beautiful articles for home adornments can be made. For three dollars one can buy a scroll saw which girls may use to good advantage as well as boys. ELLA GUERNSEY.

#### MISS SOPHRONIA'S DEFENSE.

ONE snowy evening in January the Committee appointed to collect funds for the new school-house in a thriving New England village had met at the dwelling of Farmer Goodyear, one of the trustees of the school.

The money for the building had by dint of perseverance and the usual pros and cons been collected and the founda-



tion walls up, when some public-spirited reformer made a suggestion which would involve more expense at the time of building, but furnish something which the neighborhood had dimly recognized as being needed. This suggestion was, that the building should be a story higher than had been contracted for, the upper room to be used as a hall for lectures, entertainments, and other meetings, thus leaving the desks and benches in the school-room undisturbed, to the saving of vexation and labor. Hence the meeting at Farmer Goodyear's.

Everybody acknowledged it to be a pleasant place to transact business, for Mr. Goodyear, though having the reputation of always looking out for the main chance, was genial and hospitable, and his wife was an easy-tempered soul, who thought her husband's opinions right under all circumstances; so the comfortable chairs were seldom vacant when the Committee happened to meet at Farmer Goodyear's.

Upon the clawfooted table in front of the blazing hearth stood an astral lamp, which cast its mellow light upon a large waiter of rosy-cheeked apples and another of cracked shellbarks, both grown upon the Goodyear farm, and to which the guests helped themselves as freely as though under their own vine and fig-tree.

Under such benign auspices conversation never flagged, though inclined to wander from the subject in hand to the news of the neighborhood. This topic would have monopolized the time had not the good company been sharply called to order by Miss Sophronia Goodyear, cousin of the host, who for the last quarter of a century had been the village schoolmistress.

The elderly residents of the neighborhood remembered that when all were young Dame Rumor asserted that Miss Sophronia would not have been averse to becoming Mrs. Goodyear, although her Cousin Richard was not then a landholder, and had been raised in her father's family, being an orphan and poor. This gossip Miss Sophronia scornfully denied at the time and never alluded to afterward, so the subject had died a natural death.

By slow degrees the list of those to be called upon for another contribution was

about completed, and Miss Sophronia awaited, pencil in hand, to hear if there were any more.

"Now we have almost overlooked Mrs. Pendleton," remarked the host, reflectively. "She gave to the first collection, and ought to give again, but I have no call to say that she would."

"And less call to say that she would not, Cousin Richard," said Miss Sophronia, sharply, as she adjusted her glasses and gazed severely through them at Mr. Goodyear; "she gives according to her means, and cannot nor ought not do any more."

"But it appears to me her means ought to be pretty considerable; the whole family are always well dressed."

"Because they are that style of people. Garments that some persons—who have no more means than they—would cast aside, Mrs. Pendleton and her daughters turn and press and furbish up until they appear like new."

"Mrs. Pendleton is a master hand at fixing up," remarked Mrs. Pettigrew, as she pared her second apple, "and for that reason ought to have more to give toward helping to improve the neighborhood."

"And according to that way of reasoning, those who have more money, but neither taste nor talent for making the best of what they possess, are not expected to give so much."

"I have had no experience at debating societies, as you have, Miss Sophronia, so do not see my way clear to answer," said Mrs. Pettigrew, as she concentrated her rather bewildered faculties upon the apple she was carefully divesting of core and seeds.

"It appears to me that Mrs. Pendleton gets a new bonnet every winter," remarked the wife of Squire Gildersleeve. "I have worn mine for three winters, and I don't know but I look as well as Mrs. Pendleton."

"There is one difference," replied Miss Sophronia, dryly; "Mrs. Pendleton has worn her black velvet every winter since she has been in the neighborhood, which has been six years, and all of that time I have boarded with her and have the right to know. But every season it is picked to pieces, and for a few pennies is made over by her deft fingers into the prevailing fashion. She is one who considers it

a part of her Christian duty to appear in as respectable garb as she can command."

"But she got a new muff this winter," said Mrs. Pettigrew, coming to the aid of her vanquished ally. "I should have felt a call to save that money for some benevolent purpose, like helping the poor or something."

"Perhaps so; but the muff was given to her by a relative, and being warm and pretty, she was foolish enough to wear it."

"Her daughters are off to some fashionable school," remarked Squire Gildersleeve, discontentedly. "I see no use in spending money that way; it makes a big leak in a man's pocket to send daughters to boarding-school."

"They are preparing for teachers, and have gotten beyond my instructions. When they are in a fair way to support themselves they will do their share of benevolent work, or I am mistaken in thinking there is any virtue in home training."

"Mrs. Pendleton keeps bees," remarked Mrs. Peterkin, as she reached for another handful of shellbarks; "every now and then she sells honey to Mr. Peterkin; that honey might be given for benevolent purposes, like helping to build the lecture-room."

"Your husband has his regular customers for honey. Does he give the proceeds, or even the profits, of it for public work?"

"I have no call to say," replied Mrs. Peterkin, sharply. "I have my own affairs to attend to; I never pry into his business."

"No; you content yourself with prying into that of your neighbors," thought Miss Sophronia, but she said nothing, for she only engaged in this wordy combat in defense of one whom she felt was misunderstood and unappreciated.

"It is not likely she gives more than she can help," remarked Squire Gildersleeve, who was generally on the side which, owing to numbers, was likely to win.

"Did she not pay promptly the sum she agreed to give for the school-house?" inquired Miss Sophronia, severely.

"Yes, of course, she did; but that was no more than her duty. Everybody did that."

"Does she not give something every time a collection is taken for the poor?"

"Yes, now I come to think of it, she mostly gives a trifle," drawled the Squire.

"Does she ever refuse her aid when fairs or suppers or any other benevolent work is on hand?"

"Well, I don't know about that; you women folks ought to know better than I would; what I fault her for is not giving according to her means and as the Lord has prospered her."

"And do you set yourself to be the judge of that?" inquired Miss Sophronia, severely. "You had better let that rest between the Master she serves and her own conscience. We will all have enough to do to keep our own platters clean."

"I have heard that she sets a very good table," remarked Mr. Goodyear, dryly.

"She does; and if you were paying your board there, would you request her to stint it in quantity and quality that she might give what she saves off of you to benevolent objects?"

"Well, that is neither here nor there; all I have to say is that I think I could see my way clear to give more than she does."

"So could she, if she had married money, as you did, Cousin Richard?" replied Miss Sophronia, who let no scruples of delicacy interfere when she felt an injustice was being done.

Mr. Goodyear reddened as he replied, angrily: "Now that is neither here nor there, Cousin Sophronia; we are not talking about my giving, but about Mrs. Pendleton's."

"No, we are not talking about your giving, Cousin Richard. If your left hand knows what your right hand gives it keeps the secret well, for I have never heard what you give toward benevolent objects or whether you give at all; but this I do know, that one hundred dollars out of your pocket would not call for as much sacrifice as would one dollar out of Mrs. Pendleton's."

"Cousin Sophronia always gets excited if people don't agree with her in everything," remarked Mrs. Goodyear, placidly, as she rocked slowly to and fro upon a creaky rocking-chair.

"And I have a right to get excited," replied Miss Sophronia, angrily, "when I know that Mrs. Pendleton has made more sacrifices and pondered more over ways

and means of giving than all of you put together. She cannot give to every object for which she is called upon, therefore uses the best judgment she possesses as to which she is privileged to give to without doing injustice to something else."

"A pretty set we are to be on a committee," remarked Mrs. Goodyear, pathetically—"fussing over Mrs. Pendleton's stinginess instead of waiting to see whether enough can be collected without her."

"Saint Paul says, 'As much as lieth in you live in peace with all men,'" rejoined Miss Sophronia, making an effort to recover her usually calm demeanor, "but he did not tell us to remain silent when an earnest and conscientious friend is aspersed for what she cannot help."

"Nobody is aspersing, as far as is given me to see," said Mr. Goodyear, recovering somewhat from his late encounter. "Pity if we cannot speak our minds without being called aspersing."

"But you should know what you are talking about or keep silent," replied his cousin. "Mrs. Pendleton had money once, and although it has taken wings and flown, it did not take with it her noble, generous, unselfish nature, and it would be a galling thing to her not to be able to give at all times, and for every object, did she not possess the Christian grace of submission."

"Maybe she does the best she can," remarked Squire Gildersleeve. "I, for one, do not want to fault her more than she deserves."

"Her benevolence is not confined to any narrow-minded restrictions," said Miss Sophronia, "but in every way in her power she helps others, and, what is more, does not proclaim her good works from the housetop, nor make her lack of means a subject of discussion. Of the little pleasures which she denies herself, and the small economies she practices for the good of her fellow-creatures, I do not consider it honorable to speak, but this I will say, that she deserves nothing but kindness and respect at our hands."

"I wonder what she would say if she knew that we talked about her not giving?" remarked Mrs. Peterkin, with an evident impression that Miss Sophronia might turn State's evidence.

"She will never hear it from me," replied Miss Sophronia, with tears in her

clear gray eyes. "I value her too highly to have her listen to such gossip. I have every evidence that in her former neighborhood she was loved and appreciated, and I should be loth to let her know that she is undervalued by those she now calls neighbors and friends."

"Maybe it is not for our sakes you will keep it from her," said Mrs. Peterkin. "Now tell us truly, don't you think it would worry Mrs. Pendleton to know that the neighborhood thought her penurious?"

"Not for the fraction of a second. She does the best she can with the means which her Heavenly Father has seen fit to put in her hands, and she leaves the result with Him."

"Well, I am sorry we hurt your feelings by censuring her," remarked Mrs. Gildersleeve. "I did not know you were such great friends."

"That has very little to do with the subject," responded Miss Sophronia. "I am only sorry that you have such a poor opinion of her when she is so satisfied to be among us, and thinks herself fortunate to live in such a pleasant and progressive neighborhood. In all the six years that I have wintered and summered under Mrs. Pendleton's roof, I have never heard a disrespectful word of one of you; instead, it was all appreciation of your kindness to her."

"I have always heard that she was careful never to say harm of anybody," said Mrs. Pettigrew, regretfully.

"She has certainly been a benefit to the neighborhood," remarked Squire Gildersleeve. "The public library would never have been started in the village if it had not been for Mrs. Pendleton."

"Nor the debating society," remarked his wife. "I don't know how we can thank her enough for those two benefits. Our young people have now not only pleasant but instructive places to spend any evening they may wish to meet each other, and the books are a great pleasure to all of us."

"She has brought many new ideas into the neighborhood," said Mrs. Peterkin. "Her plan for drying fruit has saved dollars for me, and she is not a bit selfish with her recipes for cakes and other cookery."

Well, I hope she has not heard any-

thing we have said about her. Do you think she ever has, Miss Sophronia?"

"Charity suffereth long, and is kind," said that sphinx, smilingly. "Let us adjourn."

MARY E. IRELAND.

#### AUNT RUBY'S WAYS.

"I'VE come to ask a favor, Aunt Ruby."

"De dear lan', chile! can't gib yer a day's work dis yere bressed week, no how!"

"Oh! I don't want you to work, Auntie; but you know I'm an ignorant young housekeeper, and I want you to tell me your way to make cake and pickles, and so on. I want something practical, and have brought a book to write the rules in. I've heard your fame as a cook, you see."

"Law sakes, honey! I can't neber put 'em in shape dat ar way; my ways ter do 'em is in my head. I neber has no writin' or printin' ter go by."

"But I must, Aunt Ruby, until I get used to it, and then I hope to keep it in my mind too. Now, to begin, how did you make that spice cake for Mrs. Hall's quilting-party?"

"Oh! dat's jes' as easy! Ye jes' make a good cup cake like any cake, ye know, an' den spice it wid cloves; don't get dem ground ones, but hull ones, an' pound 'em yo'self in a mortah or else a stout rag—well, middlin' fine; an' den put in a good sprinklin' of raisins, an' be sure an' git de seeds outen 'em, kase it's a mighty onpleasant feelin' ter bite sudden into a seed, an'—well, dat's all dere is to it, an' if yo' hab good luck it's a blessed good cake—mos' as good as a genuine fruit cake, an' 'nuff sight easier!"

"Yes, I know; and now for the sponge cake?"

"Well now, rely, Mis Brown, I aint no great shakes on dat, no how! Yo' see my moder w'at was cook to ole massa Needham's, she didn't neber take to dat kin', an' so I don't; but I kin jes' stir up a berry plain one like."

"That's just what I want, Auntie."

"Yah! now let's see. I has three eggs an' a cup o' sugar, an' I beats an' beats an' beats 'em; den I put in a pinch o' salt, an' a dash o' lemmin extract, an' a half a cup o' cold watah, an' a eben cup o' flour, an' a

half a teaspoon o' sody, an' a hull one o' creamy-tartah; put de fust in de watah, an' de las' in de flour, an' den I beats an' beats an' beats an' put it in a deep tin an' bake it done, but not too done; dat's a berry fine pint, honey!"

"Yes. Well, I think I can do that; and now how do you make cucumber pickles?"

"Hoh! dat's as easy as goin' to sleep! jes' hab a big stone jar, an' put in a layer o' cowcubers an' a layer o' salt; put a pint to a hundred or thereabouts, an' den w'en de jar's full, pour bilin' watah on till dey's all kivered, an' let 'em stan' till dey's cold; den take 'em outen dat an' wipe 'em dry as a bone; den clean de jar an' lay 'em back, an' sprinkle hull cloves an' all-spice along in 'em, an' now an' den a piece o' horse reddish root, an' den kiver 'em wid rael cider-vinegar; dat's all."

"We're getting along famously, Aunt Ruby. Now, one thing more—tomato-ketchup."

"Well, yo'll want some termaters—quite a lot."

"About how many—a bushel or crate?"

"Dat depends how much kitchup yo' wants. Now, fer a small fambly, I should go by de gallon; dey want to be ripe, chile, an' den yo' wash 'em an' slice 'em up into a preserve kittle an' bile 'em tender; den strain through a wire sieve to get de skins an' seeds outen 'em; den put in four table-spoons o' salt, an' two o' black pepper, an' three o' mustard, an' one o' cloves, an' one o' all-spice; hev all dem tings ground; den simmer it down to a half, an' keep a stirrin' it, kase it's drefful stuff to burn an' stick, an' ef yo' don't git clean tired out a-stirrin' an' a-fussin, yo' be pacienter dan ole Job hisself. Den w'en it's biled down put in a cup o' vinegar an' bottle; fill up de neeks ob de bottles wid vinegar, or seal 'em; an' ef yo' wants more dan a gallon, jes' double up on all de oder tings: dat's my way!"

"It's a good way, I think. Now, if you can just tell me how to wash this white shawl, that's gitting so dingy, I won't ask you anything more to day."

"Law, chile! han' it right here an' I'll do it. I've got some coarse injin meal; dat's jes' w'at it wants. I'll put a quart in dis yere pan an' put de shawl right in, an' rub it jes' as it was soap an' water, yo' see."



"But, Auntie, how will you get the meal out?"

"Oh! dat'll all beat outen it. See how dirty de meal am a'ready. I'm a rubbin' it all over; yo' see how it's done; now we'll go out door an' dust it out. Dar, now, see how it flies? it'll take a smart spell, but I'll jest beat it softly agin dis smooth post: see, now, how white an' fleecy it's a-gitten. Watah would hab matted it all togedder, an' turned it yaller besides. Dar, honey! now aint dat mos' as nice as de berry day yo' bought it? I'se proud o' dat ar!"

"So am I, Aunt Ruby. How kind you are to help me so much!"

"Good lan', chile! I aint done nuffin great; but I hes my ways, an' if other folkes wants ter learn 'em, why, I'm proud 'nuff to tell 'em best I kin recomember; but I allers makes sech fixens outen my own mind, so I aint berry glib at tellin' 'em; but if dar's enny ting more, Mis Brown—"

"Not this time, Aunt Ruby. I am very much obliged for these recipes, and perhaps in the future I shall ask for more."

LILLIAN GREY.

#### "THE YEAR I DIED."

GRANDMA FENTON made a quaint picture as she sat knitting in her high-backed chair before the cheerful wood fire that chilly afternoon. Her soft hair was folded smoothly beneath a cap which was rivaled in whiteness by the kerchief around her throat.

A placid smile illumined her aged face, and sometimes her lips moved as if she were holding converse with the dear ones who had preceded her to the bright Beyond.

But her reverie was interrupted by a tap at the door, and before she could rise from her chair, a merry-faced girl came in, exclaiming:

"Here I am, Grandma, and I've come to stay all the afternoon!"

She removed her wraps and seated herself near the fire, while Grandma made kindly inquiry about the folks at home. Having answered her questions, Madge asked:

"Grandma, did you ever see such cold weather in November?"

"Oh! yes," she replied, "the year I died 'twas just such a fall as this."

"What did you say, Grandma?" asked Madge, surprised at the strange expression.

Grandma laughed a little and said:

"Well, I declare! I've said that for the first time in many a long year. You see, child, I've been sitting here alone all afternoon (John and Mary went to town just after dinner), and I've been thinking a heap, and mostly about Robert, and that was what we always called it, him and me, *the year I died!*"

"But what was it, or when was it, Grandma?" persisted Madge.

"Well, it was the year our little Clary died. You see, Johnny and Jimmy were stout, hearty little fellows, and I was always proud of them, but when Clary came she was so tiny and so pretty, she always minded me of a wee white flower. She was delicate from the first, and what with nursing her and being up of nights with her, I got completely bound up in her. And when one day God took her to Himself, it well nigh broke my heart. I missed my little frail baby so, and my arms seemed so empty.

"For a good while I was weak and ailin' like, and 'peared as if I couldn't get over it. Now, you see, Sister Lizbeth after the death of her little boy, went into a decline, and soon died, and I took a notion that was what I was going to do.

"Robert talked to me and tried to cheer me up, but it did no good, so he went for the doctor. Old Dr. Gurnay came first, and he gave me powders and pills and plasters, more'n I could use, and I wasn't a mite improved. Then we went to Humphrey (he was a botanic), and he gave me roots and leaves for teas, and told what to eat, and what not to eat; but, la me! I hadn't no appetite to eat nothing! Well, his medicines didn't help me any, so I begged Robert to just let me alone of the doctors, for I was going to die any way, and I didn't want to bother with medicines.

"Robert tried his best to raise my spirits, and he bought me a new calico dress. It was twenty-five cents a yard (it's the settin' together of the bottom quilt on that settee), and we visited around all our friends and relations, but

no place could I get rid of my gloomy thoughts.

"Every time I left home I would look back and say to myself, 'I'll never see it again.' If I had Johnny and Jimmy along I would think how bad they would feel to come home with me dead, and if I had left them at home I would strain my eyes for the last glimpse of their dear little faces, and I would cry as if my heart would break.

"Now, you see, child, I was not troubled about myself, for I never was a bit scared at the thought o' dyin'. I trusted in the Lord even in that dreary time, and I knew He had gone to prepare a place where I might come, and I thought my little Clary would be the first to welcome me there. But it was of Robert and the children I thought.

"I imagined Johnny, who was very timid, goin' to school to a cross teacher, and sometimes my heart would ache at the thought of a cruel whip coming down on his tender flesh, or I could see him cryin' when boys made fun of him, or when he was lonesome for me, and nobody to think to comfort him.

"Then Jimmy—he was headstrong and a bit wayward at times, but easy enough to manage if you went at it right. I would think if I was taken away he wouldn't be watched so close, and would be led off, and maybe learn to swear and drink, and that nearly set me wild.

"Then, as for Robert, I knew how lonesome he would be, for he was always kind o' retirin' like, and not much of a hand to make friends, and I thought he would worry about the children too. Every once in a while I would write a long letter (I most always did that on Sabbath day, while the rest were at meetin'), telling him how to do, and to be patient with the children and not to forget me, and I would write on the back of it: 'For my husband, after my death, Mary H. Fenton,' and put it among the clothes I was to be laid out in.

"La, yes, child, I had them ready too. There was an Irish peddler who always stayed over night with us when he came around, and we got a bolt of linen from him, and I made collars and bosoms for a dozen shirts for Robert, and there was enough left for a suit for me, and I made knit edgin' to put on them, and there

they lay in the top drawer, all white and shiny.

"Then I planned that my black silk was just the thing to be buried in, so I felt like I was all ready. But, deary me, the things were all worn out long ago, and here I am yet!" and Grandma laughed heartily.

"But what cured you, Grandma?" asked Madge.

"That's what I was a-comin' to," replied the old lady. "As I was a-sayin', I never went any place but what I expected to die before I got home. Well, one day I was getting ready to go to father's. I stepped around lively to get everything done up, and I reckon I was tired, but all of a sudden I thought I was worse than usual. So I got my sewing and sat down by the fire. Robert had hitched up the horse for me before he went out to gatherin' corn and the children were gone to school. After a while Robert came to the house for something, and was surprised to see the horse still standing where he had left him.

"'Why, Mary,' said he, when he came in, 'aint you gone yet?'"

"'No,' says I; 'I don't feel as well as common. I've had another of them spells, and I wish you would go and tell father and mother to come down, and stop and tell Sarah Ann (that's your Aunt Sarah Moore) too, for I know I'll not last long.' Robert, however, insisted on me going, so I put my needle in my sewing and stuck it in the drawer. Then I reflected, 'This is the last time I will do this, and I ought to be more particular,' so I took it out again and put the needle in nice and straight along where I was hemming down the wristband; then I folded it smooth and laid it away. Well, I got my bonnet and shawl on, then I said to Robert, 'Good-bye, dear! I will never see you again.'

"'Oh! yes, you will,' says he.

"'No,' says I; 'I feel that I will never get back alive!'"

"By this time I was a-cryin', but pretty soon I looked up at Robert. He was standing with his back toward me, and I could just see a bit of his cheek, and there was a little quirk on it, and I knew he was laughing.

"Up to that time I had never thought of him turning against me, for he had

always been so kind and patient. And when my own mother gave me a piece of her mind about my unreconcilableness, he was as loving as ever, and told me not to worry over her words, for she would be sorry she had said them before she got home.

"But now Robert was amused at what was such solemn earnest to me. The thought sort o' stunned me, and I said no more, and on the way to father's I did not cry like I had done other times. My heart seemed shut up and the tears could not come.

"When I got to father's, nobody was at home, so I had to turn around and go right back home again. It was a little after noon when I got back, and I found Robert had eaten the dinner I had left set for him and gone to a sale several miles away.

"Well, everything was so quiet, and I was so lonesome, it seemed like the afternoon would never end.

"I still thought of the look on Robert's face. At first I resolved never to mention my troubles again, and I felt actually a little proud as I thought that when they would find me dead some day, they would all know I was right after all.

"Then the lonesomeness came back worse than ever before, and I cried and cried. But my heart softened and better thoughts came to me. I said to myself, 'The dear Lord knows how bad I feel, and He knows how soon He is going to call me home, but *till* then I am going to try to make our little home as happy as I can. It seemed like new strength and peace came to me as soon as I made that resolve.

"I thought, 'It will only be one day at a time and I will begin *now*.' So I washed my face and hands and smoothed my hair, and thought I would have an apple cobbler with cream for supper, for Robert and the boys were so fond of it. While I was making it, I noticed that things looked kind o' cluttered up in the pantry and around, so when I got the pie in I swept the house all over, and by that time I was real tired.

"So I took out my dress sleeve and sat down and finished it. Then the sleeves were to sew in and the buttons and buttonholes to fix and it would be done. I

determined to finish it and have it on when Robert would come home.

"Five buttons were considered enough for the front of a waist then (Mary Alice has seventeen on her new basque), and one for each wristband, so I had it done in a little while, and it was real pretty.

"When I heard Robert coming I peeped through the curtain, and I could not help noticing how down-hearted he looked, and, thinks I, 'he has given me the bright looks and tried to cheer me up, and takes his sorrowful hours by himself with nobody to comfort him.'

"Then I nearly cried again over that; but just then he came in and looked so surprised to see me, and with my new dress on, that I could not help laughing at him. And what do you think he did? Why, he sat down by the table, and put his head down and cried as I had never seen him cry. I said: 'Why, Robert! Why, Robert!' and by and by he said:

"'I thought I had lost my bright, bonny wife forever; but I've found her again, haven't I?'

"I said, 'Yes, I think you have. Anyway, I am going to try to be a different woman from what I have been for a while.'

"Pretty soon the little boys came home, and we had such a happy evening. It appeared like Jimmy said more cute things than we had ever heard him, and Johnny was just full of his pranks.

"Just before I went to sleep that night, I said to Robert: 'It seems to me like I died this afternoon, and a new woman has come here to stay.'

"'Well,' said he, 'she is a very nice looking little woman, and I hope she will stay.'

"So we always called it the time I died. I did get better from that time on and was soon as well and light-hearted as ever.

"For I knew the Lord would take me to Clary when He was ready, and in the meantime I could do good here.

"I learned two lessons, though, that I never forgot. One was, it makes your troubles worse to brood over them. The worst troubles only last a day at a time, and there is a promise, 'As thy day, so shall thy strength be!'

"The other lesson was to be very

patient and tender-hearted with sickly folks, especially those who have not been down in bed, but are just able from week to week, sometimes for years, to creep around. Folks get out of patience

with them sometimes, but they hadn't ought to.

"But there come John and Mary. Stir up the fire, child, for they will be right cold, I allow!" ERIN.

## HOME DECORATION AND FANCY NEEDLEWORK.

### BABY'S VEST.

**T**HOSE who prefer a low-necked and short-sleeved vest for a baby will probably like the following pattern:

Two ounces of Saxony or Shetland wool may be used. Two No. 18 needles.

The front, back, and sleeves are knit separately, and then sewed together.

Cast on one hundred and four stitches for half of vest.

First row.—\*Knit two, knit two together, three plain, throw thread over, knit one, throw thread over, knit three, knit two together. Repeat from \* to two last stitches. Knit two plain at end.

Second row.—Purl.

Third row.—Like first. Knit two together, and knit one at end.

Fourth row.—Purl.

Repeat for twenty-four rows. Then purl one row, and knit succeeding rows in ribs, knit two, purl two, etc. Knit eighty rows in ribs, then one row of holes, three plain rows, and bind off.

Knit a similar piece for other half of vest.

To make sleeve:

Cast on ninety-one stitches. Of these, seven stitches at each end are for the gusset, while the seventy-seven central stitches are for pattern.

First row.—Seven plain for gusset. \* Throw thread over, knit three, knit two together, knit two plain, knit two together, knit three, t. t. o., knit one; repeat from \* to eighth stitch from end inclusive. T. t. o., and knit seven plain for gusset.

Second row.—Knit seven plain, purl seventy-seven, seven plain.

Repeat first and second rows seven times, or until the open-work is seven holes deep. Narrow the gusset by knitting two together at beginning and end

of every row like first. Then knit one row of holes, three plain rows, bind off.

The rows of holes are made as follows:

Knit one \*, t. t. o., knit two together, repeat from \*. Purl next row.

Sew gusset together by the chains of seven. The narrowed edge is inserted in the armhole.

Sew up vest, set in sleeves, and finish by a simple crocheted edging round the top. Then run in a narrow ribbon for drawing-string.

The edge may be made thus:

One single crochet in every other stitch, with chain of three between.

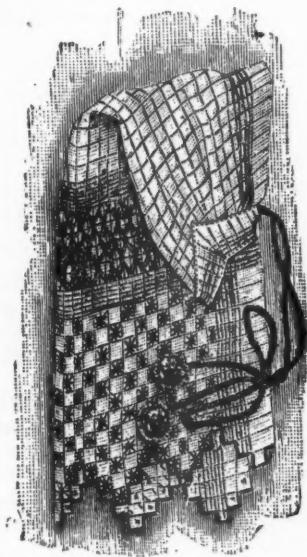
One single crochet over every chain of three, with chain of three, or chains and picot between.

### NEW NEEDLEWORK.

**S**ELDOM has any new style of work found such ready and general approval as the art of filling up glasscloth linen, originally made for domestic purposes. This toweling is to be had in different sized and colored checks, and was only used in the household until some inventive genius hit upon the happy idea of filling up the checks with easy embroidery. Since then it has served for covers, aprons, shoe-bags, etc., and even summer dresses are now made of it. Certainly the somewhat heavy material is more suitable for children's unlined frocks than for dresses for grown-up people. But for each and everything new arrangements are constantly cropping up, these are favored by the diverse patterns of the toweling, which vary in size and are made with single and double stripes, checks, and border designs, the spaces being filled up mostly with strong blue or red embroidery cotton, in almost

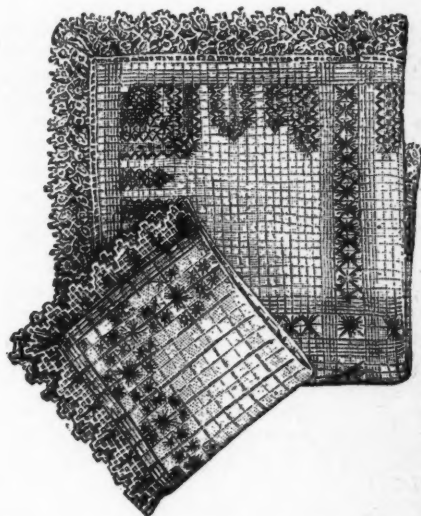


every conceivable stitch. Another advantage is the strong texture of the linen, which renders it very suitable for



eral interesting designs. The child's frock has a sleeveless blouse made of a towel cut in half; the two parts are sewn together under the arm and on the shoulder, and the arm-hole and gathered border are buttonholed in scallops. A band about an inch broad joins the gathered waist to the little plaited skirt, made the length of half a towel, the border being concealed in the plaits, the upper part of which and the sash being ornamented in filling-up stitch. Two towels in one

combining with braid, squares of guipure netting, or the strong crochet work which



has again become fashionable. In the accompanying illustrations we also give sev-

length are taken for the pinafore. The space between the two is filled up with rich embroidery, and forms the edging of the broad trimming which is also buttonholed out in scallops round the bottom. Pointed belt and woolen cord, with pompon ends. The *large cover* is made of *four square towels*. One *large* checked towel has been chosen for the *smaller cover*, whilst fillet guipure lace is set round the bordered edge. The cover which goes over the table is an example of a successful attempt to embroider towels with a *plain middle* and striped border in conjunction with crochet work. Four towels, with ecru colored centre and blue, red, and olive striped border are taken. One occupies the middle and is ornamented with colored embroidery and ribbon. The other towels are divided into the required pieces, and these are joined into

the right shade by ecru colored crochet insertion and edging. The latter is further enriched by a crochet *picot edge* done with *dark blue cotton*.

#### CROCHET LACES.

**A** VERY pretty pattern may be crocheted as follows: It is in three pieces. A strip of the desired length is first made, and then the heading and points are worked upon it lengthwise.

To make the central strip, work a foundation-chain of twenty-five stitches.

First row.—Pass six, work one double crochet in the seventh stitch of chain. \* Chain three, pass three, one double crochet in next stitch. Repeat from \* twice. Then \* \* chain three, pass two, one double crochet in next stitch. Repeat from \* \* once.

Second row.—\* Chain three, one picot (made by chaining five, and drawing fifth stitch through first of chain of five). Chain three, pass two double crochet, and work one single crochet over second chain of preceding row. Repeat from \*, substituting "fourth" and "end" for second chain of preceding row.

Third row.—\* Chain three, one picot, chain three, one single crochet over chain in front of picot of preceding row. Repeat from \* twice.

Fourth row.—Like third.

Fifth row.—Three single crochet over chain of preceding row; \* chain seven, one single crochet in front of next picot; repeat from \*.

Sixth row.—Ten double crochet over chain of seven; chain one, eight double crochet over next chain of seven.

Seventh row.—Chain five, pass three double crochet, one double crochet between third and fourth; chain three, pass three double crochet, one double crochet in next space; chain three, pass two double crochet of first shell, and one double crochet of second, working one double crochet in next space; \* chain three, pass second double crochet, one double crochet in next space; repeat from \*.

Repeat pattern from second row.

To make the heading, turn at end and work downward. Chain seven, one double crochet over double crochet of shell, chain three, one double crochet over three

single crochet; chain three, one double crochet in front of next picot; chain three, one double crochet back of picot, chain three, one double crochet over next double crochet; chain three, one double crochet in shell, etc.

Second row.—Fasten thread at other end, and work in same direction, one single crochet in every stitch.

To make the points, fasten the thread at beginning of strip, and work in a contrary direction from the heading. This brings all the work on the right or upper side.

First row.—Chain six, one double crochet over chain of second row; chain six, one double crochet over chain of fourth row; chain six, one double crochet over double crochet of shell; so continue to end of row.

Second row.—Work in same direction. Six single crochet over every chain of six.

Third row.—Same direction. Chain seven, one single crochet in the middle of scallop of six single crochet. Repeat.

Fourth row.—Same direction. Two single crochet over end of first chain of six; two single crochet over beginning of second chain of six; chain five for a loop and work two single crochet over middle of second chain of six; chain three, one picot; chain three, two single crochet over middle of next chain of six; chain five for loop; two single crochet over end of same chain of six; two single crochet over beginning of next chain of six, etc. Repeat.

#### SAW-TOOTH LACE.

**W**ORK a foundation-chain of sixteen stitches.

First row.—Pass three, three double crochet in fourth; chain three, three double crochet in same stitch; pass three, one single crochet in next stitch; chain three, pass three; three double crochet in next stitch; chain three, three double crochet in same stitch; chain three, pass three; one slip stitch in the fourth stitch.

Second row.—Chain three, two double crochet over chain of three of preceding row; chain three, three double crochet over next chain of three; chain three, three double crochet over same chain;

pass three double crochet; one single crochet over first stitch of next chain of three; chain three, three double crochet over next chain of three; chain three, three double crochet over same chain; one single crochet over chain at end.

Third row.—Chain five, \* three double crochet over chain of three; chain three, three double crochet over same chain; \*\*, one single crochet over next chain; chain three, repeat from \* to \*\*; chain three, three double crochet over next chain; chain three, three double crochet over chain at end.

Fourth row.—Chain three, two double crochet between two double crochet at beginning; \* chain three, three double crochet over chain of three; repeat from \* twice; chain three, three double crochet over same chain; one single crochet over next chain; chain three, three double crochet over next chain; chain three, three double crochet over same chain; one single crochet over chain of five at end.

Fifth row.—Like third, except three double crochet over chain of three, instead "chain at end;" chain three, three double crochet over next chain; chain three, three double crochet over chain at end.

Sixth row.—Four double crochet and one single crochet in space between two double crochet of preceding row; \* one single crochet, four double crochet, and one single crochet over chain of three; repeat from \* twice; one single crochet and four double crochet over next chain of three; chain one, finish as in preceding rows.

Seventh row.—Like third to second, "three double crochet over same chain," inclusive. Then chain three, one slip stitch in space at base of large tooth.

Eighth row.—Like second. Ninth like third, etc. Repeat pattern, beginning with seventh row, instead of first.

A shell lace may be made by modifying the former pattern, making a different scallop.

Work a foundation-chain of twenty stitches.

First row.—Pass three, three double crochet in fourth stitch; chain three, three double crochet in same stitch; pass three, one single crochet in next stitch; chain three, pass three, three double cro-

chet in next stitch; chain three, three double crochet in same stitch; pass three, one single crochet in next stitch. Turn.

Second row.—Chain five, three double crochet over chain of three of preceding row; chain three, three double crochet over same chain; one single crochet over first stitch of next chain; chain three, three double crochet over next chain; chain three, three double crochet over same chain; one single crochet over chain at end.

Third row.—Chain five, make shells as in preceding row. After last double crochet begin the scallop by \* one chain, one double crochet over chain of five; repeat from \* seven times; then chain one, one slip stitch through end-stitch of foundation-chain.

Fourth row.—One single crochet over chain of one, four double crochet over next; one single crochet over next; four double crochet over next, etc., until four little scallops have been made. After last four double crochet, chain one, three double crochet over chain of three, etc., finishing row of shells.

Fifth row.—Like second, except, omit one single crochet at end.

Sixth row.—Like second.

Seventh row.—Like third, except work over chain of five, nine double crochet in all. Make slip stitch through space at base of preceding scallop.

Eighth row.—Like fourth.

Repeat from second scallop.

M. B. H.

#### BABY'S MITTENS.

A SIMPLE, easy, yet pretty pattern for a child's mitten. It will fit a baby two years of age and under. The same, enlarged upon a foundation of one hundred stitches, will suit a large girl or medium-sized woman.

Cast on forty-five stitches; knit plainly, except at the end of every uneven row; throw thread over once and knit last two stitches plain.

At the beginning of every even row, knit two plain; knit one loop; rest plain.

So continue until twelve holes have been made.

Then knit six more rows, making three more holes, thus—

Uneven rows.—All plain to four stitches from end; knit two together; throw thread over once; knit two plain.

Even rows.—Knit two plain; knit one loop; rest plain.

Next knit twenty-four rows, making twelve holes, as follows—

Uneven rows.—All plain to four stitches from end; knit two together; throw thread over once; knit two plain.

Even rows.—Knit two plain; knit one loop; knit two together; rest plain.

So continue until the needle again contains forty-five stitches. With these forty-five stitches as a foundation repeat the whole pattern and then bind off.

Double the piece thus formed over upon itself, the points to meet over the fingers. Sew up curved seam on wrong side; sew downward along straight edge for seventeen stitches, accurately meeting the stitches of the two edges. Begin at the straight edge of handpiece and sew upward for eight stitches. The opening thus left is for thumb. It measures twenty stitches on each edge.

Knit thumb separately as follows: When finished sew up on wrong side and insert, accurately meeting stitch to stitch. When completed, the whole thumb-piece measures forty-four rows across its greatest width, or twenty-two stitches on each long slant-edge; twenty of these are to be joined to the twenty of open-edge of hand, the extra stitches being taken up in joining gusset and inserting upper and lower points of thumb.

To knit thumb, cast on two stitches; widen by throwing thread over in middle; next row plain.

Widen in succeeding rows by throwing thread over after first stitch of row, and before last stitch of row. (In enlarging mitten for older person, widen after and before two stitches instead of one.) Alternate rows plain, knitting loops as stitches.

When needle contains five stitches, the little triangle is large enough for gusset; cast on six additional stitches.

Next row.—One plain; throw thread over once; all plain to last stitch; throw thread over; one plain.

Next row.—Plain, knitting loops as stitches. So proceed until six holes have been made at tip-end of thumb.

Next even row.—One plain; knit one

loop; knit two together; rest plain. Uneven rows as before.

Next even row.—The same, thus making two holes, with straight edge at tip of thumb. Continue to widen as before, at other end of thumb.

Make one more hole at tip of thumb, this time narrowing by knitting two together in both rows, that is, before throwing thread in uneven row and after knitting loop in even row.

This constitutes half of thumb. In next two rows, narrow at lower end of thumb, and widen at upper. From this point the lower end of thumb is narrowed throughout by knitting two together in every row next to holes.

To widen at tip end of thumb omit to knit two together in both rows forming next hole.

The next two holes define straight edge of tip end. Form them by narrowing only in even rows.

The next twelve rows form six holes with narrowings at each end of thumb-piece. It is done by narrowing at the ends of every row, next to holes.

When six holes have been made in slanting edge of tip end, knit back to tip end plain; then bind off six stitches. From the stitches left on needle, make little triangle for gusset. Narrow at both ends of rows; two holes on each slant edge. Reduce to two stitches and bind off at point corresponding to first hole made.

Knit the wrist separately and sew on, accurately meeting stitch to stitch at ends of rows. The following is the pattern, but any preferred lace-pattern may be substituted.

Cast on eight stitches.

First row.—Knit two; t. t. o. twice; purl two together; knit one; t. t. o. twice; knit two together; knit one plain.

Second row.—Knit two; knit one loop; purl one loop; knit one; t. t. o. twice; purl two together; knit two plain.

Third row.—Knit two; t. t. o.; purl two together; rest plain.

Fourth row.—All plain but four; t. t. o. twice; purl two together; knit two plain.

Fifth row.—Knit two; t. t. o. twice; purl two together; knit one; t. t. o. twice; knit two together; and t. t. o. twice; knit two together.



Sixth row.—Knit one; knit one loop; purl one loop; knit one; knit one loop; purl one loop; knit one; t. t. o. twice; purl two together; knit two plain.

Seventh row.—Knit two; t. t. o. twice; purl two together; rest plain.

Eighth row.—Bind off until you have seven stitches on one needle, one on the other; knit three; t. t. o. twice; purl two together; knit two; repeat until you have made thirteen scallops.

Finish the mittens by fastening a small ribbon bow to the wrist, just above the lace.

M. B. H.

#### FROM MEADOW SWEET FARM.

THE holiday time is near at hand, and we in our country home are not "full handed," happening to feel the effects of the long protracted drouth; necessarily our gifts will be cheap and mostly home-made.

For a dear friend, who can seldom leave her arm-chair, and has no warm carpet for her feet, we have all the year been saving white cotton rags, old hosiery, handkerchiefs, sheets, and under linen, which have been torn into strips two-thirds of an inch wide, sewed together, and colored a bright scarlet with diamond dye, then crocheted into a square, plain crochet stitch, beginning in the centre, widening at each corner. Our rug is heavy, one yard and half long and nearly as wide. The rags did not dye the same shade, and the rug is shaded and all the prettier for being clouded. The scalloped edge finishes it nicely. We are sure that it will keep the poor, rheumatism-drawn feet warm, and old Auntie Morris will be delighted with her humble gift. Cost, patience and work at odd spells, and fifteen cents for the dye.

For another friend, we have made a "big fan" for her hall by trimming carefully bright pictures, labels from fruit or fish cans, and pasting them with pretty picture cards upon piece of stiff wrapping paper, cut longer than wide, the desired size. When the fan is entirely covered, if preferred, a border of crimson or gilt paper one inch wide can be added. Ours has a dark brown border. Fold fan fashion, the open and shut kind, spread wide at the top, tie at the handle or bottom with a cord or bright

ribbon, and hang where you want it. These fans can be made quickly and are very pretty.

One of the girls has just finished for a young friend an album cover made from an old gold netted silk tie (out of date now) cut into and neatly whipped together, then pressed so the seam doesn't show. Around the edge she crocheted an edge simple chain stitch, very loose, and forming loops of bright colored waste silk. It is a slight protection from dust for a fine, easily soiled album, and looks pretty.

For an invalid friend, we have made an under jacket, for extra warmth on very cold mornings, the material being strips of brown and blue flannel, pieces left from the girls' dresses, very soft and warm. We cut it by a half tight basque pattern, arranging the flannel in stripes, pressing the seams well, and finishing the hem and up the fronts, around the collar and sleeves, with a double brier stitch in a lighter brown Saxony. The result of our handiwork was a real neat-looking under jacket, something poor Marie really needs.

We don't believe in forgetting the boys' rooms. If they do pretend to despise "foolishness," they don't mean it.

For a boy friend, who has been so good to us, we have made two articles, a letter and paper rack, from the long wood lids that cover baskets of fruit. We covered both front and back with paper, one plain cream and the other with blue paper; around the blue one went a half inch border gilt paper, cut in scroll pattern. In the centre a small chromo, blue and silver, is pasted. To fasten front and back together, bore holes in each end with an awl, run through them blue cord, tie at the bottom tightly and at the top; let the top hang an inch or more from the under side; hang up by blue cord.

The cream-tinted one was finished by a border of small fern leaves, and in the centre picture a vivid scarlet velvet rose with half-blown buds. Ernest will like these small gifts; he knows it's our will to get him something nice if times weren't so hard.

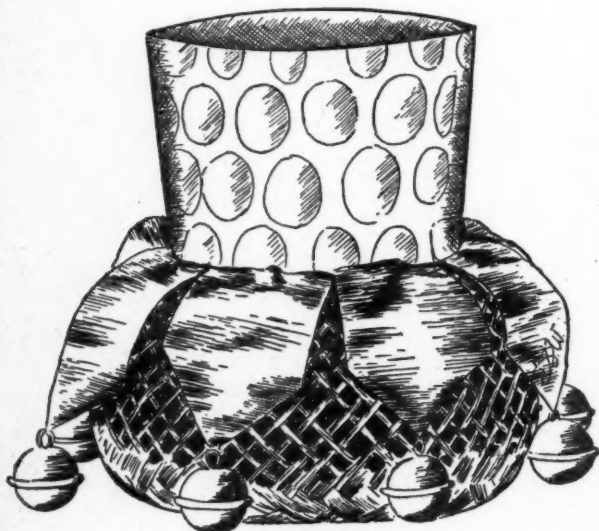
For the children who must go without their usual supply of caramels and "bought" sweets this year we make real

nice ginger taffy by boiling, until it begins to harden, one quart of molasses, one third cup butter, one cup water, in which one teaspoonful ginger has been soaked all night. We like the ginger flavor very much.

Cinnamon candy is liked better by one of our household. One quart molasses (either sorghum or New Orleans), one pint sugar, one cup water after stick cinnamon has been bruised and boiled in it, and let stand twenty-four hours; then strained; one lump butter, size of an

of these pieces back to form a point, and after bronzing the bells, attach one to each point, sew them around the mouth of the basket with a little plait in each, and set the tumbler in. To buy all the materials with the exception of the bronzing, it would cost about twenty-four cents, and the basket could be left its natural color if you did not have any bronzing on hand.

#### GIFTS FOR GENTLEMEN.



BURNT MATCH HOLDER.

egg. When it hardens in water, pour into buttered plates, cool, and pull until perfectly cold.

ELLA GUERNSEY.

**BURNT MATCH HOLDER.**—For this affair you will need a little Japanese basket, a dark yellow glass tumbler, seven brass bells, and twenty-one inches of one-inch-width ribbon to match the color of the glass, and some bronzing (of course, the same idea can be carried out in any color, or with things you may have on hand). After the basket has had a coat of bronze, cut the ribbon into seven lengths, that making them three inches long; turn the corners of one end

"IT is so hard to select gifts for a gentleman," I hear some one exclaim. "Every little thing seems so ridiculous when given to them."

Yes, it is a little difficult, no doubt. The articles of fancy work which are useful to them are not so numerous as those a lady requires for her comfort. There are always books for those who are fond of reading, and toothpicks for those who are not. But the much-despised slipper is often hinted to be rather superfluous, and just what to choose to give to father or brother or lover or husband for the holiday gift is hard to determine. Canes and

walking-sticks, umbrellas, dressing gown, all have their place, and their place is liable to be filled. A box of fresh neckties sometimes comes handy, however, and a box to keep collars and cuffs in is a very convenient gift. Cases of shaving paper need constant replenishing, and the covers are often exquisitely decorated with painting or etching. Handkerchief cases are very pretty, also glove cases; a drinking-cup for traveling, a toilet case with shaving mug is useful oftentimes; nail scissors, corn-knives in occasional instances; gentlemen's cases of drawers or toilet stand, or waste basket for the desk, or easy-chair or afghan of heavy material; a good serviceable sofa pillow, not too fine to be used. The list can be spun out to a great length.

The principal view in selecting the gift for a gentleman, is not to make the mistake of supposing them to be less refined in their tastes in their own ways than ladies are in theirs. Very few are, unless they have become semi-civilized. They may care for less lace and less needlework, for fewer bows and more severe ornamentation, but they have many ideas of comfort and like comfortable things about them, generally speaking. And instead of wondering what can be found for Tom, Dick, and Harry, it might be well to find out by some means what would be useful in particular cases, and purchase the thing really desired if possible. Some ladies haven't money enough to justify them in extravagant gifts to their gentlemen friends, and nice pieces of furniture, exclusively for gentlemen's use, are costly, but some of the things I have mentioned can be gotten up quite cheaply.

A handsomely knitted pair of socks or wristlets are usually acceptable presents, and sometimes a tool for general use is just the thing; a cover for books and magazines, for law-papers or sermons, letter files, writing materials, inkstands, etc. Instead of having a small list to choose from, there is really a very large one. Many of these articles require deft fingers and little money; other things are bought exclusively. When other things fail, one can always fall back on boxes of candy. In filling boxes or bonbonnières oiled paper should be first smoothly laid in, leaving sufficient edge to cover the candy, and fancy papers are often laid over the oiled paper. A pretty shape of bonbonnières for a gentleman is in the form of a hat, of size large enough to be something more than a child's toy. They can be bought or fashioned out of pasteboard and neatly covered with paper, fancy colored or white, with edges of gilt or silver, or narrow bands of ribbon with painting or etching for ornamentation, or yet covered with satin or plush, or finished with a handsome bow. There can be a cover fitted or a bag of silk inserted at the top inner edge of the hat and gummed in place. All the beauty of these things lie in the finish given them by deft fingers, and usually the difference between those bought and those made is in this finish, which is the distinction between "store clothes" and home-made.

#### PAINTED JUGS.

FOR a number of years past artistic amateurs have decorated jars and jugs of various kinds. But now the favorite style of jug to be painted is tall, round, and thin, with a little loop-handle near the top. It is of stoneware, and is known by some as a Curacoa, a vinegar, or a mineral-water jug. For the present this kind of a vessel has thrown every other kind into the shade—that is, as an article to be decorated. It is painted all over; the handle, rim, and cork are gilded, and then a ribbon is tied around the neck, or a bow through the handle.

One beautiful way of decorating such a jug is to paint upon the front or side a small spray of flowers. The background is cloudy, to imitate costly pottery. A scale of tones should be arranged on the palette, running from black (or almost so) to white (or high light). The intermediate tones may be reds, blues, or greens, according to taste. The colors should be laid on heavily with a large brush. The strokes should be diagonally upward, somewhat resembling a half-opened fan. Blend the edges of these sweeps, so that the tones will gradually melt into each other. Use the fingers as well as the brush, and do not be afraid of smearing either the jug or the fingers.

A sky-background runs from a blue-black, like a thunder-cloud at the base, through the various melting tints of blue, to pale ciel, mottled with pearly fleece at the top. The white, mingled with a little yellow ochre and raw umber, is heavily and irregularly laid on, as though it really were a cloud-bank. The colors used are ivory-black, permanent blue, yellow ochre, raw umber, and flake or Cremnitz white. Upon such a background nothing could be more effective than a spray of dainty pink wild-roses.

The edges of the wild-roses should melt into the background, and the flowers themselves should be suggested rather than microscopically exact. A jug is so awkward to handle that it will seldom be critically examined; besides, its curvature and reflection of so much light allow but a little of the surface to be seen at a time. A small spray then, and an effective one, will be found quite sufficient.

To insure the edges blending with the

background, paint upon the latter before it is quite dry. If it has become so, oil it out by rubbing it over with oil of lavender, linseed, or poppy oil.

Some jugs are decorated with snow scenes, the greater part of their surface being covered with white. The scene itself is generally simple, including black and brown tree trunks, a few evergreens, a yellow house, and a figure with a red cloak. The sky may be blue, with a gleam of pink cloud. The palette for

such a scene may be Cremnitz white, raw umber, yellow ochre, vermillion, permanent blue, Vandyke brown, and ivory black. Use considerable umber in the gray shadows, to take off an excessive cold or crude effect. With a snow scene a very bright ribbon on the neck or handle of the jug will be found in good taste.

About a month after the paint is dry, give the whole jug a coat of mastic varnish, to brighten and preserve the colors.

## HOUSEKEEPERS.

### THE CHARM OF OATMEAL.

A VISITOR, who seemed to be enjoying most exceedingly the fare at morn, declared, "I ne'er Such oatmeal tasted; tell me where You get it; then I'll surely go And order twenty pounds or so." "My friend," I said, with earnest look, "'Tis not the grocer, 'tis the cook Deserves your praise." "Indeed," she cried;

"Oh! will you not at once confide The secret of the wondrous charm That here is found? Indeed, the palm Your cook may take, and ode or sonnet You might, in truth, expend upon it." "The charm," I said, "is simply this: Which epicure should never miss— Boil e'en from morning until night, The day before you use it. Bright And early you may rise, and then Put on your meal to boil again. Don't let it scorch or burn, to spoil The flavor; only boil—and boil—and *boil!*"

**SALSIFY OR MOCK OYSTER SOUP.**—Boil until tender one and one half pint salsify, washed, scraped, and chopped; then rub through a colander; add one chopped onion, or, if preferred, one stalk celery minced fine; put back in the liquor in which it was boiled and cook slowly half an hour; season to taste with salt and pepper; add one tablespoonful

butter, and thicken with one tablespoonful flour, and just before serving stir in one quart boiling milk.

**NAVY BEANS WITH CREAM SAUCE.**—Pick over one pint navy beans; stew in salted water until tender, then drain. Make a sauce of one pint milk, one heaping teaspoonful corn-starch, one tablespoonful butter; salt and pepper to taste; pour over the beans and serve hot.

**AN ECONOMICAL AND APPETIZING WAY OF USING COLD SCRAPS.**—**BEEF-STEAK HASH.**—Three cups of cold beef-steak; two cups cold boiled potatoes; one chopped onion, or if onion flavor is disagreeable, add half teaspoonful powdered sage; a little salt and pepper; pour over it two cups cold gravy and water mixed, and heat in a hot, buttered frying pan; let it brown slightly at the bottom and turn out on a hot plate and serve hot.

Not long since we were surprised by company to dinner and had no meat in the house and the market isn't convenient.

A kind neighbor, just in the nick of time, brought over for our dinner a smoking hot "meat pie," made from cold left over bits. It was good, our male guest praised it, and we asked Mrs. C— how she made it.

**COLD MEAT PIE.**—A little cold fried and boiled ham, boiled beef, and roast mutton were chopped fine, and there was



at least a quart of the mince. Then one cup sweet milk and two teaspoonfuls heaped up of flour were stirred smooth and poured over the mince; a baking pan lined with pastry, not too rich, was filled with the mince, and salt, pepper, and powdered sage used to season it;

then one pint of cold mutton broth, in which one-half pint cold mashed potatoes were stirred, was poured over all; bits of butter dropped around, a top crust added, and baked in a quick oven. A good gravy sauce is an addition, but not necessary.

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## NOTES FROM "HOME" HOUSEKEEPERS.

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**W**ELL-TRIED recipes, helpful suggestions, and plain, practical "talks" on subjects of special interest to housekeepers will be welcome for this department, which we have reason to believe that most of our readers will find interesting no less than useful. Our "HOME" friends will here have opportunities of assisting each other by giving timely and helpful replies and letters, and of asking information upon any subject they wish light on. All communications designed for this department should be addressed to the Editor "HOME" Housekeeper, P. O. Box 913, Philadelphia, Pa.

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### ANOTHER LITTLE SERMON.

I have just been gathering mushrooms, and thinking of all the busy human family who are always *too* busy for such play. How I wish I could reach every one of them; all the pleas of hard work, home duties, and the long list of reasons why our farmers' wives cannot enjoy nature would have to give place to arguments for at least a short time.

One busy housekeeper, speaking of autumn leaves, said: "Yes, I like to see them, but have no time to press or even to gather them; and then they make such a litter when they begin to dry." How many prosy, homely "must haves" we put up with, which we might bring the same charge against; yet we never notice that, but go on the same weary tread-mill day after day, because we have "no time" to admire the beauties God has so graciously laid at our very doors. Suppose we *do* have to work a little harder, or the children should go with one tuck less in their skirts, would not the

brightness we could gather from a few hours in the woods more than pay for the sacrifice, if such it is?

When I lived in Dakota (we never saw a moss-covered stump there or trees with the little gray lichens so common in the East), bringing in wood to cook dinner with one day, I found two strips of bark with what seemed to be small brown ferns clinging to them. Even that was something where we had no timber except what was brought from other States, and I stripped the bark from the wood, tied the two pieces together with a bit of red ribbon, and tacked it to the wall, and every one who came in admired it and wondered where I got it.

One neighbor had a box of autumn leaves and ferns sent to her, and friends far and near begged just a few leaves to remember home. A box of tinted leaves, cones, ferns, acorns, moss, and such things which cost nothing here would be welcomed in some of the prairie towns more gladly than most missionary boxes are; yet here these beauties lie at our every step, all unheeded.

Oh! that some of you poor, tired, home-workers would try for yourselves what a peep into nature's treasure-house will do for you! When everything in the house goes wrong and you are too tired even to think what must be done next, go out-of-doors, even if you have no woods to go to, look for something new, and you will find it every time. It may be only a wild flower or a few bright leaves; but you will find some sweet message in them if you take time to look and listen.

Had our lives been planned for us never to see the beauties around us, this world would be one immense factory,

where each one must watch his own work all the time, never looking up and away from daily toil. What a fate that would be! Yet some of us allow our lives to get into just such a rut; many of our working men and women will go on day after day in home or shop, from early morning until late at night, each day a repetition of the one before, until Sunday comes as a break; then those who are not too tired to get up at all, rush and tumble to get ready for church. They are tired, body and soul, and all the greater part of them can tell of the service is, that Fannie H. had on a new hat, or that Mary G. is wearing her last fall's bonnet again. Sometimes the music is good and gives a sense of rest; but the sermon, to the greater number of tired brains, is a blank.

Yet I would not say, do not go to church. Go, by all means, if you can go with a heart open to receive the truths offered to you. But when you find yourself wishing that the day were over or that the preacher would shorten his sermon, then I say: Go out and listen to a sermon from nature; let the birds be the choir, and the flowers the preachers, just for once. You will find a sermon of beauty you never dreamed of. Even the crowded parks of our cities are full of God's beautiful work.

Our fashionable young lady will sit for hours over a china plate, ruining her health and beauty—for what? That she may decorate it with a spray of flowers copied from a fancy card or picture. Far better take a rough bit of paper and pencil, spend those hours in the fields copying the flowers that spring up around her, and take in youth and health at every breath. Copies are very well, but nature is better and will give more real pleasure in an hour than art will in a day.

Try it, dear friends; look for the little corner that was intended just for your pleasure and rest, and you will find it beyond your fondest expectations.

BROWNIE.

[This article is a little unseasonable, through no fault of "Brownie's," however; but it is so well and sensibly written that we feel sure our readers will thank us for giving it to them. By the

way, we think Mrs. L. N.'s suggestion concerning "rest and recreation," a most excellent one.]

#### CHRISTMAS HINTS.

DEAR EDITOR:—The Mothers' Department and Notes from "HOME" Housekeepers are the most interesting and useful parts of the HOME MAGAZINE to me, and I feel it a duty as well as a pleasure to add something to this department. In the October number "Anxious Auntie" asks some one to give suggestions about trimming Christmas trees. I will tell her what we do: We cut out stars of pasteboard and covered one with gilt paper and the others with silver paper on both sides. We also cut out a small crane, a little pitcher, and a fan of pasteboard, covering them with gilt figured paper on both sides. We fastened these to the tree with strings of pink German-town. We also cut shields, some of them three or four inches across, and covered them on both sides with silver paper.

We use a quantity of tissue paper, first, for making and dressing dolls. Take the pretty heads which come on advertising cards; make a paper body and dress it in bright pink and blue tissue paper ruffles. Then we cut circles of the paper, bright pink, red, and blue, the smallest of which are four or five inches in diameter and the largest ones eight inches. We tie nuts into the centre of the smallest ones and fringe the edges by slashing them with the scissors. The larger circles are folded across one diameter, then across the middle radius, then the middle radius again. Then we cut the paper in a line exactly parallel with the bottom curve, or circumference, and about one-fourth inch from it; cut through to within one half inch of the opposite edge; then cut in the same way from the opposite side and continue to cut first one side and then the other until near the top. When the circle is unfolded it looks like a rat-trap, and this we put on the tree. My little Mildred makes chains of the paper, red, pink, and blue. First she cuts strips four or five inches long, and fastens one end over the other, flat, so as to form a ring. The second ring is put through the first before being pasted together, and so on until a long chain is made which is looped

from bow to bow of our Christmas tree. We also string cranberries and popped corn and loop these on the bows. I had some old Roman pearl beads which I hung on in groups of three. Little balls of cotton batting, sprinkled with diamond dust or powdered tinsel, look pretty. Strips of narrow ribbon and strings of tinsel have also a fine effect thrown over the tree; I used two balls of silver tinsel last year on our tree. For several years I had a stuffed white dove hung over the top of the tree. Dolls made of Canton flannel and cotton batting with paper faces and their dresses edged with red yarn are pretty.

As for Christmas gifts, I have two things in mind now which I think might make nice presents. One is a pen-wiper made to represent a pack of cards. Cut six pieces of white felt of the same dimensions as a playing card, and sew together in groups of three, with chamois skin between them. Make the top of one group to represent the eight of diamonds by cutting the diamonds from red flannel or felt and gumming them in the proper places. Lay this at an angle upon the lower three, showing one black spade cut from felt and gummed on.

I have made several presents of hearth-brooms, covered with black and wound around with yellow ribbon. I bought the ten-cent brooms, cut a paper pattern of the broom part, and cut the satin on black cloth by this pattern, having two long pieces to cover the handle. I stitched the covering together on the wrong side, turned it, drew it over the broom, and tacked the top on to the top of the handle, then put a ribbon on top of this, leaving one end long enough to wind round and round the handle, fastening it at the broom part with another bow. I have two pieces of ribbon run across the broom part on each side, from the bow to the bottom edge.

After Christmas I will try to send some nice recipes that we have used in our family for years and enjoy.

LAURA S. FRENCH.

[Do so, please; our "HOME" housekeepers will be glad of them. The hints you have given us are a little later than we could wish, but as we all preserve the "HOME" MAGAZINE, they will be quite in season for another Christmas.]

VOL. LVII.—7.

#### GOOD RECIPES AND A QUESTION.

EDITOR OF "HOME" HOUSEKEEPER:—I enjoy the "Notes" from "HOME" Housekeepers very much, and often find there just what I need most. I would like to thank all for their tested recipes, and will send Mrs. R. S. G. our way of making Graham bread. Take one pint of light bread-rising, add two tablespoonfuls of molasses and enough of Graham flour to make a stiff batter; let it rise; then make up with Graham, put in a baking tin, and bake when light.

I also send a recipe for a cheap steamed pudding. Dissolve one-half teaspoonful of soda in one tablespoonful of boiling water, add to one cupful of sour cream, and mix well, then one cupful of sugar, the same of raisins or currants, a little salt and flour enough to mold in a loaf. Steam one hour. We use sugar and cream for dressing.

Will some one please give a recipe for making dumplings for beef soup?

I agree with the sister in wishing the ladies would give patterns of crocheted lace, and also directions for using the Novelty braid. OLD MAID.

[We are sure you will appreciate the crocheted lace pattern which we give this month.]

#### HELP FOR OTHERS.

DEAR EDITOR:—If you will allow me to do so, I would like to tell other of our "HOME" housekeepers about the new method of washing which I have just adopted, having found the "rule," if such it may be called, in a household department about six weeks ago. It was well vouched for, but I confess I did not believe in it. After thorough trial, however, finding it to do all that is claimed, to be even better if possible, I feel it a real duty to give it to other women who may often be obliged, as am I, to do their own washing.

I fill my wash-boiler, which is of common size, two-thirds full of soft water, shave into it a bar (presumably one pound in weight, though I never have weighed any) of any good laundry soap, and let it come to a boil, or stand until the soap is dissolved. Then I add two and one-half tablespoonfuls of the best kerosene oil, stirring it in well. If the

proportions are correct the oil will immediately unite with the soap and none will float on the surface. Take the clothes, without any previous soaking or other preparation, putting in the finest first, a few at a time, and not so many as to crowd them. Let them boil ten or fifteen minutes, take them out and rinse in two waters, bluing the last one slightly, if you wish, and hang out to dry. Serve the next lot in the same way. Unless the wash be a very large one, the first boilerful of suds will be sufficient for the whole. I rinse all but the very coarsest towels, etc., together, throwing them as fast as washed out of the first water into the second rinsing water. Of course, the clothes should be looked over, and now and then, perhaps, a binding or band may have to be rubbed slightly; but the work is nothing at all compared with the old-fashioned way.

I wish the friends of our "HOME" department would try this method. It is so genuinely good, that I want all to have the benefit of it. And I would recommend that they all use a portion of the time which they will surely save by trying this plan in writing to "Notes." It seems to me we ought to show our appreciation of our editor's kindness in a hearty way, by responding to the invitation so cordially given. The "Notes" are, to me, the very best part of the MAGAZINE, which is all so good. Another thing, you cannot think how much much it will rest you to take up pen and write a few helpful words, remembering that thousands of "HOME" housekeepers will read them (if they escape the waste-basket!) It is a genuine recreation; and a real pleasure to read the letters of others, as well.

Mrs. L. N.

[Do not fear the waste-basket; everything "of special interest to housekeepers" will find a place in our "Notes," sooner or later, and we are glad to hear from one and all.]

#### RECIPE AND REMEDY.

DEAR "HOME":—Here is my rule for Graham bread, which I think Mrs. R. S. G. will like. I stir it up at night and bake in the morning. One cupful of molasses, the same of soft yeast, or one yeast cake soaked in one cupful of tepid

water, four cups of sweet milk, two teaspoonfuls each of soda and salt, stir moderately stiff with Graham flour. When light, bake one hour in a moderate oven. It will not rise so very much, but some.

My little ones are having whooping cough, and perhaps it may help some anxious mother if I send our "Whooping Cough Remedy." Dissolve one scruple salts of tartar in one gill of water, add ten grains of powdered cochineal, mix well, and sweeten with fine sugar. Dose, one teaspoonful four times a day.

Mrs. O. B. R.

[You display the true spirit of helpfulness, which we hope is to be the "ruling spirit" of this department. Come often.]

#### CROCHET LACE PATTERN.

DEAR EDITOR:—In the last issue of the "HOME" MAGAZINE, Mrs. A. W. Willis requested some of the ladies to send directions for making crochet edges. I also have anxiously watched the Housekeeping Department for the same. I will send directions for a very simple and decidedly pretty pattern; though not original, I doubt if any of the ladies have seen it. Use best Scotch linen thread and steel crochet hook. (For making patterns I use white cotton knitting thread and large steel hook, as they can be picked out easier.)

Make a chain of seven stitches.

First row.—Three double crochet in third stitch of chain, chain three, three double crochet in same stitch, one double crochet in last of seven chain, turn.

Second row.—Chain three, three double crochet in chain three, chain three, three double crochet in same, one double crochet in top of first shell, turn.

Third row.—Chain of three, three double crochet in chain of three, throw off three, three double crochet in same, one double crochet in bottom of first row, or shell, turn.

Fourth row.—Chain of three, three double crochet in chain three, chain three, three double crochet in same, chain twelve, one single crochet (single crochet) in fifth stitch of twelve chain; this makes loop chain of eight. Join this to the top of first shell made, put twelve double crochet in chain of eight last



made, throw thread over twice, making chains longer, one single crochet in loop, turn.

Fifth row.—Chain of eight, one double crochet in chain six of twelve, chain five, one double crochet in chain nine of twelve, chain five, one double crochet in last chain of twelve, turn.

Sixth row.—Chain five, join this with one double crochet in small mesh where chain of five was joined before, chain five, twelve double crochet in chain of eight, one single crochet in loop, turn.

Seventh row.—Chain eight, join as before, chain five, join as before, chain five, join as before, turn.

Eighth row.—Chain of five, join in small mesh as before, chain five, twelve double crochet in chain eight, one single crochet in loop, turn.

Ninth row.—Chain of eight, proceed as before until you make eight leaves, then put seven single crochets down stem, or chain of seven, chain three, three double crochet in chain three of fourth shell, and proceed as before, making four shells; then join chain twelve of bottom leaf to the top of the shell where you now are—this holds the flower in place. Then make six more shells, chain twelve, loop chain of eight, and join this to third shell of six last made; twelve double crochet in chain eight, one single crochet in loop, turn.

Tenth row.—Chain eight, join as before, chain five, join, chain five, join, chain three; now join this in second mesh or hole in the fancy work of your completed flower. Chain three, join in small mesh, chain five, twelve double crochet in chain eight, and so on to the same place in next leaf; join in same way to the fifth mesh in fancy work of flower. This joins the flowers together solidly.

I have tried to make directions plain, and hope some one will try the lace. I have other pretty patterns to contribute if this finds favor. Hope to see some one else taking part in this direction.

V. A. S.

[We shall be glad to receive the other patterns; and would venture to ask all contributors of lace patterns to crochet a sample from the directions after they are written out for publication. This will greatly lessen the possibility of exasperating errors.]

#### RECIPES.

DEAR "HOME:"—I will give Mrs. R. S. G. my recipe for Graham bread, which is very nice and easily made. Two cups of sour milk, one-half cup of molasses, one teaspoonful of soda, one-half cup of white flour, a little salt and enough Graham to make a batter about the consistency of cake. Bake in a small dripping-pan one hour in a slow oven.

Will give Mary J. a recipe for chicken pie some other time, if not given by some one else.

CREAM CANDY:—Three cups of granulated sugar, one and one-half cups of unskimmed milk. Boil until it will harden when dropped on ice or snow, flavor with vanilla, turn one-half in a buttered dish, add two spoonfuls of grated chocolate to the rest, then turn in another dish. And now comes the most important part; when it begins to cool around the edge, stir until thick. It will go into a creamy mass, and you can make it in any shape with the fingers. If at any time you get this candy too stiff, add a spoonful of sweet cream and it will come all right. I call it the "children's candy" because it is so nice for the little folks; and I hope some of the "Home" mothers will try it, for it is most excellent, and I never saw it in print but once.

I do enjoy the "HOME" notes so much, away out here in Nebraska! E. A. C.

[We are glad you do. Thank you for the recipes; thanks for Graham bread rules similar to those given this month are also due "Sister Nell," Mrs. T. D. A., Aunt Maria, Diadema, and Olive H.]

#### QUESTIONS AND RECIPE.

DEAR "HOME" HOUSEKEEPER:—Will some one, through the columns of our department, tell me how to make butter and shape it in fancy cakes? Also, why it is that the undercrusts of lemon pies are always tough, while the upper crust, made the same, is very tender? I give my recipe for sponge cake, which I think very nice:

The yolks of four eggs, whites of three eggs, one cup of sugar, one cup of flour, three tablespoonfuls of water, one tablespoonful of butter, one teaspoonful of essence, one teaspoonful of cream tartar,

and one-half teaspoonful of soda (or one and one-half teaspoonfuls of baking powder), a pinch of salt. Beat the ingredients thoroughly, bake in a moderate oven thirty minutes. Use the remaining white of egg for frosting, adding one-half cup of sugar.

A SUBSCRIBER.

[Do you require the whole formula of butter-making?]

To Lillian Grey, thanks for sympathy to stepmothers; rare treat to their aching hearts. The world is so ready to anathematize in place of commending those who have courage to undertake the Herculean task. Such it is; made thus not alone by "the neighbors who make it their affair," relatives of every grade, hardest of all, too often fathers, who, spider-like, in necessity invite with honeyed words "the fly into the webby parlor," from whence respite comes when crushed hearts are encased in still forms. Then worldly pity comes. Fathers, who could have made all different, look complacently on, proud of "the neighbors'" condolence, who in mock atonement thickly strew flowers over the unconscious dead, hiding thorns planted in life.

If the "HOME" has not by this time become possessed of that waste-basket, I'll petition a corrier to farther indorse Lillian Grey's sentiments and give as now a tested recipe from grandmother's cookbook of long, long ago.

NANA.

DEAR EDITOR:—In the August number Y. H., Dover, N. H., asks for tested recipes. Here are two, which I know to be good:

FRUIT CAKE.—One cup brown sugar; one cup butter; one cup sorghum molasses; one teaspoon soda; six eggs; two teaspoonfuls each of cinnamon, nutmeg, and cloves; one pound each of raisins, currants, and citron; flour to mix. This will make a large cake and will keep a long time.

MOCK MINCE PIE.—Four large crackers; one cup sugar; half cup molasses; one cup vinegar; one cup boiling water; half cup butter; one cup chopped raisins or currants; two teaspoonfuls cinnamon; one teaspoonful each of cloves and allspice; half nutmeg; add two eggs well beaten, the last thing.

This is my first visit to the "HOME" Housekeepers, so will not make a lengthy call for fear of the waste-basket.

GARNER, IOWA. MRS. J. A. W.

NEW ROCKFORD, D. T., Sept. 5th, 1887.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE, NOTES FROM "HOME" HOUSEKEEPERS:—Minnehaha asked for a recipe for baked Indian pudding and New England baked beans. I see a recipe for Indian pudding has been given, so will send only my recipe for Boston baked beans. You need a bean pot that will hold two or three quarts; if you haven't one, take an earthen jar that will hold two or three quarts. At night pick over one quart of white beans; pea beans are the best; put to soak in cold water, enough to allow them to swell; in the morning put into a kettle to boil in fresh water; boil until the skin will crack by blowing on a spoonful; drain the water put in the bean pot; put one spoonful of molasses and one teaspoonful of soda in; take about one pound of salt, fat pork; pour hot water on the rind and scrape; slit the rind as for slices; put the pork down in the beans; leave just the rind out; pour over all hot water; bake from six to twelve hours in a moderate oven.

FROM A NEW ENGLAND SCHOOL MARM IN NORTH DAKOTA.

SOLON, JOHNSON CO., IA., Oct. 29, 1887.

DEAR EDITOR:—I have been a subscriber for the "HOME" a number of years. The Housekeepers' Department has been very useful as well as interesting. I thought it was too bad for me to have all the benefit, so I would like to send a recipe for brown bread; if it will be acceptable, then perhaps I will send some more at other times. One pint of corn-meal; one pint of Graham flour (after it is put through the sieve); one pint of rye flour; one teacup of molasses; two teaspoons of soda; a little salt. After it is mixed thoroughly, put it in a pail that has a cover to fit close, so the water cannot boil in; then set in a kettle of cold water and boil four hours. Every one thinks my bread is very nice.

Some months ago some one was asking for a recipe for a cottage pudding. I will send mine: One pint flour; one cup

sweet milk; one egg; half cup of sugar; butter, the size of an egg; two teaspoons of baking powder.

**SAUCE FOR PUDDING.**—One pint of water; six tablespoons of sugar; one large spoon of butter; bring to a boil; add two teaspoons of corn-starch dissolved in cold water; flavor with cinnamon.

MRS. J. C. WALKER.

**CHILI SAUCE.**—Four ripe or three green peppers, two onions, two tablespoonfuls of salt, one tablespoonful cinnamon, three heaping tablespoonfuls of sugar, three cups of cider vinegar, twelve large ripe tomatoes. Peel onions and tomatoes; chop all fine. Boil four hours. Bottle and cork tight while hot, and it will keep a long time.

One quart of canned tomatoes may be used in place of fresh ones for the Chili sauce.

Will some of the ladies please send in a nice recipe for pudding sauce.

HARWINTON, CONN., Aug. 31st, 1887.

DEAR "HOME:"—Although I am not a housekeeper all of the time, I enjoy it very much when at home; am interested in this department and hope it will flourish.

Y. H. asks for a tested recipe for lemon pie with two crusts. Will send mine for her, or any one else who wishes to try it:

One lemon, roll, squeeze out the juice, pare, soak the rind in water, chop rind and pulp, add one egg, one cup of water, which has been boiled then cooled, and one cup of sugar. Try it, and report if you find it nice.

Here is also a recipe for rusk:

Two cups new milk, one cup sugar, one-half cup butter, one egg, one cup yeast, flavor with cinnamon; flour to make it about the stiffness as for doughnuts. These recipes are tried and proved.

Can give you directions for knit edgings if any one would like them. Have wide, medium, and narrow. I will stop now lest the editor be compelled to obtain a waste-basket, as he says he has none.

MISS E. H.

DEAR EDITOR "HOME:"—I have tried the ice-cream recipe, given in the August number of "HOME" Notes, by Mrs. L. R. S., for which I return my thanks. All that I have tried from these *well-tried* recipes are genuine.

I would like some friend to give me a good rule for making sweet pickled pears. As I ask for a favor I will also give one.

This is my rule for making a lemon pie of one crust, which is always eaten at our house:

After peeling a lemon, grate the remainder, and add half cup of water, one cup of sugar (nearly). Beat well, four eggs, saving out the white of one for the top. Stir in the eggs quickly, and bake in a good crust. Take the remaining white of egg beaten, add one tablespoon of sugar, and spread on top of the pie, then return to the oven for a minute. If baked in a well-heated oven this recipe never fails to give satisfaction. I would like any one who tries it to report through "HOME" department.

CADMUS, KAN.

LULU H. B.

**RECIPE FOR YEAST.**—As there are a good many who do not like to use hops in yeast, I will give a recipe without them, which many contend makes the best bread:

Boil two good sized Irish potatoes, and while they are cooking take a good handful of peach leaves, pour a cup of boiling water on them; cover and let cool. When the potatoes are soft, peel and mash them very fine; add the peach-leaf tea and, when it is cooled off, a good cupful of yeast; when it is foamy and light, which will be about three hours after, thicken with corn-meal and let rise, which it will do in fifteen minutes; make them into little cakes, as soft as possible, using plenty of corn-meal, so it will not stick to the hands; pat them down as fast as they rise; let them dry thoroughly, but not in the sun nor in the oven; then put away. One cake will be sufficient to raise two large loaves of bread.

H. H.

HOLLOWDALE, MISS., Sept. 11th, 1887.

I have just received the September number of the "HOME" and would like to add to the list of its many useful recipes:

**PEPPER CATSUP.**—Take one gallon of good vinegar, one hundred pods of green peppers; take enough of the vinegar to cover the peppers and let boil until tender; then strain through a cloth or sieve, but not with the hand; then add the rest of the vinegar and one quart of finely chopped

onions, one tablespoonful of mustard, one of ground allspice, one of salt, one of black pepper; put in jug and cork tightly. This is splendid on fresh meat.

Will some one give me the pattern for knitting rose-leaf edging?

## "HOME" PUZZLES.

**SOLUTIONS** and solvers' names in the March number. All communications relative to this page must be addressed to the "Puzzle Editor HOME MAGAZINE," Box 913, Philadelphia, Pa.

### "HOME" PUZZLE No. 82.

#### CHARADE.

First brought second third  
In which to stew a bird.  
My whole, when whole you find,  
Will surely bring to mind  
A point in a great sea;  
Look close! what can it be?

ROLLA, ILL.

EVA.

### "HOME" PUZZLE No. 83.

#### WORD SQUARES.

- I. 1. A shrub. 2. To. 3. A heavenly body.  
4. A musical instrument. AYER.  
II. 1. The chief magistrate of a city or borough. 2. To diminish. 3. A vessel. 4. Not this. 5. A Latin prefix.  
ROCKFORD, ILL. MAY BLOSSOM.

### "HOME" PUZZLE No. 84.

#### HOURL-GLASS.

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. . . . . 0 . . . . .
. . . . . 0 . . . . .
. . . . . 0 . . . . .
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. . . . . 0 . . . . .
. . . . . 0 . . . . .
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- Read across: 1. The origin of anything.  
2. A communion cup. 3. Pure. 4. Close of day. 5. A vowel. 6. A liquor made from malt and hops. 7. A girl's name. 8. Marked.  
9. Acting without a medium

Centrals read downward give the name of a noted man of to-day. K. F. K.

### "HOME" PUZZLE No. 85.

#### CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in church, but not in spire;  
My second in quench, but not in fire;  
My third is in great, but not in small;  
My fourth is in short, but not in tall;  
My fifth is in scratch, but not in bite;  
My sixth is in loose, but not in tight;

My seventh is in noon, but not in day;  
My eighth is in straw, but not in hay;  
My ninth is in plank, but not in floor;  
My tenth is in fly, but not in soar;  
My whole is an author, now no more.  
SMITHFIELD, PA. LULU E. PHELPS.

### "HOME" PUZZLE No. 86.

#### NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

My 10, 7, 6, 4, is to wound.  
My 6, 9, 8, 8, is a list.  
My 1, 5, 3, 4, is a particle.  
My 11, 2, 3, is nevertheless.  
My whole, composed of 11 letters is a science.  
DIGHTON, MASS. "ELF."

### "HOME" PUZZLE No. 87.

#### DROPPED LETTERS.

"R-l-i-g-t-n-g-t-e-s-o-o-s."  
CANTON, ILL. "ANCIENT MARINER."

#### SOLVERS.

Celestia, C. L. S., Katy McF., Lewis H. Johnson, M. N. B., "Mike A. Doe," "Brownie," Charley M., "Jack Daw," "Ripley A. Smith," "Ancient Mariner," Belle Shahan, L. R. Sherwood, Clarence P., "Dombey & Son," Kitty, "Telltale," Penelope, "Merry Mack," S. O. D., "Boston Boy," Hepsie D. Adams, Mrs. L. N., Alice E. Williams, "Fan C., Mabel E., Arthur E. Allen, Mrs. B. L. Hind, E. L. Colton, Lucy J. Chase, "Sambo," Ethel, C. G. O., Marjorie, Davie, A. H. G., and Clara R. Maxwell.

#### PRIZE WINNERS.

No complete list was received.  
Prize for best incomplete list, Charley M.  
For second-best list, "Ancient Mariner."  
Specials:—Miss Belle Shahan, Celestia, L. R. Sherwood, Hepsie D. Adams and E. L. Colton.  
No answer was received to No. 74.

#### NEW PRIZES.

For the first complete list we offer a year's subscription to a delightful monthly publication for the young.



For the first answer to each puzzle we offer a pretty holiday card.

Solutions should reach the "HOME" office by January 15th, in order to be credited in the March issue. Solutions may be sent on postal if preferred. Readers of the "HOME" MAGAZINE everywhere are invited to send in solutions and original puzzles for publication.

## CORRECTION.

The second prize last month was by mistake awarded to Kate M. Johnson, instead of "Os-mar," Paris, Ill., to whom "Planting the Wilderness" has been sent. However, will "Kate" please send us her address, as we do not preserve addresses of puzzlers beyond a given time? Addresses should always be given with puzzles or solutions.

## ANSWERS TO NOVEMBER PUZZLES.

No. 69.

Apron.

No. 70.

1. Bright—right. 2. Chart—hart. 3. Chew—hew 4. Helm—elm. 5. Frail—rail. 6. Frock—rock. 7. Cable—able. 8. Broom—room. 9. Class—lass. 10. Joint—oint.

No. 71.

"A penny saved is a penny earned."

No. 72.

Pen—man—ship. (Penmanship.)

No. 73.

P A G I N A L  
A M U  
L P S  
A M B I E N T  
D N R  
I G A  
N U M E R A L

No. 74.

1. Lapidescant. 2. Mne-  
monician. 3. Opsimeter.

## FASHIONS.

PRACTICAL HINTS UPON DRESSMAK-  
ING.

THE labor of providing and keeping children's dresses in order, and having useful costumes at hand for all occasions, is one that varies with the changing seasons, but never really ends. The morning dresses must be warm and neat; those for afternoon wear require to be equally warm, but a little better in appearance, while better costumes are needed for special occasions. Toward autumn the morning dresses begin to show signs of wear, while those worn in the afternoon are still in good condition. As these are usually of much better material than the others, it is more true economy to make new morning costumes out of inexpensive material, than in taking the better dresses for ordinary wear, and the half-worn dresses may also be renovated to do duty until wash goods can be substituted. In renovating costumes, wonderful effects can be produced by the judicious use of a yard of velveteen, plush, or velvet cut up to form a new collar, cuffs, and band to trim the remodeled dress. If the bodice is completely worn out, the skirt may be used to make a new bodice, and a fresh skirt can be substituted made of velveteen, or some striped fabric matching the plain

material of the dress. In this case the ornaments of the corsage should match the skirt. Ribbed velveteen is a serviceable fabric for the skirts of autumn walking dresses, and is much used for inexpensive costumes. A very neat costume for a girl of twelve years is made of this material in a pretty shade of mouse gray, combined with an inexpensive woollen material to match. The skirt is made of the velveteen, and is plain in front, but plaited at the back; a rounded overskirt of woollen material covers the front, and is draped far back on each side under the back drapery, which consists of two threefold box-plaits falling straight from the waist to the edge of the skirt. The bodice is rather pointed in front, and is ornamented front and back with a plaited fichu drapery from the shoulders, disclosing long pointed plastrons of ribbed velveteen; in front the draperies end in a gauged point; at the back they disappear under a bow of ribbon, the starting-point of a sash of the same, tied behind the gauged point in front. The plaits at the shoulders are kept in place by straps of velveteen, connecting the velveteen collar with rather loose velveteen sleeves, terminating at the elbow, the plain undersleeves of woollen material reaching to the wrists. Frocks with full skirts and long-waisted bodices are again be-

coming fashionable for little girls of seven or eight years. A good model can be made of cashmere; the full skirt is mounted with gathers, a second row of gathers about three inches below the first, keeping the skirt flat over the hips; a short puff is added at the back. The bodice opens wide over a plastron of surah silk, draped bretelles of cashmere starting from the shoulders close to the sleeve-end at the waist, under a belt of brown plush, which is fastened with a pearl buckle under the right arm. The sleeves are gathered and finished off with deep cuffs of plush, and the collar is also of plush. Another dress, with a long plain bodice, but different in other respects, has a full skirt of striped woolen, the stripes going round the skirt. The overdress of plain material is mounted with gathers, and forms a little pointed tablier in front; the sides and back are separate, and fall like a plain skirt over the striped underskirt. The bodice fastens diagonally over a silk plastron buttoned down the centre. A turned-down collar of fancy velvet is cut off in square ends on the chest, and completed by draperies of the dress material, crossing each other below the plastron, the right one, which follows the line of the opening, ending on the left side of the waist, where the dress is fastened with a clasp. The upright collar and the cuffs are also of fancy velvet. Any of these models will answer to make up summer frocks, out of the great varieties of cotton goods with which the shops abound. Etamine is shown in great variety; some with fawn-colored grounds, figured with cardinal or blue, are extremely pretty and very inexpensive. These made up with ribbon bows matching the design in color are pretty, and if made at home the cost is a mere nothing. Gray is always pretty, whether of woolen goods of the soft shades or of the various materials so lavishly displayed. Cashmeres are shown in endless variety. These, if bought in a good quality, are extremely pretty, the soft shades combining so exquisitely in the stripes, plaids, and changeable varieties shown. Colored embroideries can be used for trimming these.

There is a marked simplicity in all toilettes, even in color. We have also been informed by the most fashionable couturières that they are making up extremely simple bodices and skirts, and draperies arranged in graceful flowing lines which have a lovely effect; that back draperies are considerably reduced in volume, to suit the diminishing size of the tournure.

Among the fancy woolen stuffs offered for sale one remarks a paucity of the large and brilliantly colored checks that have been admired of late; indeed, such patterns, even in surahs and silks, are going out and should be worn up at once. The new all-wool stuffs are of spotted, figured, or small-striped designs, the spots being often of a lighter or darker shade than the ground; there are also reps, brochés, and tissues covered with large bouquets, yet these will be used more especially for making long visites and ample pelisses.

Long mantles will take the precedence this winter, and an abundance of fur and plush trimmings will be seen. Visites, jackets, and pardessus are made longer this winter than last. The stuffs themselves have a thick, rough, hard appearance, yet, note well, in appearance only, as in reality nothing can be softer or more elastic than the woolen diagonals and small ribbed and small checked mantle stuffs of all kinds, the chevots, tweeds, serges, and cloths which fashion has prepared for us.

Plain or figured velvet is much employed for making the most elegant pelisses and visites, but the preference is given to plush of all kinds, two of which are often seen on one model, the long-haired tissue being taken for the trimming, the short piled plush for the mantle itself. A rich embroidery of silk cord and beads the same color absolutely covers the whole foundation, or forms pretty motifs on the same, and some models are ornamented with a plastron, bretelles, epaulets, revers, etc., of dull or beaded passementerie, with long pendants or olives falling over the sleeves or waist of the bodice part. Braiding will be used a great deal this winter.

## PUBLISHERS.

A MOST pleasant thing it is about subscription time to receive letters from old friends and long-time readers telling us how much they appreciate the pages of the "HOME," and what benefits, direct and indirect, have been derived from reading it. For these favors we are deeply grateful, but a little trouble to make a club for the MAGAZINE or to increase the size of a club already made up is a practical way of showing appreciative interest in the "HOME" that some of our correspondents quite overlook. Remember, what we need to have more than any other thing is *readers*. A large list of subscribers helps in every way: furnishes increased means for the work, helps us to obtain advertisers, and benefits the people who read, because of the increased influence and facilities afforded.

If you think well of the work that the "HOME" is doing, don't rest content with thinking about it, nor even in telling us of how much the MAGAZINE is improved (though that is very pleasant to hear), but start in and tell your neighbors and other people who ought to read the "HOME," but do not, how good it is and what benefit may be had by reading monthly a good, clean magazine. One such effort is worth a good many letters—but we want the letters also. Don't stop, however, with *one* effort, but keep on till the end is gained, and if the people cannot or will not subscribe for a year, get them in for half a year or three months; then they will not need much urging to come in next time.

—  
EVERY one can make up a club; but there is certainly a *knack* about how to do it, just as there is in doing anything else. Mrs. B., an old friend to the "HOME," met Mrs. C., also an old-time reader, at—let us say—the Philadelphia office, and

after usual exchange of courtesies Mrs. B. asked, "Do you have success this year in your club for the 'HOME'?" "Club!" says Mrs. C., in astonishment; "I never tried to make up a club but once." "Well, I am surprised," said her friend; "I thought you were a stand-by for ARTHUR's." "Well, so I am," was the answer. "I have read the HOME since I was in my teens, but I can't make up a club." "Why not?" asked Mrs. B. "Oh! I don't know; I tried once, didn't succeed, and never tried again. Are you a club-getter?" "I have made up a club every year for nineteen years, and expect to keep on for a good while longer," Mrs. B. replies. "I would like to, but really I don't know how to do it," says Mrs. C. "When I say, 'Will you go into a club for ARTHUR's next year?' and have *no* for an answer, it seems to me the thing is done; I don't want to force people to subscribe, much as I wish they would." "No you don't, of course not!" says Mrs. B.; "but as I would not ask them to subscribe if I didn't believe that I was doing them a good turn, so I don't take no for an answer, though I rarely get it, because I don't give people a chance to say no—or yes either, as a rule—at the start." "Well, this *is* a puzzle," says Mrs. C. "Do you mesmerize them and then lift the money out of their pockets?" "May be I do," and Mrs. B. laughed; "but they subscribe of their own free-will." "Well, tell me now, how do you go about it?" "I don't know what there is to tell," says Mrs. B.; "but one thing I never do is to go up to a friend and say all in one breath, 'How do you do, my dear; lovely day; will you join a club for the "HOME" MAGAZINE?' If I did that I am tolerably sure that I should meet with nothing but refusals. Before I call on such an errand, I try to think of something that I can tell about

the MAGAZINE that fits to the case, and I usually make the rule to go after dinner, for it is wonderful how much difference there is in people *after* a good, hearty meal. Let me see now, there is the subscription I had yesterday from Mrs. Levering! I didn't think about calling on her till one of my boys, who sings in the Young Men's Christian Association Choir, asked me if I remembered Jack Levering? He was an old schoolmate of my Harry's, and though the Leverings moved away out West Philadelphia, I remembered Jack perfectly. Harry told me that Jack wouldn't come any more to the choir rehearsals, and had given the slip, as Harry said, to the Y. M. C. A. Harry tried to get him back because he had a good tenor voice and the choir couldn't spare tenors; but it was no use, because Jack would play billiards, and he couldn't do it at the Y. M. C. A. Hall. That's what made me think at all of Mrs. Levering, for the whole thing is just like 'Three Young Wives,' and when I called yesterday, it wasn't long before she referred to Harry's singing in the choir with Jack, and from that I easily interested her in the story, and she was very glad to come into the club I was making up this year." "Well, I declare!" says Mrs. C., "that's a new idea to me—sensible one, too, but I never thought of it." "I didn't think there was anything new about it," replied Mrs. B. "I go about making my club the same way that I would anything else. Make a plan beforehand and work to it. If I don't tell my friends why I like the 'HOME,' I don't see how they can know my reasons for liking it, and the more closely I can bring its usefulness to them the more likely they are to appreciate it also. Between the stories and the departments, there are very few people that cannot be reached by its helpful influence." "Well," says Mrs. C., "you quite put me in the notion of making another effort to get up a club." "Glad of that,"

responds Mrs. B., "let me know how you get along," and shortly after the editor was left alone to wish that all the "HOME" readers had Mrs. B.'s *knack* and perseverance in making up clubs.

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If a lady must wear a corset to give her a taper and fashionable waist, it is desirable that she should select or purchase one that will prove of the least injury to health, and at the same time conduce to beauty of figure and elasticity of form. Comfort in all positions of the body is a desideratum in a corset, but it is unusual, and seldom found except in very high-priced goods. The Adjustable Duplex meets all requirements—health, beauty, and cheapness. It has been several years in other markets, notably Australia and the West, receiving the first award at the Adelaide Exposition of 1887 in Australia. It can be found now in this market and is for sale by all dealers.

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VERY easily mistaken for a suit of Lyons velvet is a stylish costume of bronze velutina, the underskirt, overdrapery, and fitted basque all being made of this new and handsome material, which has a most beautiful sheen or lustre. The beauty of this suit consists in its coloring, the graceful fall or flow of the fine soft drapery, and the style of cut and its perfection in make and finish, for it has no trimming whatever except the handsome bronze buttons with which the front of corsage is fastened.

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EVERY one knows that cocoa is an excellent tonic. In the morning, at breakfast, it has no equal for nutrition and strengthening qualities; but it can be drunk with advantage at any time. It is especially recommended for nursing mothers, to whom its benefits are invaluable. Unfortunately, cocoa is sometimes mixed with starch, arrowroot, or sugar, and thus loses a great part of its special properties; hence, great care should be taken to procure the best. Baker's Breakfast Cocoa and Chocolate preparations have long been the standard of excellence, and are guaranteed absolutely pure.







"OH! LET THE BAIRNIES PLAY."—Page 220.